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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. 127.

PUBLISHED IN

*JULY & OCTOBER, 1869.*

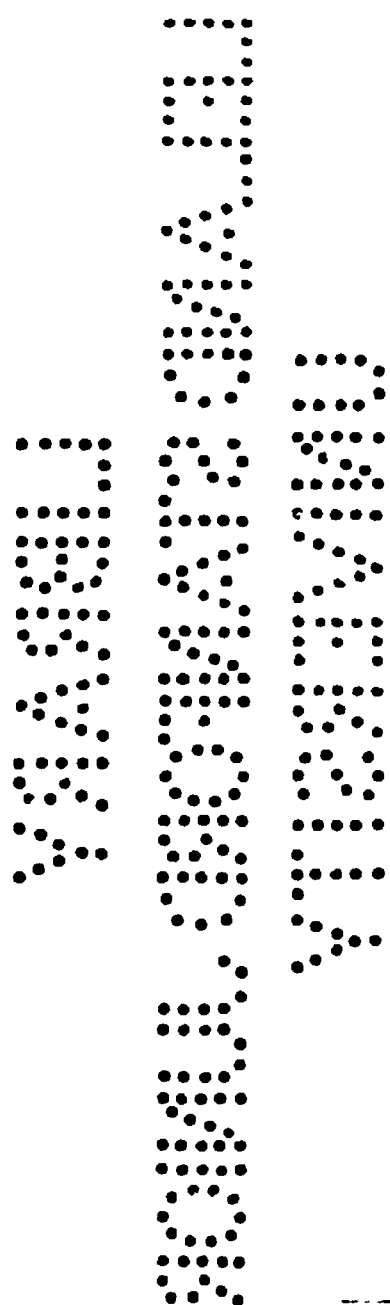
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*LONDON:*

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1869.



100395

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LONDON:  
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and Sons, Duke Street, Stamford Street,  
and Charing Cross.

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ART. I.—*From the Levant.* By R. Arthur Arnold. London, 1868.

**T**HE phrase 'Eastern Christians' is one frequent in word and writing, but has very often no better defined a meaning than the much-misapplied names of 'Turks' and 'Arabs.' Still the phrase is a symbol; and many who, were they asked what 'Eastern Christians' really are, might be very much puzzled to define them with anything like accuracy, have yet a tolerably precise idea of what they themselves mean by the name. Something on Mahometan ground, but antagonistic to Mahometanism and Mahometan traditions, something sympathetic with Europe and the modern West, an element of progress, a germ of civilisation, a beam of day-dawn, a promise of better things.

Is it really so? And first, who and what are these Eastern Christians?

In matter of nationality, it is well to begin by laying down, where possible, certain geographical limits. Accordingly, for the subject now in hand, we will, at our first start, exclude India, Persia, Asiatic Russia, China, and their adjacent kingdoms or sub-kingdoms, and we will take for the field of 'Eastern Christians' that contained within the bounds of the East Turkish Empire, and Egypt; to this last we may not unsuitably add Abyssinia. 'Ask, where's the North? At York 'tis at the Tweed,' said Pope. And where's the East? might have no exacter answer. Be our 'East' on this occasion limited by Persia; with Russia on the north, the Mediterranean on the west, and on the south whatever African lands new Burtons and Spekes may yet discover. Even after this narrowing, our range will be wide enough.

But wide though it be, still wider and stranger in its specific variety is the great 'Eastern Christian' genus included within it. We must, therefore, classify and sub-classify a little for clearness' sake.

The first class may consist of the Eutychian Monophysite, or anti-Chalcedonian school. Of the special dogmas or ritualistic peculiarities implied by these titles our readers may very possibly be ignorant, at least in part; nor would it much advantage them to learn. Laying aside therefore the investigation of micro-



scopic diversities in ceremony or belief—a tedious labour, and of no general interest—it will suffice for our purpose to note that the above denominations indicate a class of Christians hating Greeks, Greek Church government, and all that pertains thereto, worse than poison; hating also all Westerns, Catholics or Protestants, very sincerely, but with a less violent form of hatred; hating Mahometans also not a little, yet less than the dissident of their Christian brethren.

Now this class comprises four sub-classes, namely, Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians, and Syrians. Of these, the Copts have their principal *habitat* in Egypt, Upper and Lower, though they may be found not unfrequently in Syria also; the Abyssinians are limited to the country which their name implies; the Armenians own for head-quarters the eastern half of Asia Minor, or Anatolia, with the Taurus; they are also to be met with in large communities throughout all the great towns and commercial centres of the regions already indicated; the Syrians are, for the most part, inhabitants of Syria proper, especially north of Damascus. Besides their general hatred of outsiders, Mahometan or non-Mahometan, these four sub-classes have a mutual sub-hatred of each other, varying, however, in intensity and degree.

A second class of 'Eastern Christians' is the Nestorian, or anti-Ephesian sect. Here again we need not prolong the examination of distinctive rites or tenets; it may be enough to say that the more special hatred of these Nestorians is directed against the Greeks; they bear also a fair hatred against Mahometans and Westerns in general. There is no sub-class here; all are alike Nestorians or 'Chaldeans', though the first appellation is more commonly given to the inhabitants of the Kurdistan mountains, the latter to their co-religionists who dwell lower down in the Tigro-Euphrates valley towards Bagdad. A few Nestorians are also scattered about Syria.

A third and a very important class comprises those belonging to the orthodox, or Greek, or Chalcedonian formula. None are better haters than these; in extent their hatred is correlative with the hatreds of those already enumerated, but in intensity it surpasses them. This class is divided into two sub-classes, namely, Phanariot Greeks and Russianized Greeks. Of these, the first are to be met with in good numbers everywhere throughout Asiatic Turkey; their head-quarters are, however, in the western part of Anatolia, and the islands of the coast. The second, much less numerous, exist chiefly in Eastern Anatolia; sheltered or attracted by the close proximity of the Russian frontier.

The fourth class consist of 'Eastern Christians' who, while retaining

retaining their special ritualistic peculiarities, profess obedience to the See of Rome; they are sometimes called also 'Melchite,' or 'United.' These rejoice in five sub-classes—Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Chaldean, and Coptic, each with the prefix 'united,' and each corresponding in geographical and other circumstances with their non-united namesakes, for whom they reserve their choicest hate, though with a tolerable superabundance of it for each other: also for Mahometans somewhat; less for Westerns.

The fifth class contains the well-known Maronites of Mount Lebanon, colonies of whom may also be found throughout Syria and Lower Egypt. Roman Catholics in creed, and partly so in rite, they sympathise best of all with the Westerns; for all others their hatreds coincide with those above enumerated.

The sixth class comprises native 'Eastern Christians,' who have adopted not only the creed and obedience, but also the peculiar rites of Rome. These abound most in the Cyprus, and in what once was Palestine; a few may also be seen wherever a Franciscan convent can support a mendicant following. These last are of no importance, either morally, intellectually, or numerically; the mere Pariahs of their race.

We have thus fourteen distinct species of the 'Eastern Christian' genus; each distinct from, and each antagonistic to, the other. This number may suffice us; nor need we extend for the present our researches and our sympathies among certain curious Eastern sects, or nationalities; Christian in their origin, but having since developed into strange forms, hardly compatible with the received type of Christianity, though still widely unlike Mahometanism. Such are the Yezedis of Mesopotamia, the Anseyreeyeh of Northern Syria, and the Sabæans of extreme Chaldea. Their condition and tendencies merit investigation, but they lie apart from our actual subject.

Nor, indeed, should we have run through this long catalogue of classes and sub-classes, were the lines of demarcation merely dogmatic or ritualistic. In such case it might have been enough to admit to the title of 'Eastern Christians' all natives of the East who accept the Gospel, after one fashion or another, and reject the Koran. But these differences of rite and dogma, seemingly so unimportant, are in reality the surface-lines of deep clefts that centuries cannot obliterate; they are demarcations of descent and nationality, of blood and spirit. Each so-called sect is in fact a little nation by itself, with its own special bearings and tendencies, social and political, not to be regarded in the same light, placed on the same level, or treated with on the same principles as the nearest sect beside it.

Distinct conditions imply distinct relations; the latter are,

or ought to be, determined by the former. We should do well, accordingly, before we rush into an embrace of general sympathy with our 'Eastern Christian' brethren in a heap, to inspect them closer, class by class; since thus we may learn with whom we have to deal, what we may expect from them, and they from us.

We will begin with those whose name has the widest echo on Western ground, the most talked of, and in some respects the best known of 'Eastern Christians'—the Greeks. No name has created greater interest or embodied brighter hopes. Three causes have contributed to this popularity. First, their claim of descent, or at least of kinsmanship of that ancient nation to which we owe so much in civilisation, literature, and art. Next, their Christianity, supposed to have special points of affinity with our own. And, thirdly, because, rightly or wrongly, they are regarded as containing in themselves, more than any other 'Eastern Christians,' the vitalising element of progress. In England the first consideration has, perhaps, served them best; in France the second; in Europe generally the third.

There is little profit in trying to form an estimate of a people's worth by vague generalisations and from a distance. We will try a nearer, and, so far as possible, an individual acquaintance; and to do this let us go all together and pay a visit to a Greek dwelling-house, be it at Beyrout, Trebizond, Damascus, or Alexandria. It shall be a house belonging to one of the better, that is the richer, class; for Greek society, in Asiatic Turkey at least, acknowledges no distinction based on superior nobility or origin, rank, or talent; the sole discrimination is the drachma. We mean among the laity; for the clergy form a band apart, and their position is chiefly regulated by hierarchical precedence.

We stand before the house, its style, which presents a certain approximation to the modern French street architecture, the number and symmetrical arrangement of its windows, and a general look of economical neatness, distinguish it at first sight from a Mahometan, or even from an Armenian dwelling. Lucky for us if his eagerness to mimic European fashions has not induced the master of the house to set up a closed outside door, with a delusive bell, at which we pull and pull in vain for a good quarter of an hour; it being much more easy to organise a European bell than European punctuality in attendance on it.

At last we are within the small bare garden—for whatever uses ancient Greeks may have made of flowers, their now-a-days representatives have little floral taste—and are met at the dwelling entrance by a slatternly barefooted maid-of-all-work, who being expected, on inadequate or unpaid wages, to look after everything in the large house, takes her revenges by looking,

so much as in her lies, after nothing at all. Spacious in their buildings, costly in their dress, Greeks are miserably parsimonious in what regards servants; their shortsighted selfishness does not comprehend community of interest with others. In this respect they offer a striking contrast to the Turks, with their numerous retinues. A second consequence of Greek economy is the employment of female domestics rather than male, because cheaper. We inquire after the master of the house, Dimitri Agathopylos be it; the barefooted Hebe scuttles off to announce us. Possibly the door of the room where Dimitri is seated opens out on the entrance passage, and we may thus allow ourselves the benefit of hearing the announcement. This Thekla does by informing her master that some *σκυλιφρανκοι* (lit. 'dogs of Europeans') are in waiting on him. No particular disrespect is meant to us by the canine denomination, but the Greeks have no other name for Europeans; that is when mentioning them among themselves. English, French, all who took part in the Greek War of Independence, all who furnished the hitherto unpaid, nor ever to be paid loan, are alike *σκυλια*, ('dogs'). It is only fair, however, to say that Russians are not herein included, possibly because not held, in the East, for Europeans. But the most enthusiastic Philhellene, even Mr. John Skinner himself, are, to their Greek *protégés* 'dogs,' along with the rest.

Well, the 'dogs,' who, however, will to their faces be rather more respectfully titled, are admitted into the parlour, sitting-room, or divan. The room and its furnishings have something of an European character, and something of an Eastern, being adroitly managed so as best to miss the comfort of either. Rows of weak-limbed, cushionless chairs, little unmeaning tables, at best only fit for supporting a tray of glasses and Curaçoa, or for card-playing; divans pared down to their narrowest and most inconvenient expression; much cleanliness, however,—for the dust in the out-of-the-way corners is the result, not of wilful unneatness, but of insufficient service;—such is the apartment. On the walls a looking-glass, a portrait (a two-penny-halfpenny one) of King George; another of some defunct Greek patriarch, now elevated to the dignity of saint or martyr; and possibly a third, representing three brigand-heroes who came to violent end in the Greco-Turkish war; these, with a few coloured French prints of fancy female characters, of questionable moral tendency, fill up the spaces on the wall.

Dimitri rises to receive us. Not so the burly, bushy-bearded figure, wrapped up bundle-wise in dark cloth and fur linings, that, half-crouching, half-reclining, occupies the uppermost corner  
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of the divan. It is an archbishop, one who never fails in his visits of pastoral inquiry to the fat lambs of his flock, and of these the wealthy Dimitri is one. The muffled archiepiscopal head slightly inclines in acknowledgment of our salute. Dimitri himself is a middle-aged man, rather thin, sallow, with brown eyes, brown hair, close-shaven face, and an intelligent and pleasing expression of features. Near him, in brisk conversation, are seated (for why should not our fancy people the room no less than construct it?) two other Greeks, merchants also and natives-born of the place; a third, worse dressed, thin, and hungry-looking, is at a little distance; his clothes and appearance announce him for one come from a distance; in fact he is a volunteer-patriot, or brigand, just returned from a visit to Crete.

We take our places next the master of the house, the other Greeks politely exchanging their seats on the divan for the rickety chairs; the Archbishop, of course, remains immovable. The customary compliments are exchanged; and cigarettes, less expensive than the wasteful Turkish chibouk, or the Persian nargheelah, are passed round, or perhaps omitted. A little later one of the females of the house, wife it may be or daughter, will appear, a smile of unmeaning generality on her face, and in her hands a silver tray with sweetmeats; of which every one takes an infinitesimal portion. Perhaps another lady, a sister-in-law or the like, comes in at the same time, with the same general smile, the same approach to prettiness, and the same want of grace; but as the ladies only talk modern Greek, of which language our party may be supposed ignorant, their stay is not long. Coffee may or may not be served; it is not '*de rigueur*,' as among Turks or Arabs.

Conversation opens; and the first question put by our host, at the whispered suggestion of the Archbishop, is about Crete. Before we have even had time for an answer, the other Greeks present join in the inquiry. They are all Turkish subjects, grown up and fostered life-long under Turkish rule; men on whom difference of race and of religion has never entailed a serious disability or burden; on the contrary, it has exempted them from many a load borne uncomplainingly by their Mahometan fellow-countrymen. However, they do not avow, they proclaim by the very terms of their inquiry, their entire and active sympathy with the Cretans, that is, with rebels against their own Government; and they go on rapidly (for the agility of the Greek tongue is marvellous) to boldly-expressed hopes for the near arrival of the moment when not only Crete, but the whole Roumelian territory, with Constantinople itself, shall belong to the Greeks. To the accomplishment of which ends they, the-

the Greeks, alone and unaided, are fully equal. So runs the discourse. However, the Europeans in general are much to be blamed for not joining in a general crusade for the destruction of the Turks and the restoration of the Greeks to their capital. Meanwhile, Russian co-operation is spoken of as certain; indeed, the Russian emperor is often entitled, 'our Sovereign,' or 'the Sovereign,' *par excellence*; though, after all, even he is not to have Constantinople for the price of his co-operative labours; that belongs clearly to the Greeks alone.

Very childish all this, and much out of harmony with the reality of things, our readers may say. Possibly so; but childish or inharmonious, such is ordinary Greek talk, the current index of the 'Eastern Christian' Greek mind; and it is this we are now portraying. Let us return to our seat by Dimitri.

Perhaps we venture on an opinion not wholly favourable to Cretan success, or express some doubt regarding the exactitude of the latest triumphant telegram expedited from the Piræus; or, worse still, hint that some much-lauded feat of Christian heroism—the self-immolation of some defenders of a convent, for example—has mainly, if not wholly, existed in newspaper paragraphs and photographic illustrations. Hereon even politeness is endangered; and our Greeks declaim loudly against the apathy of Europeans, and more especially of the English, who seem one and all to lie under a strict obligation—never fulfilled as yet—of pouring out blood and treasure *ad libitum* in the cause of the Hellenes. The reasons for so doing are sometimes derived from Homer, sometimes from the Gospel. We insinuate that at any rate we English once of a time did, for our part, something very material in the Philhellenic line, but that the subsequent conduct of the Greeks, whether as to policy or payment, has hardly corresponded to the efforts of England, or of Europe in general, on their behalf. On which we are informed that Greece never incurred any debt at all, either of gratitude or of anything else, for that they were quite capable of doing without us; but meanwhile that a new loan may possibly be better acknowledged.

Nothing but politics, and still politics. Vainly we try to lead the talk to commerce, to literature, to science; all such topics drop like lead. Religion, that is acrid, anti-Latin controversy, and the *chronique scandaleuse* of the place, bid fair for better success; but we, on our side, have no predilection for either, and conversation threatens to languish.

But here the Archbishop comes in to aid. Hitherto he has said little, except when roused by the Cretan discussion to some energetic expression of hatred for Turks and Mahometans; or, by the controversial talk, to some phrase of not inferior hatred  
for



for all non-orthodox and Latins. Now, however, he slides into the special object of his visit. It may be the leasing of a house or shop on Church lands, or perhaps the purchase of some acres for a monastery, or he desires to place out some money at a moderate interest of 48 per cent. Whatever is the tune, the key-note will assuredly be money. Or, perhaps, our host himself (and this is no uncommon circumstance) has in view a fraudulent bankruptcy, to be brought about a few months hence; and accordingly discusses with his Grace, the form of a deed by which one half of his real estate may be made over, for a consideration, to the title of St. Spiridion or St. Charilembos; the other half has, by an equally authentic deed, passed already to his wife's grandmother, or the like; and when the bankruptcy comes, and the hungry creditors go in quest of assets, they may find shells in plenty, but no oyster. The other Greeks join cheerfully in; one dilates on some petty local intrigue connected with the Custom-house, or the Revenue; another on the supposititious claims of some pseudo-Greek subjects. In topics like these the Russian Consulate is tolerably sure to be mixed up. And, in fact, while we are yet talking, in comes the Russian dragoman—a Greek too, of course, sallow, pliable, but with more than the ordinary insolence. His talk is much like that of the others, only more openly and avowedly seditious.

The Archbishop rises, and goes to visit the ladies of the house; he has been preceded to their apartments by the handsome, long-haired young deacon, his companion; but we will not intrude on interviews of, doubtless, a purely spiritual and devotional character.

For our own part we have paid our visit, and are gone. But, our readers may ask, how does the ordinary well-to-do Greek pass the bulk of his day?

Six or seven hours go to business, transacted partly in his own house, and partly in his store-rooms or office, but more by word of mouth than by writing. Five hours more on an average are devoted to the 'Casino,' that paradise of the modern Greek; few of them but visit it for two or more hours at a time, morning and afternoon; here, too, the unmarried Greek passes all his evenings, the married one, some. Here coffee, 'rakee,' the favourite tippie of the modern Hellene, cards, and sometimes billiards, on a decrepit table of the French pattern, serve as supplements to that one great enjoyment of his life—political talk. Here many an intrigue, many a Philhellenic committee, many a lying telegram, many an incendiary pamphlet, have birth; here too the Greek character comes out in its freest and its worst display. Exercise, as exercise or amusement, is little to



to the taste of the Greek, who, like most, though not all, as we shall see, of his Christian brethren in the East, prefers the use of his tongue to that of any other limb. However, the married Greek, who is generally a kind and even an easy-going husband, and always an affectionate and over-indulgent father, gives much besides of his leisure hours to his family, and there he appears to real advantage. The young and unmarried Greek is seldom, if ever, what we should call well-conducted; he is not immoral, because in truth he has no morals whatsoever; and when the time comes for marriage, he quits a career of profligacy as easily and with as little effort or feeling of shock, as when first he entered on it. He has no remorse for the ill-spent past, and no self-laudation for the well-spent present in these matters; on three points alone is he accessible to anything like real feeling—family ties, politics, and money. In a word, he has no subjective conscience; and often, thanks to his clergy, of whom more hereafter, very little objective.

Well or ill conducted, however, married or single, the Greek has no taste for any literature, ancient or modern, beyond that contained in a political newspaper or a pamphlet; these are the limits of his reading; history, poetry, science, art, all lie beyond his range. Of the annals of the very country he lives in—of the religion, customs, studies, and even the laws of his Mahometan neighbours—he is almost wholly or wholly ignorant; some stereotyped tales of Turkish oppression and of apocryphal martyrs, are all that he can impart; and even to these a recent date is commonly assigned. Of the political side of Europe he knows a little; of its other aspects next to nothing. The clergy form no exception in these matters.

In religion, those among ourselves who sympathise with the Greek might be somewhat disagreeably startled, were they aware how little he sympathises with them. True, he is deeply superstitious and furiously bigoted against all strange creeds, Mahometan, Latin, Armenian, all much alike, perhaps the Latin most of all; but he has no deep belief, none of the intense confidence of the Mahometan in God's providence. Greek levity and gossiping in Church, and during prayers, contrasts strangely with the respectful propriety of Turks and Arabs in their mosques; the religion of the Greek is a party badge; a thing of no great intrinsic value, but for which the professor is ready to fight at call, simply because it is the badge of his party. Such are the mass; the devouter sort, with their mixture of observance and irreverence, have a painful resemblance to fetish-worshipping atheists. Of the unmarried clergy or monks, from whose ranks the higher ecclesiastical dignitaries are as a rule selected,

selected, least said is soonest mended. In no respect can one say any good of them. The non-celibatary, or parish priests, though generally boorish and ignorant to the last degree, are, on the whole, hard-working and honest men; a better sort of peasants.

In agriculture and whatever belongs to it—in gardening, planting, and the like—no class of men in the East is so backward, and in fact so incapable, as the Greeks. They cultivate little and badly. Hence, with the most excellent soil and climate for their vineyards, they have no wine worth mentioning. But for maritime pursuits, from coast-fishing up to deep-sea navigation, they have a decided turn, though not more than some of the other neighbouring races—the Lazes, for example. In carpentry, though not equal to the Turks, who seem to have a special talent for this craft, they are fair artisans; in stonework they are decidedly superior to any, whether in Syria or Anatolia; perhaps, though here the Copts may dispute the palm, in Egypt. Their chiefest skill, however, their speciality (if the term may be allowed) is commerce, in the fullest acceptance of the term. No men have a keener, a more intuitive perception of the laws of exchange, of capital, of productiveness, of fluctuation; none a more hearty relish of their detailed application. Yet here again their inherent love of adventure and intrigue, with a certain restlessness, and, above all, a total want of good faith, frequently interfere with the solidity of their business: hence Greek trade (we are speaking of Asiatic Turkey, as our readers will remember) is seldom of durable success. A Greek is always gaining and losing money, unlike the tenacious Armenian, and the real-property-loving Turk. A further reason of Greek reverses lies in their passion for law-suits, and, we regret to add, their want of honesty in these, as in almost everything else. Besides, although singularly parsimonious, niggardly, indeed, in their table and their hospitality, so much so, that the ‘five olives for six guests’ of the Greeks has passed into an Eastern proverb, they are extravagantly fond of everything showy—new houses, gay dresses, expensive furniture, and even, though a Greek is rarely even a tolerable rider, handsome horses; and on these points their expenditure often outgoes the limits of their gains. The same love of show, joined with the superstition which often outlives all that could once have deserved the name of religion, renders them also prone to ‘outrun the constable’ in church building and ecclesiastical decoration of all kinds; in this they still show much traditional semi-Byzantine taste and gorgeous skill, and thus justify the assertion that Messrs. Maconochie, Purchas, and their like, would have done much better to borrow their questionable finery, since have it they must, from  
Eastern

Eastern than from Western models. Another and a more creditable cause for profuse expenditure on the part of the Greeks is education. On this point they are very liberal, founding and maintaining large schools, well provided with masters and teachers; though it must be added that the courses followed by the scholars would in Europe be considered extremely superficial; they consist almost wholly of the study of modern languages, with a faint tincture of classic and ecclesiastical history, but no other, not even that of the country they live in. Science, art, mathematics, and the like, are totally out of the question.

The profession of almost all the wealthier sort of 'Eastern Christian' town Greeks is the mercantile; a few, however, hold offices under the Turkish Government in the Custom-house and Revenue Departments. These are not unfrequently confounded by superficial observers with the Turks themselves, and their rapacious venality has thus brought discredit on the latter, and, we must add, not wholly undeservedly, since the bad character of the servant is a reflection on the master. The poorer Greeks, when inhabitants of the interior, are indifferent agriculturists; when on the coast they are more congenially employed in the fishing and coasting trade, often in smuggling. In the towns they become artisans, good or bad. A favourite Greek livelihood also consists in keeping low spirit-shops and disorderly houses. These last the Greek institutes wherever he goes; and as such establishments are on the one hand alien from Mahometan usages, Turkish, or Arab, and on the other offer welcome asylums to the dregs of Europe which are continually flowing into Turkey, and above all into Egypt, it is not to be wondered at if Europeans of a certain class are apt to proclaim that the Greeks are the sole representatives of civilisation and good fellowship in the Turkish empire. In this respect they are certainly so, even to the exclusion of other 'Eastern Christians.' Another, and, as the East goes, a scarcely more reputable profession, almost monopolised by the 'Greeks,' is that of the dragoman—a profession which, besides bringing in considerable emoluments, has the further advantage of giving the Greeks, in nine cases out of ten, the first word where European travellers, and but too frequently where European residents, are concerned. And this first word, echoed and re-echoed in books and periodicals, is very often the last word of European opinion on many a matter connected with the past, present, or future of the Ottoman empire.

So much for occupation. But, before concluding, we must give a glance—it shall be no more—at the special feature which draws the sympathy of Western Christians, the Christianity of the Asiatic Greek.

It

It is a Christianity, the dogma of which is based on the Nicene Creed. This, with a slight and well-known variation, is identical with the formula adopted in the West. Greek dogma extends also to many special articles taught by the Church of Rome, such as Mass, Transubstantiation, the Intercession of Saints, and Purgatory, though the Purgatory of the Greeks is not in all respects similar to the Latin; Confession, and much else of what is called the 'Administration of the Sacraments,' resembles, on the whole, Roman practice. For image-worship the Greeks have substituted, or perhaps maintained, picture-worship; this last they push to the extremest limits of what, when outside Christianity, is commonly termed idolatry. Thus much for dogma and ceremony. In its moral aspect the Greek religion is a great enfranchisement from all restraint, united with an intense, a more than Byzantine, hatred of Latinism and Latins, summing up all in one great commandment, 'Thou shalt deceive thy fellow, and hate every one else.' A truly 'liberal' Greek is as rarely to be met with in religion as in politics; he is a bigot in both, sometimes a fanatical—always a selfish one.

In matter of race, these 'Greeks' are the mixed descendants of Asiatic tribes converted to Christianity, and amalgamated by ecclesiastical rule in the days of Byzantine supremacy. Syrians, Arabs, Lazes, Galatian, Cappadocian, and others, they have all been for centuries pupils of one school, namely, the Byzantine, and represent its teaching. Their Hellenism is a recent and superficial varnish, a political banneret, and no more. Even now their eyes are not on Greece, not on Athens or Thebes, but on Constantinople.

Their numbers have been variously estimated: a million is sometimes approximately given; perhaps the real cypher may somewhat exceed it. Like all other inhabitants of the Ottoman empire, they have of recent years been on the increase—more so, indeed, than the Mohometan population, decimated as this latter is by the military conscription, from which Christians alone are exempt; less, however, than the Armenians, of whom we shall soon have to speak.

To the Turkish empire, considered as such, the Greeks, always discontented—always seditious in intention, if not in fact—are a great political evil. Nor can their superficial imitation of whatever is most superficial in European manners and customs, French especially, be held for a real step, or even stepping-stone, towards the civilisation of the East, whatever that phrase may mean. To the military strength of the country, of course, they contribute nothing; to its financial resources as little as they possibly can. Nor is Turkey much indebted to them for the actual extension of commerce, though to this extension they have, partly in  
fact,

fact, more in show, added their quota, and continue to take part in it.

On the whole, it may well be questioned whether this first section of 'Eastern Christians' are entirely worth the sympathy and encouragement bestowed on them by their Western brethren, occasionally at the proximate risk of disorganising or even disintegrating the empire of which they form a part, however anomalous; perhaps Europe itself.

More numerous, and in all the intrinsic means of strength far superior to the 'Greeks,' but less fortunate in outside sympathy, and less favoured in particular by the great creator and proponent of the 'Eastern Question,' Russia, or by Russia's unconscious, purposeless ally, French Foreign Policy, hence also less talked of in Europe—no real disadvantage after all—are the Armenians. Their head-quarters, as we have already indicated, are at Constantinople; also in a manner throughout Anatolia, especially its easterly half; but they are thickly scattered amid the towns of Syria, nor are they rare in Irak and Egypt.

We will suppose our readers acquainted—if they are not already they may easily render themselves so—with the Armenian history of classic and of Byzantine times; with the annals of Ani and of Sis, with the greater and lesser kingdom, and the fortunes of a state, which having like Poland the triple misfortune of three powerful neighbours, has, like Poland, endured, but with far less resistance, a triple partition. But here the analogy ends. The Turks, unlike the Russians, have never set themselves to the task of stamping out the nationalities they have conquered; and while the Poles are being proselytized into Russians by the knout and the mine, the Armenians, under centuries of Turkish rule, remain unchanged, body, mind, religion, usages, and even institutions. Here comes one before us; whether he be from Erzeroum, Kutahaia, or Aleppo matters little. All have the same strong, heavy build; the same thick beetle eyebrows; the same full aquiline nose, springing directly, and without the intervention of any appreciable depression, from under the forehead; the same dark lustreless eye; the same mass of clothes on clothes, all dingy and baggy; the same large brown hand, and written in each curved finger tip, in every line of the capacious palm, the same 'It is more blessed to receive than to give.' A race more retentive than the Jews themselves of their nationality; more retentive of their money too, and more acquisitive. 'Shut up all the Jews and all the Armenians of the world together in one Exchange,' old Rothschild is reported to have said, 'and within half an hour the total wealth of the former will have passed into the hands of the latter.' We believe it.

Armenian

Armenian energy is devoted, with few exceptions, to three occupations—namely, to agriculture, to day-labour, and to usury. The first two are creditable in their nature; the last less so; but in all three Armenians excel.

And firstly, in agriculture. This has been of all times a staple Armenian pursuit, and is still followed by about two-thirds of the nation. In their hamlet-dwellings, and in the general appurtenances of village life, the Armenians are in most respects less neat, less compact, so to speak, than are the Turkish or Turkoman peasants around them; but their tillage labour is persevering and good; their hamlet arrangements contain the germs of municipalities; the country population thrives, and, unlike the Greek, has no great tendency of gravitation towards large towns or to the coast. Very amusing it is to pass an evening with these rustics. A cottage is cleared out and assigned to the guest, a one-roomed cottage, of course, with a low earth-divan on either side, and a fireplace at the further end; on, or rather let into the walls, are countless wooden cupboards, carved with some pretension to taste; at the lower end of the dwelling, near the entrance, is an undefined space, where agricultural implements, mostly broken, large earthen pots, and other rustic utensils stand or lie; the inner or raised floor is matted, the divans spread with faded shreds of carpet, the wooden roof is black with smoke. All denotes a comfortable untidiness, or an untidy comfortableness, a sufficiency of everything, dirt included; but fastidiousness is out of place in a traveller. So we take our corner-seat of a fire-side dignity, propped on venerable and slightly decaying cushions, probably of faded red silk; and we may recognise the advantage of Christian over Mahometan lodgings in the absence of the dim burning lamp common to the latter, here advantageously replaced by two huge wooden candlesticks, borrowed from the church hard by for the nonce, and surmounted by large, shapeless, dirty tallow dips, which require and receive snuffing with the fire-tongs every five minutes. In comes the '*Muktar*,' or 'Elect,' the village headman, a burly, grey-headed, venerable clown, in deportment and heavy dignity recalling the typical English beadledom; follow four or five other elders of the plough, probably a young clerk too, travel-stained, but in succinct Stamboul dress, now on his way from or to the capital; he knows about fifty words of French, and ten of English, which he parades on all occasions. In come the dark blue robes of the parish priest, a respectable peasant like the rest; soon the whole house is full of those whom age or comparative well-being entitle to take rank among the gapers and starers. Then they talk; good heavens! how they talk!—  
Christian

Christian loquacity is not precisely proverbial in the East, but it ought to be so—but the talk is no longer, Greek fashion, all politics; news is indeed discussed, but so are also literature, history, religion, and the like; one feels that one is here among the inheritors of something like an ancient civilisation and a true history. Remark, too, that although special and detail complainings are not unfrequent, there is no settled ill-will against the Turkish Government, and comparatively little religious bigotry against Mahometans; some grudge, national in origin, against Greeks; some priestly rivalry with the Latins; and, thanks to the missionary zeal of late years, some dislike of Protestants also, may possibly show itself. The crops, their success and value, the amount of taxation, the conditions of farming, some change in the local government, some projected irrigation or water-mill, such are the favourite topics of talk. European inventions, the telegraph, for instance, the steam-engine, some new machinery, or the like, come not unfrequently under discussion. There is much theoretical ignorance, but considerable native shrewdness also in what is said. Still the Armenian peasant has no pretensions to being anything but a peasant; he would gladly better himself, but on the same line of life, unlike the restless and ambitious Greek; with more wisdom, perhaps.

But in large towns—at Constantinople, Smyrna, and the like—Armenian love of labour takes another character, varied by the circumstances of city life. Every traveller, on arriving at the Gates of the Bosphorus, must have seen and admired the huge, almost Herculean, hammals or porters of Topkhâneh and Galata, the workmen of the docks and arsenals; these are, nine out of ten, Armenians, heavy, muscular, large-calved, large-boned men, come up from the country to earn a livelihood; earn it they will, and keep it too. A European workman, accustomed to recruit his strength on meat, beer, wine, or spirits, might well be at a loss to comprehend abstinence like theirs, coupled with hard, unremitting labour. Bread and onions, washed down with cold water, cheese and milk for occasional luxuries, such is their bill of fare; their night's lodgings is in some broken shed, anywhere, where nothing, or next to nothing, is to pay. In the bitter cold of a Bosphorus winter, or the weary, heavy heat of its summer, all work on, steadily, unremittingly; and day by day the

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sailors or fishermen ; unlike the amphibious Greek, the Armenian shuns the water : he is of the earth earthy, more fitted for the inland than the coast. But, whatever be his occupation, he is pretty certain, by diligence, perseverance, and frugality, to attain a tolerable degree of comfort, occasionally of wealth ; and capital once in his hands will not remain idle ; it will increase and multiply, too often by the means of which we have next to speak.

Thus far our picture, though not exactly brilliant in colours, has been by no means ill-favoured. But the business of which we have now to speak—a business in the East almost exclusively Armenian, and one, unfortunately much less creditable than those hitherto enumerated—is that of money-lending, money-traffic, usury, in short.

Every one knows that by Mahometan law not only usury, but even ordinary money-interest, is severely forbidden. The same prohibition extends to insurances, to several kinds of investment, and, by a necessary consequence, to the whole system of ‘credit.’ But the result, like that of most excessive or sumptuary laws, has precisely contradicted the intentions of the law-giver ; and the necessity of borrowing, joined with the impossibility of obtaining a loan on equitable, because recognised and legal terms, has produced an entire system, unlawful and usurious in character. Meanwhile religion, law, custom, hold the wealthier Mahometans back from exercising a profession anathematised by their creed, and discreditable in the eyes of society. And thus it has fallen into the hands of Christians, and particularly of the wealthiest among ‘Eastern Christians,’ the Armenians, who pursue it much in the same fashion, under the same conditions, and with the same results, as the Jews once did in mediæval Europe.

Illegal interest soon becomes illegal usury, and illegal usury has no limit. The Armenian scale varies from twenty-four to sixty, or even one hundred per cent., sometimes by express contract, sometimes disguised under a fictitious loan ; frequently by compound progression. All classes are victims, but the chief sufferers are naturally the poor, and more especially the peasants. No Turkish, no Arab landlord, would ever dream of selling out or evicting a tenant, but an ‘Eastern Christian’ usurer will ; and when, as is frequently the case, the usurer, through means that we will shortly explain, can gain to his help the strong arm of government, eviction, with all its results of misery, crime, and violence, for Whiteboys are not peculiar to Ireland, is the result over wide tracts of country. Entire villages have thus been unroofed, and cultivated lands left to pasture or to downright desolation. The European traveller, primed with staple  
ideas

ideas about Turkish oppression, the Sultan's horse-hoofs, barbarian rule, and the like, sees the ruin along the wayside, and notes for subsequent publication his observations on the decadence of the Turkish empire, and the fatal results of Ottoman or Mahometan rule—observations which his Greek dragoman will sedulously confirm, and which will perhaps be repeated and believed in Parliament. But could he know the real, the active cause of all this desolation, his visionary Pasha-tyrant would fade away, and transform himself into no other than some wealthy Armenian money-lender, the usurer whose cent. per cent. has taken away the upper garment and the very millstone, not for pledge, but sale. The Turkish Government is indeed not wholly guiltless in the matter, but its guilt is not that of principal, but accomplice; sometimes through omission to punish, sometimes through tacit permission, or even protection, accorded to the Christian usurer; a protection often extorted by the Christianly zealous intervention of some European consulate, to which the Armenian, in his quality of 'Eastern Christian,' has had recourse; perhaps of some embassy. What, indeed, should the unlucky Pasha, the governor of the ruined province, do in such a case? Does he declare the usurious contract void, does he aid the fleeced against the fleecer, immediately a cry of 'No justice to be had for Christians in a Mahometan court of law' is raised by the Christian prosecutor; and thence may well be re-echoed, through consulate and embassy, to the Porte itself, nervously susceptible, and no wonder, to such reclamations; thence, very likely, in due form, to Europe.

Still more fatal is the result when the money-lender, as is not unfrequently the case, unites in himself the twofold character of usurer that is, and at the same time, 'Multezim,' or Farmer of the Public Revenue. Not fear alone, but self-interest, then engages the Government in the prosecution of his destructive claims.

This is the black spot on the Armenian character, else the nation has in itself the materials of much good; but these materials must be looked for chiefly among the poorer classes. Indeed we may remark, in a general way, that in the moral classification of the different stages of society the reverse generally obtains in the East to what holds good in Europe; for in the latter the larger proportion of vice and crime is decidedly among the lower classes, especially in cities; the richer and higher are comparatively free from social evils—a fact of which the main solution lies not exclusively in better education and the like, but also in that riches, throughout the greater part of Europe, subject

their possessors to that surest safeguard of morality, public opinion, while the poor range comparatively without its pale. But in the East, from opposite causes, the poor are subject to public opinion, the rich are emancipated from it, and have always been so; and hence the Scriptural canon regarding the good effects of poverty, and the corresponding anathemas on the wealthy, is a canon by no means of equal literal correctness in Europe as it is, even in the present day, in Asia.

In religion the Armenians, though dogmatically distinct from, and even opposed to, the Greeks, have yet a close resemblance with the latter on most points of practice, discipline, Church government, and so forth. But the Armenian, with deeper religious feeling, has less bigotry than the Greek, nor is his creed so constantly subservient to political ends.

In matter of education the Armenians stand comparatively well. They erect large schools and maintain them liberally; the teaching, too, is to a certain degree solid, and fairly in harmony with the requirements of the East. Much attention is paid to the old Armenian dialect—the Haikán, so called, to national history and literature; Turkish, also, sufficient for elegant reading and writing, is generally taught; French and English occasionally, but in a superficial manner; Arabic or Persian never. However, few Armenian lads, when once out of school, pursue their studies, except, indeed, it be in some monastery, where theology and Church history find life-long votaries.

The Armenians, our readers may have already conjectured, are not a tasteful people; mentally and artistically, no less than physically, they are a heavy race. Their public architecture is heavy; their churches solid, spacious, and ungraceful—a striking contrast to the elegance of Greco-Byzantine construction, ancient or modern. In one respect only have the Armenians a decided advantage, that is, in their dwelling-houses. While the Greek spoils his architecture by an unwise attempt at French or Italian imitation, the wealthy Armenian builds on and adorns much after the old Turkish fashion—a fashion remarkably well suited to the climate and even to the surrounding scenery. Wide balconies, curiously-carved lattices, deep-shadowing eaves, spacious entrances, gay colours in showy patterns; all these he multiplies, and produces a pile unsymmetrical indeed, but picturesque without and comfortable within, thanks to broad divans, good carpets, and plenty of cupboards, painted bright red and green, within which lie folded up for the night's use silk coverlets and embroidered pillows galore. The guest's creature comforts will be further ensured by a copious kitchen and a good cook, plenty to eat and drink,

drink, and all good : of all Easterns the Armenians alone really understand culinary art ; in this, indeed, they cede, yet only just cede, to Frenchmen. Singular that on this one point the heaviest nation of the East and the liveliest of the West should offer so marked a resemblance. Cooking, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and we have for our part little courage to expose faults hidden beneath such hospitable table-covers as the Armenian. Ill got and well expended, these feasts reverse our own proverb about who sends good meat and who cooks : an Armenian cook is certainly the envoy of the Beneficent Power ; the meat has, hardly less certainly, been furnished from a very opposite quarter.

The clergy are, taken on the whole, respectable : to say that they are grasping, can hardly be held a reproach, since this quality they have in common with all their kind of whatever nationality ; their morals and their teaching are neither below the average, certainly above those of their Greek brethren. Nor are lay Armenians, taken altogether, so much addicted to looser amusements, gambling and curaçoa drinking, for example, as are the Greeks. Their hospitality is truly Eastern, that is, liberal in deed and manner ; not, indeed, equal to that usual among Mahometans, yet in itself not deficient.

It is curious that among all sects of ' Eastern Christians ' the Armenians alone have furnished to Protestantism any considerable number of proselytes. This may be ascribed partly to their greater zeal for education, leading them more readily than others to avail themselves of the numerous American schools and libraries established by missionary zeal throughout the land, partly to a certain innate seriousness of thought and character. Whether, however, the progress, such as it is, of Protestantism among them be a benefit, may be doubted ; much might be said on either side.

The total number of Armenians in Asiatic Turkey has been variously estimated : three millions, including, however, those resident at Constantinople, would be perhaps near the mark.

In conclusion, we may say that among all ' Eastern Christians,' the Armenians (and in a measure, as we shall afterwards see, the Copts) are those on whom European sympathy would, if given, be perhaps least thrown away. It is, however, on these precisely that such sympathy is more rarely lavished. Yet, indeed, by what special title even they deserve it, would be hard to discover. What social merits they have they share with the Mahometan population around them ; their vices are their own. Nor are they the while subject to any disadvantages, civil or otherwise, nor to any persecution, nor inconvenience even ; in fact their exemption from military conscription, their national and recognised tribunals,

nals, and their foreign appeal through consuls, ambassadors, and newspapers, render them objects of envy, not compassion. And the like may be said of 'Eastern Christians' in general—it applies to all.

But the Maronites; those heroes of Lebanon; those darlings of France; those pets of Rome; that gem of Eastern Christianity; what shall we say of the Maronites?

If we are to believe the Maronite annals as chronicled by themselves, the Maronites were from ancient times a regal nation, come direct, or nearly so, from the Tower of Babel to Mount Lebanon, with a dynasty and kings of their own, ruling over entire Syria, Jerusalem inclusive, and connected by equal alliance with the greatest monarchies of Christendom. During the Crusades their banners—how could it be otherwise?—floated foremost in the Western ranks; and Maronite valour not so much contributed to, as determined the victory of the Cross. But when fortune turned against the Franks, and Bibars-el-Dāhir completed the work of ruin which Ṣalah-ed-Deen, alias Ṣaladin, had begun, the Maronites, unconquered though alone, still maintained their mountains and their independence against countless infidel enemies, Arab, Turk, Druse, and what not? Who even now hold the keys and balance, not of Lebanon only, but of all Syria; themselves the sole pledge of Christian and European hope in the East; who have colonised Malta; who, having received the Christian faith from the Founder of Christianity himself, transfigured, whatever evangelists may imply or commentators say, not in Galilee, but on the 'exceeding high mountain' of Lebanon, have, with more than Petral or Papal fidelity, kept it intact, inviolate, unaltered, infallible, among schismatics, heretics, and infidels of all sorts, for nigh two thousand years, Abdiels of the Church, sole lily among thorns; who in war, trade, arts, literature, and religion, hold the distinct supremacy over all nations and tribes of the East, aye, and of the West also; unless, indeed, France be allowed an honorary equality. A Maronite Patriarch is second, but just second, to the Pope alone; each Maronite bishop is a saint; each Maronite chief an Achilles; each Maronite scribe a Chrysostom; each Maronite peasant a prodigy of nature's best. And so on, and so on.

Now let us descend to facts.

During the seventh and eighth centuries of our era frequent bands of Oriental Christians, Syro-Chaldæans especially, and mostly Monophysites, or at least Monothelites—that is, in the judgment of Constantinople and Rome alike, heretics—being driven

driven from the uplands of Euphrates and Mesopotamia partly by the irruption of the Arabs, partly by the orthodox persecution of Byzantine governors, successively took refuge in the almost inaccessible, and, till then, almost uninhabited, heights of Lebanon, and there settled. By degrees these colonists organised themselves into a sort of Ecclesiastico-civil Government, with a self-styled Patriarch of Antioch, a Monophysite of course like the rest, at their head, and a certain number of see-less titular bishops for an administrative Cabinet. Nobility or lay chiefs were none; the total Maronite system acknowledged but three classes—clergy, monks, and peasants. Neglected by the Arab or Memlook governors of the Syrian plain, who had little motive for enterprise among barren rocks and unfurnished huts; in open but safe, because distant, hostility with the Byzantine Government, which, orthodox or non-orthodox, was in neither phrase friendly to Syrian dogmas, they remained tributary, but scarcely subject, to the Mahometan rulers of Damascus, Bagdad, or Aleppo.

But when the Crusaders, entering Syria, first opened a prospect of successful aggression on Mahometans and Byzantines alike, the Maronites—a name by which the mixed refugees of North Lebanon were already called after their first mountain Patriarch Maron, adjoined themselves to the Franks, and claimed the kinship of common hatred to Mecca and to Constantinople. The better to cement this new-found alliance, they disavowed or dissembled their Monophysite ideas, and announced themselves Roman Catholics. The ignorance of the Latin clergy in whatever regarded the languages or subtleties of the East, facilitated a union seasonable to both parties; and the Maronites were embraced not as penitents but brothers. Their effective share, however, in the labours and campaigns of the Crusaders, reduced itself to some slight commissariat assistance; so slight that its unimportance eluded the later perquisitions of Mahometan vengeance.

After the expulsion of the Crusaders, their Maronite allies recontracted themselves within their rocky shell; and for two or three centuries we lose sight of them, till they re-appear the obedient vassals of the Druse house of Ma'ān, and of the Mahometan Ameers of Shehāb, their warlike neighbours, the former on the south, the latter on the east.

During the period which we have thus summarily reviewed, the frequent recurrence of politico-religious pressure, analogous though not identical with that which first peopled the northerly districts of Lebanon with Syro-Chaldean Christians, filled the  
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the mere vaunt of self-assumption. Now at last, by the recent Maronitism of the Shehāb and Benoo-Lama', the Maronites became in fact for a few years sole rulers of Lebanon, from Terabolos to Seyda'.

'Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride—' we all know whither. The first use made by the Maronites of their new-found power was an abuse: it was to harass and oppress their old lords and protectors the Druses. Forgetting that the Shehāb, however powerful while Mahometans, had now by the very fact of their becoming Maronites sunk to the ordinary Maronite level, and could thus no longer uphold those amongst whom they reckoned as equals, they set themselves to cut away the only remaining prop of the independence of the mountain, the Druse chieftains. Meantime 1840 inaugurated a new era for Syria: Lebanon was thrown open to European arms and politics, and foreign interference combined with Maronite insolence in bringing about the guerilla war of 1841, the bipartition of the mountain, and the long series of double-dealing and wrong which at last culminated in the bloody summer of 1860, and the calamities with which our readers are, no doubt, already well acquainted. Since that time, irremediably weakened from within, and subject to the Porte and its Pashas from without, the Maronites have talked much, intrigued much, and done nothing.

The Maronites of our day may best be divided into three classes; namely, the clergy (monks included), the townsmen, and the peasants. Of the so-called Princes or Ameers, the descendants of Shehāb and Lama', the newly-adopted Maronites, we will say nothing. 'Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda e passa;' the nobility of their origin may be allowed to cast a veil of decent silence over their present degeneracy. As for the Sheykhs, Khāzin, Hobeys, Kerem, or others, they shall be considered under the class of peasants from whom they derive, and amongst whom they find their proper place.

And first, the clergy: that is, the patriarch, the bishops, the parish-priests, and the monks. All these, partly owing to the circumstances under which Maronite nationality first came into existence, partly to the superstitious character of the Syro-Chaldæans themselves, exercise in Lebanon an authority after which an Innocent III. may have aspired, but never attained. Nor do they either serve God or man for nought. On every pleasant hill of Lebanon, in every fruitful valley, the first object that attracts the traveller's notice is for certain an episcopal residence, a snug convent, or a comfortable priest's house; the fattest olive-groves, the most generous vineyards, the choicest tobacco-fields; the



the good of the land is theirs; and one-fourth of the Maronite territory is, at the most modest computation, the patrimony of the Church. No roof covers better furnished apartments, no vaults hold goodlier stores, than those of His Holiness the Patriarch; whether he descend to his winter residence at Zook, or refresh his wearied sanctity in the summer coolness of his palace at Wadee-Kadeesho. Encircled by troops of attendants, some in the appropriate garb of deacons, some in the more dubious array of pipe-bearers or chibookjees, clad, not metaphorically but literally, in the costliest of purple and fine linen; seated at a table, the copiousness of which may in the East be held for luxury; or haughtily admitting the homage of prescriptive superstition, the Maronite Patriarch is at once a parody and a burlesque of an Italian Pontiff, and a model which each of his hierarchical subordinates—bishop, priest, or deacon—strives in due proportion and with tolerable success to reproduce.

The monks, in habits of black serge and ascetic girdles, parade an edifying modesty; but their profession of poverty is belied by the size and construction of their monasteries, by their well-built and better-filled storerooms, and yet more by the vast extent of their lands. The thin veil of personal disappropriation ill-conceals from the eye of the laity, and perhaps from their own, the insatiate greed of the community; and from the prior of the great Convent of Koshey'a, down to the aged hermit of Wadee-kadeesho, who extends his venerable hand for a blessing and a 'bakhsheesh' to the visitor of his abnegation, the Maronite regular is the most grasping, the most retentive of all his mendicant brethren, West or East.

The first impression of the secular clergy, or parish priests, is at times more favourable. A smattering of studies, Latin, French, and Italian, is a frequent result of connexion with Rome, of visits to Italy and France, also in many cases of education received, or at least of years passed, in the College of the Propaganda. The names of Latin Fathers and of more recent theologians, strange elsewhere in the East, are familiar here; and the garbled history of ecclesiastical authors is rechronicled, and believed, under the roofs of Fetooh and Kesrewān. Hence a Maronite priest not rarely obtains the credit of being learned, while in truth only superficial. To the same education they owe their special hatred against Protestantism and Protestants, a hatred bigoted and violent to a scarcely credible degree. In the same they carefully instruct their flocks; and their efforts are effectually seconded by Lazarists, Jesuits, and Capuchins, thickly disseminated all over the mountain; who delight, moreover, to

give

give a practical turn to this anti-heretical fervour by carefully identifying in common use the names of Protestant and of English. The certain and universal salvation of all Maronites; the possible, but hardly probable, salvation of any other Catholics; and the inevitable, unexceptional damnation of all non-Roman sects, schismatic, heretic, Mahometan, Druse, and so forth, but especially of all Protestants; such is the foremost lesson in this Christian and clerical school. And it is from their clergy that the Maronites, more than any other tribe of the earth, take their habitual direction of thought and action.

Such are the distinctive features of the Maronite clergy; in other respects they share the ordinary praise or blame of average Eastern priesthoods.

These are the men who, in '59 and '60, after having by their ceaseless and unscrupulous intrigues brought on the bloody catastrophies of Jezzeen, Hāsbeya, Rāsheya, Jahleh, Deyr-el-Kamar, Damascus—after having provoked a war in which thousands of their people were slaughtered, some on the field of battle, more in cold-blooded massacre, and other thousands utterly and irretrievably ruined—refused the sacrifice of a piastre from their own full coffers, of an acre from their own broad lands, to support a cause which they proclaimed the cause of God, or to relieve and sustain the widows and orphans whom they themselves had made. Without a blush the wealthiest clergy of the East saw the misery of their flocks comforted by European, and, in no small measure, by Protestant charity. They snarled at the givers, and greedily swallowed the gift. These are they who then—they had learnt the trade before—paraded their long beards, sanctimonious faces, and flowing robes in Europe; and claimed the alms intended by the easily-gulled charity of the West to feed the orphan, house the homeless, cure the sick and wounded, rebuild villages, schools, and churches; and which in reality found their way so far as the pocket of Bishop this and Prior that, but no further. These are the men who unite all the pretentious bigotry of Catholic Rome with all the vices and meanness of the Christian East; these are they who give to their tribe and nation its special tone, a tone arrogant alike and cringing, base and vainglorious, fanatical to a degree no Greek ever attained, servile to a depth below the servility of a eunuch or a Persian.

Next follows the lay portion of the Maronite nation; we will begin with the inhabitants of the towns.

As townsfolk Maronites offer in their ways a certain resemblance, not wholly superficial, with the Eastern Greeks. Sub-  
stitute



with less success than some other 'Eastern Christians' their neighbours, they carry their studies of Arab grammar and literature to a considerable length, and are occasionally not contemptible masters in this field.

Be it also told to Maronite credit, that, although the standard of truth among them is certainly not our own, and a European who should model his veracity on theirs in word and deed would strongly risk passing for a cheat and a liar, yet seldom do they push falsehood to those lengths of deception, swindling, and treachery, which have made the Levant infamous from Byzantine times to the present. Perhaps it is slow-wittedness, perhaps a modified honesty; we willingly ascribe it to the latter; the more so that, left to themselves, the Maronites are on the whole a good-tempered race, fairly sociable, imitative, and, though not enterprising, laborious. Drink and gambling also are only occasional vices among them; their morality, in the narrower acceptance of the term, was never severe, nor has European contact tended to straighten it.

From the Maronites of the town we turn to the Maronites of the country; and here, as is usual among races whose virtues and vices are the result of circumstance rather than of will, we find not much indeed to admire, but less also to condemn. Still their visitor will be startled by the grossness of their ignorance; for although schools are plenty among the Maronite villagers, the bigotry of the masters, mostly priests, has in general narrowed down the teaching to some childish Catechism, badly translated from the Italian or French. Another characteristic of the Maronite peasant is dirt; and, with every natural advantage of situation and climate, the commonest expedients of municipal cleanliness are so strangely neglected, or unknown, that even the pure air of the Syrian mountain-tops seems hardly a security against endemic pestilence.

In the culture of the mulberry-tree and the rearing of silk, in tobacco-growing and in the care of vineyards, Maronite husbandmen are commendable for diligence and skill. Their industry, like that of the up-country Armenians, is of the heavy, persevering kind. Like the Armenians, also, they have little turn for sea-pursuits; and while the entire line of Maronite coast, from St. George's Bay to the river of Terabolos, is indented with countless creeks and shallow inlets, well adapted to the small craft and fishing-boats of Syria, the number of sailors or fishermen supplied from among the Maronites is inconsiderable.

The village chiefs or Sheykhs, Khāzin, Hobeish, and others,  
are

are distinguished from the peasants around them by their habits of childish intrigue and pretentious idleness, and are confounded with them by a clownish awkwardness, the common badge of the Maronite mountaineer. This clownishness refines itself in the Maronites of Beyrout and Terabolos into mere heaviness and lack of taste. However, their kinsmen of Damascus and Aleppo have, by long separation from the bulk of the tribe and residence among strangers, acquired somewhat of the courtesy and polish proper to the natives of inner and Mahometan Syria.

The total number of the Maronite nation, or rather clan, is variously estimated from 150,000 to 230,000, or even more. We incline to the higher cypher: itself not a very considerable one, after all. Yet it more than doubles the census of the Druses, by whom the Maronites were long held in subjection and at last, in 1860, utterly discomfited, and that of the less renowned nor over-courageous Metewalees, by whom they are habitually insulted.

Here our reader may pause, and consult his reason or his sympathies.

We have now passed in review the three most numerous or the most talked-of Christian populations of the East: those with whose name Europe is not unfamiliar, and to whom her patronage is most readily extended. Eleven of the fourteen species of 'Eastern Christian' yet remain; but the minuter inspection of some of these would be superfluous, and of others uninteresting. Among the former we may number the Catholic or Protestant Armenians, in every respect—niceties of creed excepted—closely resembling their orthodox brethren; the Russianised Greeks, hardly distinguishable from the Phanariot; while the Syrians and Chaldæans, orthodox or Catholic, of Upper Syria and Mesopotamia, are best comprised in a general sketch of the inhabitants of those regions. The insignificance of the Eastern Latins eludes research; and want of sufficient information to reconcile or reject conflicting statements compels us to pass over in silence two remarkable, though somewhat anomalous, offshoots of Eastern Christianity,—the Nestorians of Kurdistan, and the more recently famous Abyssinians. There yet remain, however, two classes—the one a clan, the other a nation—each possessed of high interest, and each deserving a distinct, however cursory, notice. These are the Greek Catholics, or Melchites, of Syria, and the Copts of Egypt.

The former present a phenomenon startling in European eyes, easily explicable from an Eastern point of view. Bearing the name of Greeks they have yet nothing in common  
either

either with the Hellenes of Athens or with the Byzantine Greeks of the Levant, except the use of the same ritual and liturgy, and these, too, not in Greek, but translated into excellent Arabic. The history of the Greek Catholics of Syria shall explain for us alike their name and their character. Long before the Christian era several tribes of the Yemen, Arab Arabs—so they style themselves, to indicate the unmixed genuineness of their race—emigrated northwards, and, after many fortunes, settled finally on the confines of Syria, to the east and south of Damascus. Their colony was again and again recruited, now from their Yemen brethren, now from the tribes of Nejed and Hejaz; but the superior dignity and number of Benoo-Ghassan gave them a common name as well as government; and with Jefnah, the son of 'Amr, began the series of Ghassanite kings, who reigned for more than four hundred years, till the rising sun of Mahomet eclipsed all the stars in the Arab sky. But few tribes have shone with brighter lustre in pre-Mahometan peace or war than Benoo-Ghassan; few have attained equal celebrity in prose or verse. Valour, generosity, eloquence—whatever forms the staple of Arab worth—all is ascribed to them, and the silence of their rivals admits the praise of their eulogists.

In common with their king, El-Hārith, the Benoo-Ghassan embraced Christianity towards the end of the fourth century, and, like most converts, adopted the ceremonial of their first apostles, namely, the Byzantine. Hence they derived, as Christians, the surname of Greeks, and hence for many centuries the use of the Greek language in their churches, or in the tents, of which, as their annals and some relics of portable sanctuaries yet show, these half-nomades made use for the rites of worship. But that language, confined within strictly Church limits, remained always alien from the every-day life of Benoo-Ghassan; and their off-lying position, situated on the extreme verge of Byzantine rule, allowed but a feeble union, political or ecclesiastical, with Constantinople.

When the Mahometan armies, led by Khālīd-ebn-Waleed and his brother generals overran Syria, the greater number of the Ghassan Arabs adopted the congenial faith which fused them with their conquerors; some, however, availed themselves of the tolerance of 'Omar and the Ommey'ah Khalifs, and remained Christians. From their Mahometan neighbours they had nothing to fear; and their retired position beyond the passes of the Leja sheltered them alike from the dangerous sympathies or rivalities of their Western brethren, and from the blood-stained vicissitudes



ment of affairs, which has peopled the palaces and residences of the governors and chief men of Syria with Greek-Catholic counsellors, treasurers, accountants, writers, till the number of posts of trust filled by them throughout these regions amazes by its disproportion with the scanty census of their clan. This heritage, unimpaired by time, by religious change, or by foreign influence, they have received and kept from their ancestors of the Yemen. But they share, with most other Arabs, an ineradicable, because an inbred, aversion to Ottoman rule; and when Ibraheem Pasha, acting as lieutenant for his still more talented father Mehemet-'Alee, appeared in Syria to dismember that province from the Turkish empire and unite it, so hope proclaimed, to a new and Arab kingdom, nowhere did the Egyptian find a readier welcome and a more cordial and effectual assistance to his projects than among the Melchite-Arabs of the land.

One fatal heritage, however, it must be allowed, the Greek Catholics have, along with their better heir-loom, derived from their ancestors of the desert—the spirit of divided counsels. The same impatient individualism, the same inaptness for unity or even co-ordination, which once, and only once, in Arab history yielded to the colossal genius of Mahomet, but which so soon after his death re-appeared to break up his great national work into countless fragments, never again to unite; this spirit still exists unabated, and repeats itself in every tribe, in every clan; nor has the brotherhood of Christianity, nor the fellowship of belief and rite availed the Catholic-Greeks of Ituræa and Trachonitis, of Hawran and the Belkaà from its fatal influence. ‘See how these Christians hate one another,’ may be a true, though a most discreditable satire elsewhere; it is nowhere truer than among the Melchite-Arabs, nowhere more fatal in its consequences. At war more or less open with all around them, children of Ismael, their hand against every man, and every man’s hand against them, they are not the less at ceaseless conflict among themselves, always at variance, always disunited; till not so much as a single village acknowledges one head, one purpose, or one action. No sooner has an individual of their number attained by energy or talent some superior position, than envy—the curse of the Arab race—raises up ten others to pull him down, and, after having done that, to quarrel among themselves for the very honours of which they have despoiled their tribesman, for no other reason than that he was worthy of them. Blood is perhaps shed; and then the feud is irreconcilable to the tenth generation. The quarrels of Beyt Aboo-Khāṭir and Beyt Ma’aloof, the rivalry of the Hārat-Rāseeyeh and the Hārat-et-Tahta, did more than even the arms of the Druse Khoṭṭar, and  
the



the cowardice or treason of Yoosef Kerem for the ruin of Melchite Zahleh: nor could all the losses of 1860, in which fatal year none suffered more, because none fought more, than the Greek Catholics, persuade the Damascene survivors of the family of Honeyneh to lay aside their hereditary enmity with the survivors of the family of Foreyj, and to remember at least the brotherhood of misfortune, since they had forgotten that of race and faith.

Blame and praise, yet more, perhaps, the latter than the former, are merited by another noted quality of the genuine Arab mind, faithfully reproduced in the Melchites of Central and Eastern Syria, namely, an immense personal pride; a pride based on self-consciousness, and hence unaugmented by prosperity, undiminished in adversity; a pride independent of circumstance of sect, of condition, and even of age. As 'Abd-Allah, the son of the heroic Zobeyr, and a child then of some ten years old, was playing with his young companions in one of the streets of Medeenah, the Khalif Ma'aweyah passed by on horseback with numerous attendants. 'Stand up out of the way of the Commander of the Faithful,' said some one of the riders to the boy. 'Neither are you my father that I should stand up to you for respect's sake, nor is the road so narrow that I should stand up to you for room's sake,' answered the child. Similar in character, but more dignified, was the reply of 'Omar, second of the Khalifs. Feeling thirsty during a conversation prolonged till late into the night with 'Amroo, the conqueror of Egypt, 'Omar rose from his seat, and, treading on tiptoe, lest he should disturb the slumber of an attendant, who, tired of watching, had, like the Lucius of Shakespeare, fallen asleep on the floor, crossed the room, quenched his thirst from a pitcher of water, and returned softly to his place. 'Commander of the Faithful, you might as well have awakened the servant and let him bring it you,' remarked 'Amroo. 'I got up, and I was 'Omar; I returned, and I am 'Omar,' answered the Khalif.

This is the pride which, among Mahometan Arabs is enhanced, while veiled, by the modest title of the 'servant of God;' an affirmation which implies and almost expresses the negation of any other service or inferiority. Among the Pagans or Christians of the race it dispenses with even this disguise. But the defiant vaunts of a pre-Mahometan Ta'abbet-Shurra, the self-laudatory lyrics of a sceptical Aboo-l-'Ola or Mutenebbec, the devout exultations of innumerable religious or ascetic poets, from the great Gheelānee down to 'Abd-el-Ghānee En-Nābloo-see, and the vigorous, though imitative, war-notes of Nikōla-cl-Khooree, Greek-Catholic priest of Aleppo, however they may vary

vary in the form and wording of the phrase, are truly one in meaning, and that meaning is unconquerable self-reliance. Christian humility may condemn, as Mahometan humility has frequently done, the vice of pride; but a philosophical mind will hardly be severe in its censure of what is the root of much real greatness, of noble exertion, of dignity in misfortune, and of moderation in success. The Melchite-Arab is often hated, but can rarely be despised: and his independent spirit, if it conciliate him few friends, merits him yet an esteem impossible to bestow on the borrowed vanity of the Greek, the boastful meanness of the Maronite, and the tame servility of most other 'Eastern Christians.'

The small number of the Melchite-Greeks—they scarce come up to fifty thousand souls—is about equally divided between the inhabitants of the towns Damascus, Zahleh, Aleppo, Beyrout, Seydà, and the rest, and the inhabitants of the open plains, of the Bekàà, Hawran, and the lands beyond the Jordan. We have already sketched the character of the towns-people; whoever visits them will be further struck by the good taste of their domestic and ecclesiastical architecture, in which the true genius of the Arab or Saracenic style is still conspicuous in graceful carvings, airy porticoes, bold arches, and slender columns, and by the easy good manners of his Melchite host, who prides himself on courtesy and hospitality to his guests, after the old Arab fashion. A Greek-Catholic house at Damascus recalls the 'Thousand and One Nights,' both in the decorations of the building and in the refined politeness of its inhabitants. But the Damascene proverb, 'Like a rose, smell it from a distance, and ware thorns,' is too often exemplified in prolonged intercourse; quarrels are of frequent occurrence, and hard to appease; and even a casual acquaintance, however amiably welcomed, will do prudently to avoid in his conversation whatever may wound a proud and susceptible race. But in literature, history, local government, poetry, and the like, the visitor, if qualified to enter on such topics, will find before him, in Arab phrase, a wide and fertile meadow.

The Melchite peasants are, at first sight, scarcely distinguishable from the Mahometan Arabs around them, whether in dress, habitation, or manner. The same broad cloak, dark, striped, or gaily embroidered—the same yellow and red handkerchief, bound with the same twist of camel's hair round the head—the same old-fashioned arms, sword, lance, or pistol—the same beard, the same idiom and language—the very churches are in their simplicity hardly dissimilar from village mosques. Nor only the Mahometan Arab peasant, but even the half Bedouin, the 'Arab-

Deerah,' or Bedouin of the frontier, is often reproduced among the Melchites of Hawran and the Balkaa. Besides, the bonds of union between Christian and Mahometan are in these districts tightened by the doubtful neighbourhood of Druses, and the visits, more frequent than welcome, of the plundering Roo'ala and Woold-'Alee tribes. Whoever is not afraid of roughing it a little may pass some weeks with pleasure, nor without profit, in the study of Arab manners and eloquence among the Greek Catholics of Trachonitis; he will learn more there and better in a week than Beyrout, or even Aleppo, could teach him in a year.

The Melchite clergy, like that of all 'Eastern Christians,' whatever their sect, have considerable influence; yet they do not constitute a ruling class, as among the Maronites, or a caste apart, as among the Armenians and orthodox Greeks. They are often men of much public spirit, active and well furnished with the current accomplishments of the East. Like all Eastern priesthoods, they are divided into two sorts—the married secular clergy and the unmarried monks, from amongst whom bishops and patriarchs are selected. These monks, in particular, are much superior to the ordinary run of their fellow ascetics in the East, and the printing-press of the monastery of Showey'r—a press unrivalled throughout Syria in beauty of type and accuracy of labour—may almost atone for the ambitious revolt of its celibate workmen against the lawful authority of the Prior of Damascus. We should however not forget to add that similar praise is due, and for similar reasons, to the Catholic-Armenian monks, whether in Europe or Asia.

We have dwelt somewhat at length on the description of one of the smallest sections of Eastern Christianity, because that section alone, among all others, offers the agreeable spectacle of a race neither servile nor degenerate. Yet the want of servility implies the want of patrons, and the Melchite-Greeks of Syria neither possess the sympathy of Europe, nor, indeed, much desire its questionable advantage. European sympathy in the East too generally implies, for those who seek or enjoy it, a mendicant spirit, a dependent tone, an aimless dissatisfaction, a new element of intrigue, a loss of what one has for an unprofitable striving after what one has not. Further, it implies the hatred of the surrounding Mahometan populations and of the Ottoman Government itself, which, naturally enough, sees with disgust that its subjects have their faces habitually turned to the worship of another star than its own. Hence it may occasionally, and in the progress of events, imply violence and even massacre. Did not the Mahometans in general, and the Turks more especially, believe,

believe, nor without reason, that the Eastern Christian population is the chosen field of European intrigue, the door always open for European interference;—did they, and could they, look on the Christians simply as subjects of the Empire, differing from themselves in form of belief only, united and loyal in all besides;—the Christians of the East would not be left in peace merely, but would take rank among the most favoured subjects of the Porte, from Constantinople to Bagdad. History testifies to their honourable security in the days of the Khalifs; and we have ourselves witnessed their promotion under the brief administration of Ibraheem Pasha. But now, and as a general rule, none are so ill looked on, and with but too much reason. The hatred, first originated by the Crusades, has been continued and aggravated by diplomatic protections and armed interference; and while we condemn the ferocity or fanaticism which presided at the risings of Aleppo and Nabloos—at the massacres of Jeddah and Damascus—we cannot wonder; rather, all things considered, might we think that the Mahometans, with Clive, have reason ‘to be astonished at their own moderation.’ Vexatious attempts to extend a miserable and undue influence—fallacious but incendiary hopes—promises even of support from the West or the North—encouragement to ready insolence, and irksome interference with the normal course of local government—all these have worked, and still work, till the Mahometan population and the Porte alike lose their long-provoked patience, and the debt of years is paid off in a day of blood and fire. Thus it is that remonstrances against imaginary oppressions and complaints of wrongs which do not exist end in giving reality to the very subjects of complaint and remonstrance; and intriguing ambition has more than once viewed with open horror and secret satisfaction the realisation of evils to justify the protest which had preceded and caused them when as yet they were not. ‘Save us from our friends,’ would be the most rational prayer, did they but know it, of Eastern Christians; and in keeping aloof from European favour and influence the Melchite-Arabs of Syria do but show their wisdom.

There is yet another race of Eastern Christians, more ancient in their Christianity than Syrians, Maronites, and Armenians—of more undoubted descent than the Greeks of the Islands and Anatolia—a race that  
or ritual, older than the  
records of the inhabitants

By what fate a nation  
skilful organisers of a  
claimants of eternity  
greatness—the builders

of Rameses and Pharaoh—have for more than two thousand years remained the scarce impatient slaves, now of Persia, now of Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, then of Arab or Memlook princes, of Tartars and Turks, till they have sunk to their present deep degradation, were hard to say. The extinction of national energy is often a harder problem to solve than its origin and development. Yet even now, after so long a servitude and depression, they still retain, and this may increase our wonder, many of those very qualities which once rendered them lords, not of their own Egypt and Nile only, but of Syria, and of no inconsiderable portion of Asia also ; crushed, but scarcely changed.

Since, however, the Arab conquest in 638, the blood of the now Mahometan inhabitants of the Nile valley has so mingled with that of their Arab invaders, besides what further modification it may have admitted from Negro and Nubian, Circassian and Turk, that we will in these pages restrict the nationality as the name of Copt to the native Christians of the land, who have along with their peculiar form of belief retained also the purity of their national descent without any appreciable admixture.

Except a few thousands, five, at most, of so-called Catholic Copts, who to all practical intents and purposes resemble the rest of the nation, the Copts of Egypt belong, by tradition if not by knowledge, to the Eutychian or ultra-Monophysite school ; a circumstance which, combined with the hereditary remembrance of historical injuries, divides the Egyptian from the Greek by a deep cleft of national and religious hatred. Towards the Mahometan population around the Copts have little ill-will, though of all 'Eastern Christians' they have had the most cause to complain. The transient atrocities of the mad Khalif Hākim can, indeed, be scarcely laid to the charge of Islam, from which Hākim himself was notoriously an apostate ; but there is no doubt that in following and purely Mahometan times oppression, and even persecution, have at frequent intervals weighed heavily on the Copts. The dangerous proximity of their Western co-religionists, the intrusive sanctity of Louis IX., and the Crusades, which involved the loss of other and better lives than those of the Crusaders themselves, may explain the anti-Christian bitterness of the rulers of Egypt ; and the knowledge of the mediate cause may have rendered the Copts less hostile than might have been else expected to their immediate oppressors. Besides, they are a patient people.

In all times and under every dynasty the Copts have been the scribes and accountants of Egypt ; a position productive of much influence to those who hold it, and also of not a little wealth. Their natural turn for calculation, however intricate—their habits  
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of enduring and accurate labour—their sedentary and somewhat phlegmatic disposition—all agree to fit them for this kind of work, and to render them pre-eminent in it. The inventors of papyrus-scrolls and hieroglyphics are still the best book-keepers of the East; and the calculating and mechanical skill of old days, to which the hydraulic system, no less than the architectural monuments of the land, bears witness, is yet theirs, though employed at the bidding and for the behests of strangers. Instances are not wanting—how should they be in a land where law is arbitrary, and where public opinion has no general expression?—of Coptic accountants who have scandalously abused the confidence placed in them to their own personal advantage; but, on the whole, opportunity makes fewer thieves among the Copts than might have been reasonably anticipated; and, under its present *régime* of mercantile swindlers and foreign adventurers, the Egyptian Government may have room to regret the traditions of former times, and the diligent service and average fidelity of the Copts.

Commerce, that, at least, which involves distant venture, and speculation in general, have no special attraction for this race. Whatever wealth they may have, much or little, is not to be looked for among the investments of a Suez Canal or of a Government loan. That wealth, if not placed in local and immediate trade, in a corn-store or a warehouse, is by preference converted, where possible, into buildings and land. The Copt is fond of building; and when he can keep clear of the wretched pseudo-French taste which has disfigured Egypt with huge uncomfortable card-paper edifices, and palaces or pavilions more suited, if even that, to the banks of the Seine than of the Nile, his style of architecture is not only, like that of his ancestors, solid and enduring, but handsome, and appropriate to the climate and scenery. Skilful and delicate stone-carving, patterns intricate, yet in harmony with the main lines of the building, nicely balanced vaultings and galleries, graceful pillars, wonderful lattice-work, and bright colours so used as best to carry out the general effect, such is the genuine Egyptian architecture of our times, where applied to lesser or domestic edifices. But in larger constructions, and especially in some recently-built churches, the solidity and polish of the granite columns, and the bold grandiosity, almost grandeur, of the general outlines, heavier than the Saracenic, yet not so heavy as the older Byzantine, vindicate the descendants of the Luxor and Esneh architects from the imputation of degeneracy.

We enter the house of Markos or Georgios; we are received in roomy apartments, well carpeted, and adorned with candlesticks

sticks or mirror-frames of massive silver, and furniture curious in carving and inlay. From the windows we look out under far-projecting eaves, into the dense shade of green gardens, where the waters of the Nile, infiltrated through the earth, and drawn up by the creaking water-wheel, or Na'oorah, run divided and subdivided into a thousand channels, under the broad leafage of bananas, magnolias, and a hundred other trees gay in flower and copious in fruit, or between luxuriant sugar-cane and the famed pot-herbs of Egypt, the regret and envy of Palestine; within, gaily dressed servants, mostly negroes, bring in jewelled coffee or sherbet cups on huge silver trays; the amber mouth-pieces of the long pipes are ringed with diamonds; and when the lady of the house appears, her massive gold ornaments, the pearls and diamonds on her head-dress, her ponderous bracelets and anklets, all gold, compel the exclamation ascribed, truly or not, to the great Prussian General on his view of London from the top of St. Paul's: 'My —, what a plunder.' Though, by the way, the word 'plunder' in German has often the simple meaning of a multitude of good things, quite apart from the idea of their forcible appropriation; and Blucher, who was better at tactics than at vocabularies, may very possibly have only used the English word in its German sense, by a too literal translation of his thought. So be it far from us also to regard with violent covetousness the festive treasures of our Coptic hostess. Let us, now that coffee and sherbets are disposed of, enter into conversation with the master of the house. We find that he takes little interest in European news and politics; the very names of Gladstone and Disraeli are possibly unknown to him, and those of Alexander II. or Napoleon III. excite no sympathy: in a word, he has small science of the West, and even less disposition to share or follow its movements. But if our own reciprocal ignorance permits us to enter on such topics, we shall find him well instructed in the history of his own country; well read, too, in Arab and Mahometan literature; shrewd and farsighted in his views of what may best befit Egypt and her government, her agriculture, irrigation, trade, and so forth; we shall find in him, too, a kindly and tolerant disposition, an easy-going view of life, a keen relish for its pleasures, and a singular love of music, dance, and song. His tastes, though more refined, are not in kind unlike those of his dusky and perhaps elder brother the negro. In fact, some ethnologists go about to prove the Copts of Caucasian, Arian, or Turanian descent; they quote analogies, real or imagined, of language; measure the length and breadth of skulls; and discover conformities of jawbone or forehead. All this may be; but



but this much is certain, that a Copt is to all intents and purposes, in thought, ways, manners, and even, so far as we can learn from history, in his mode of government, when he had one, and fashion of religion, a whiter and more intelligent negro; not, indeed, after the type of the western coast, but that of Darfoor, Kordofān, Sennār, and the east inland districts. The very skull of the Darfooree and that of the Copt, have the same well-arched, rounded form; and it is possible that the Copts, no less than the great bulk of the Arab nation, are not of Asian but African origin. Still, African or Asian, the Copt is always a son of Cleopatra, and a brother of the too fascinating Pleiads of our own day, the seven songstresses of Kēna; and on near acquaintance, we shall be shocked or gratified to find that Christianity, whatever inner and invisible effects it may, doubtless, have on his spiritual being, has left the physical and moral man remarkably unchanged. We see a book lying on a corner of his divan—he was reading it when we came in—we take it up; it is not a political pamphlet, as, a hundred to one, it would have been under a Greek roof; nor is it a French or English vocabulary, the probable subject of Armenian study; nor is it a devotional translation of Liguori, or the ‘Sacre Cœur,’ the frequent ornament of a Maronite cushion; no, it is an odd volume of the ‘Thousand and One Nights,’ or the mirthful tales of the Rowdet-el-Abrār, or the chronicles of Makreezee, or a collection of Arab love-poems. The paper lying by is no Gazette, it is a series of accounts calculated to a length of figures that might puzzle Bidder; or, perhaps, it is a copy of some choice passage from Hareeree. Did we find the Koran itself in company we need hardly be surprised.

Yet the Copt is a devout, indeed a superstitious Christian; only his Christianity, however intense in belief and copious in rite and symbol, does not greatly interfere with the general tenor of his practical and daily life, either for better or for worse. Nor are his dark-turbaned priests likely to teach him much of what we should term morality; guileless of it themselves, why or how should they impart it to their flocks? A ‘Coptic marriage’ has passed into a proverb; enough to say, that certain obliging and temporary family arrangements, said to prevail among the Abyssinians, are certainly and avowedly current among their fairer brethren and sisters of Egypt. It would be hard to suppose that the clergy deny themselves the indulgences which they permit or encourage in the laity; and the multiple precautions which fence in the exacter celibacy of the Patriarch himself, seem to imply the rareness of the thing they ensure. The fact is, that in all respects, the Coptic religious ceremonies





re-asserting the empire of mind, since every other form of empire has irrecoverably passed away from them. In a word, the Copts are non-progressive, a position equivalent, where all else advance, to retrogressive; their qualities good or bad, they have received by inheritance of birth, and still retain; but the talent not put out to interest, and that wrapped up in a napkin, or hid in the earth, are much alike in uselessness; and the fate of such is often to be wholly taken away.

The census of Copts in Egypt and its neighbourhood is variously given from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand; it certainly does not exceed the latter sum.

And with this brief notice of an aged, nor wholly unvenerable nation, we will conclude our present survey of 'Eastern Christians;' and recommend our own Western Christians to love their brethren at least wisely, before they love them perhaps too well.

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ART. II.—1. *The Administration of the Poor Law.* London, 1834.

2. *Reports of the London Chatham and Dover Railway.* 1868-69.

3. *The Appropriation of the Railways by the State.* By Arthur John Williams.

4. *North American Review.* 1866-69.

5. *The Charities of London.* By Thomas Hawkesley, M.D. 1869.

6. *Report of Select Committee of Congress on the Civil Service of the United States.* Washington, May, 1868.

WE are in this country so accustomed to live in the habits and institutions of the past, that it is only when startled by some unexpected catastrophe, or some strange and sudden incongruity, that we wake to the perception how far that past differs from the present alike in its conditions and its wants. Nay, more, we constantly retain the ideas out of which those habits and institutions sprang long after those ideas have ceased to possess any clear or real vitality—sometimes even after the truth they once contained has passed out of them altogether. The national mind, both intellectually and politically, is so singularly *unenterprising*, that beliefs die out and laws become obsolete generations before they are ostensibly renounced or repealed. We almost instinctively refuse to *recognise* the changes which yet all feel in our secret souls to have passed over us; we shrink with a curious want of faith and courage, as well as candour, from avowing, by any overt action, the new wants and convictions

convictions of the age, from announcing them as the principles which are to guide our future conduct, or from embodying them in legislative measures; preferring invariably clumsy modifications to thorough reorganisation, giving to inefficient managers assessors instead of successors, and, as the needs of our modern civilisation grow more urgent and imperious, adding here, and patching or enlarging there, but seldom creating, and almost never destroying even the useless, the noxious, or the altogether dead. This temper or habit—originating partly in laziness, partly in languid convictions, partly in want of comprehensiveness of mental grasp, partly, no doubt, in reverence for the ancient and the moss-grown—has its beauty and its safety; but it may easily be carried too far, and last too long. The evil resulting from it is that our reforms often lag behind our needs; we outgrow our garments and our dwellings faster than we enlarge them; we seldom revise systematically, and we never recur to first principles.

Now, there is one habit and one idea which together have done more to determine and colour our entire social and administrative system than perhaps any other influence; namely, the habit of the community doing everything for itself, and the idea that the Government has not capacity enough to do anything well, nor public virtue enough to do anything conscientiously or disinterestedly. The former is an hereditary practice, which has come down to us from the earliest times; the latter is a notion which, twenty or thirty years ago, had almost passed into a proverb. And between the two, we find ourselves in the midst of the most complex and artificial social condition, struggling to get on with the same administrative machinery and *personnel* which were devised to meet the wants of a very simple and monotonous civilisation, and were perhaps not inadequate to its requirements. With thirty millions of population; with the widest and most gigantic commerce the world has ever seen; with the most productive and intricate industrial establishments; with connections, engagements, settlements, possessions in every quarter of the world; with the most overgrown metropolis of ancient or modern times; with perhaps deeper cankers and more insidious dangers than have menaced any nation since the Roman Empire;—we still retain, for the most part, the identical institutions which sufficed for our Saxon ancestors, with their scanty and scattered numbers, their limited and insular interests, their simple habits, their monotonous occupations, and their few wants. We live, or try to live, in their parochial and municipal systems. Unlike the Irish and the French, who call on the Government to do everything for them, we warn the Government against any interference.

with what we regard as our own affairs. We like as a community, or rather as a collection of communities, to do our own business, to govern ourselves, to judge ourselves, to levy and expend our own rates, to deal with our own paupers, to make our own roads, to undertake our own public works. It is curious how obstinately we cling to this old notion, and how grievously we suffer from it, and how slightly experience and suffering have yet shaken its hold upon the national mind. We habitually *mistrust* the Government both as to its intelligence and its moral sense. Dread of its oppression, conviction of its selfishness, suspicion of its incapacity, rooted notions of its incurable jobbing propensities, are traceable everywhere throughout our administrative system ; while the hereditary reasons which lie at the root of these sentiments, and the half-truth that still lingers in them, are not difficult to recognise ; and relics of the feudal ages which have survived to this industrial age, complete the explanation of the singular anomalies we see around us.

Look first at the *Administration of Justice*. It would seem that if ever a community required the most perfect, efficient, and scientific system that experience and sagacity could devise, it would be such a complicated, crowded, and wealthy community as ours. We should have expected to see the wisest heads and the strongest arms enlisted in the cause—a cause, after all, of the very first magnitude and the most imperious urgency to a nation like Great Britain. It might be supposed that here, at least, no niggard economy, no antiquated prejudices, no clumsy or out-of-date institutions, above all, no wholly obsolete ideas, would be suffered to interfere with the most skilful contrivances for protecting property and person, for detecting and preventing crime, and for punishing with deterring severity and terrifying promptitude all who attempt to prey upon society. Yet what is the main sentiment which we find pervading our whole judicial proceedings from first to last ? Not the protection of the community against the criminal, but the protection of the subject against the Crown. We do not seek to guard the citizen against the robber or the rough, which is the want of our times—but to guard him against possible wrong at the hands of a feudal oppressor, which was the danger of by-gone Baronial ages. First comes Trial by Jury, an institution of inestimable service in its day, and not without its value even now, but which we are proud of and fond of to an inordinate degree, and insist upon retaining and applying in wholly unsuitable places and conditions. It was once the Palladium of personal liberty ; it has become in many instances the shield and the safety of the malefactor. Still we cling to it with undistinguishing veneration.

tion. We are not in the least shaken in our allegiance to it, even when accident reveals its occasional injustice to the innocent accused, as well as its habitual complicity in the escape of the notorious ruffian. Year by year, verdict after verdict, even in comparatively simple cases, excites the amazement of the public and the half-expressed and contemptuous surprise of the judge, and makes manifest the incompetency of the hands to which we commit such grave and solemn, and often such intricate and perplexing issues. Only a year or two ago, in the metropolis, we were startled by two instances in which a petty jury found the accused guilty when the grand jury had ignored the bills, as not showing even a *primâ facie* probability against them, and where they had been put upon their trial by mistake. Yet no one appears to draw from incidents like these the legitimate and irresistible conclusion, that the jury system habitually withdraws the decision from competent to place it in incompetent hands. It is sometimes defended on the ground that it gradually educates these incompetent judges in their amateur functions, and associates the mass of the citizens with the daily administration of the law. Perhaps it may do this to some extent; but how few are thus trained, and at what a cost to the community and the accused is this imperfect training given? Few thoughtful persons, and no innocent ones, would not rather have their case tried before a judge unfettered and unassisted by his twelve chance assessors; yet only in the Divorce Court are parties allowed to make their choice.

But it is not in the matter of trial by jury only that we habitually suffer antiquated notions and associations to override modern interests. Nearly every detail, whether of action or commission, in our justiciary arrangements, seems contrived to favour the escape of the criminal. It would almost appear as if the English public sympathised with crime as much as we often accused the Irish public of doing. We have *no public prosecutor*—no official, independent of the injured or outraged individual, whose duty it is to take cognizance of the offence, and bring the offender to punishment. Theoretically and practically the relations between a robber or a murderer and his victim are those of adverse parties in a civil suit. It usually lies with the sufferer to determine whether he will be at the cost, and trouble, and nuisance of prosecuting his assailant, or his thief, or his fraudulent debtor, or his systematic swindler; and we are careful to enlist every consideration, except passion and public spirit, on the merciful, immoral, unpatriotic side. It is made as expensive and vexatious as possible to pursue a malefactor, whether he be cheat, burglar, or garotter; the police courts are disgusting places;

places; the witnesses are surrounded with inconveniences and annoyances. Of late years the felon has had counsel allowed him, and the cross-examination and bullying to which this counsel subjects the prosecutor, is an addition to the injury already suffered at the hands of his client, to which few men who are not very resolute or very angry will readily expose themselves. Then the same lingering ancestral feeling shows itself in our police arrangements. It is scarcely more than a generation since the old parish constable—the amateur policeman, chosen like a churchwarden, and trained as little for his functions—was superseded by the uniformed guardian of the public peace; and many of us can remember the jealousy and opposition with which this best of Sir Robert Peel's reforms was met. Much of this half-avowed sentiment survives even now; we refuse to arm our police force, or to organise them in sufficient numbers for their safety or our own, or to afford them any adequate or exceptional protection. The average Englishman still looks upon them less as protectors and allies than as possible bullies and intermeddlers; and we surrender ourselves to the tender mercies of the ruffian and the rogue, because our ancestors were oppressed by the Crown or the Baron and their 'myrmidons,' and because we have not yet shaken our slow intellects free from the inherited suspicion.

The unpaid magistracy is another relic of past days, which is unsuitable to the vastly enlarged requirements of the present. It is also a characteristic specimen of our national preference for amateur over scientific work. The nobleman, the squire, and the clergyman, formerly the most influential and the best educated—perhaps the only educated—men in their respective neighbourhoods, were naturally entrusted with the administration of justice in the simple old times. Often they represented, in fact, the surviving elements of baronial courts and feudal jurisdictions. They constitute a valuable element in many places and in many respects still, and in the remoter rural districts they meet the requirements and do the work of the community with great diligence and conscientiousness, and on the whole with very passable completeness. But the gentlemen who thus discharge the gravest and sometimes most difficult functions of the Judge are nearly all untrained men. If lawyers, they are so only as having been nominally called to the bar, or having attended a circuit or two as spectators; they trust to their common sense and their natural feelings, and depend upon their clerk for the announcement and interpretation of the law. On the whole, they fall into fewer errors, and give fewer questionable decisions than could be expected, and are usually pretty well in harmony with  
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the sense of justice of the population round them ; and it is only in rare cases, as for instance, where the Lord Mayor—a respected civic dignitary, but no lawyer—had to sit in judgment day after day in the complicated and very difficult charge against Overend and Gurney, that the full inadequacy and anomaly of our magisterial arrangements are brought into clear light. In many cities and boroughs they have been mitigated, under the pressure of necessity, by the appointment of Stipendiary Magistrates, and the nomination of trained lawyers as Chairmen of Quarter Sessions.

The same characteristics pervade all our proceedings in regard to *Education*—one of the first necessities of a people, if it be not one of the first duties of the State. It has been habitually left altogether to the promptings of individual zeal or the efforts of individual benevolence. It has been conducted, on what is termed the voluntary system—that is, it has been consigned to chance. Four-fifths of our munificent and mismanaged educational endowments are the gifts or bequests of private benefactors. The State has seldom been a donor—more seldom still has exerted itself to watch and carry out the intentions of other donors. The primary instruction of the masses, where secured at all, is secured by the extraordinary and meritorious but often misdirected efforts of manifold religious bodies, anxious rather to inculcate special doctrines than to cultivate or enlarge the general intelligence. Higher instruction the nation has had to pick up and pay for as it can. Any man or woman may open a school and set up as a teacher without Government aid or Government interference. The State never troubles itself to control schools when established, nor to create them where they do not exist ; and it is only within the present generation that it has given subsidiary aid in return for the right of supervision and report. The result is what we all see and lament—a population perhaps the least instructed of the great nations of Europe ; vast masses growing up in our crowded cities in absolute heathenism and the darkest ignorance, disgracing our civilisation, menacing our peace, preying on our wealth, and burdening and saddening the conscience of every man alive to the full bearings of the sin of negligence ; and with the education of our middle classes (such as it is) deeply tinctured, and not a little spoiled and narrowed, by the harsh spirit of sectarianism.

Then turn to our whole system of *Municipal Administration*, with its inextricable confusion, and its astounding and costly inefficiency—imbued throughout with the ‘vestry’ spirit—guided everywhere by the ‘vestry’ mind. Men elected by household suffrage, often practically by the lowest householders  
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under the influence of the corruptest motives, for the most part immersed in their own private businesses, usually half-educated and always quite untrained in administrative functions, are intrusted with the management of large funds and the direction of the most important social and civic undertakings, such as police, lighting, paving, draining, scavenging, &c., and discharge them—as we see. Grocers and publicans and speculative builders, or the nominees of less enlightened classes still, determine what rates shall be levied and how they shall be expended; appoint amateur surveyors of roads, perfunctory inspectors of nuisances, commissioners or boards of public works; employing fragments of their time, and the spare portions of ‘what they are pleased to call their mind,’ on objects which might well task the full powers of the best professional capacities. In this enormous overgrown metropolis, the evils of this inappropriate system are even more salient than elsewhere, and, while more manifest and more monstrous, are more difficult to deal with; and we are virtually managing and governing the greatest city, or congeries of cities, in the world through the antiquated machinery of a dozen vestries, aided by half a dozen boards improvised for special service, but often, like the vestries themselves, consisting of untrained functionaries. Yet so deeply is the notion of vestry rule ingrained in the middle-class English mind, that, keenly as we all feel the discredit and discomfort of this state of things, it seems as if no Government could summon up the combined strength, courage, and capacity to grapple with the mischief and apply a remedy.

The *local taxation* of the kingdom amounts to 20,000,000*l.*—more than one-fourth of the entire revenue collected for imperial purposes. Of this sum the contribution of England and Wales exceeds 16,000,000*l.*, the whole of which is levied and expended by vestries and their nominees, by amateur and untrained functionaries. But let us confine our attention to one branch of the management of these enormous funds—equal to the whole expenditure of more than one Continental State. A generation ago, in 1833, when the population of the country was only fourteen millions, the Poor Rates—*i.e.* the sum actually expended in the relief of the poor—had reached 6,800,000*l.*, and the number of recipients considerably exceeded a million: every tenth man in fact was a pauper. The management of this vast sum and this consuming army was entirely in the hands of parish officers and parish vestries, men elected by the rate-payers, overseers appointed from year to year, principally by farmers in the country and by tradesmen in towns. Now, the task of administering legal charity is perhaps of all others the one  
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demanding the very maximum of sagacity and firmness, the acutest and profoundest intelligence to discover sound principles of action, and the most unflinching severity and constancy in adhering to the rules deduced from those principles. Yet that task was habitually confided to the narrowest minds of the community,—to men utterly incapable from want of education of grasping a great principle or looking to remote consequences. The result was what might have been anticipated—was worse even than could have been anticipated. There was no uniformity of system whatever; each guardian and sometimes each overseer, did what was right in his own eyes: some were brutal and stingy; others were lax and lavish; and one officer constantly reversed the entire practice of his successor. Every conceivable mistake was committed, and every conceivable abuse crept in. Wages were reduced, and were systematically made up out of the rates, till farmers cultivated often a fourth of their lands out of the public purse. The increase of an already redundant population was stimulated by relieving married men far more liberally than single ones, and employing them in preference. Bastardy was encouraged by fixing a regular tariff of allowance for each illegitimate child, till unchastity became a comfortable income, and sometimes actually a dower. The whole labouring classes were fast becoming pauperised; corruption, indolence, and dependence were sapping the energies and virtues of our peasantry; and the rates swelled till they seriously menaced the value of landed property.

At last the Government and the county magnates became alarmed; political economists, and here and there enlightened philanthropists and clergymen, denounced the mischief; and in 1833 a Royal Commission was issued to examine the whole question. The revelations contained in the Report of that Commission were something astounding, and startled and shocked the country. The New Poor Law was passed—not, unfortunately, in the complete and scientific form in which it was first drafted by its authors, but still in a reasonably comprehensive spirit. Sound doctrines were laid down; stringent rules were established; and, above all, the root of the whole mischief was recognised to lie in the uncontrolled management of amateur, fluctuating, and untrained functionaries. A central and supervising authority was introduced to advise, direct, and check, the local Boards of Guardians;—originally the ‘Three Kings’ of Somerset House, afterwards the existing Poor Law Board, with a seat in Parliament for its President. Some proceedings were made obligatory; others were declared illegal and absolutely prohibited. The immediate effect of the return to something  
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like correct principles and skilled administration, though vehemently thwarted by ignorance and prejudice, was astonishing and encouraging. In three years the average rates fell from 9s. 9d. to 5s. 5d. in the pound; the total expenditure from nearly seven millions to barely over four; while nearly half a million of recipients were knocked off the pauper roll. Wages rose, agriculture improved, industry and enterprise revived, and decency returned. But, unfortunately, the work of reform had not been thorough enough; some of the old abuses—notably that of lax out-door relief—crept in again by degrees; the authority of the Central Board was too novel and too opposed to the local prejudices and the vestry propensities of Englishmen to be popular; it was vehemently assailed, and its powers—never quite adequate—were crippled by its unpopularity. Guardians and relieving officers were occasionally lax and habitually harsh; the sick and infirm were often treated with neglect and brutality, while the able-bodied, voluntary, and hereditary pauper was allowed to bully and impose. The local officials thought more of keeping down rates than of discouraging or repressing pauperism, and did not know how to secure either aim. The Poor Law Board, representing scientific and trained administration, got into a chronic state of warfare with the Parish and Union Boards, embodying the old vestry spirit of amateur unskilfulness and ignorance,—and was not always conqueror in the strife. The result is that pauperism is again an encroaching and alarming tide, just as it was five-and-thirty years ago; the recipients of parochial relief have again reached the old million; and the total rates in 1867 were 6,959,841l., or higher than they stood in 1833; in spite of free-trade, no corn-laws, four hundred millions spent or spending in railways, and a commerce more than double what it was.

Naturally, the nation is becoming once more uneasy and indignant, and, as before, dimly perceives the direction in which a remedy is to be sought, but, as usual, is only prepared to apply that remedy timidly and tentatively. Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Bill of the session before last practically recognised, without articulately affirming, the correct principle of action, when it equalised rates for certain purposes in the metropolitan parishes, and claimed for the Government the right of appointing a certain number of *ex. officio* guardians.\* A further step in the same direction

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\* Mr. Goschen, in his recent speech on the Metropolitan Poor-Law Amendment Bill, mentioned one little fact indicative of the sort of petty motives and narrow views which often govern Boards of Guardians. Speaking of the amalgamation of unions, he said :—' In this matter there was rather delicate ground for him to touch upon, but he felt it his duty to do so. In the City of London there were

direction has since been suggested, and will, we hope, be soon brought forward for Parliamentary discussion. Two points are becoming clear to the public mind—the first, that taxes for the relief of the poor ought no longer to be levied exclusively upon one description of property or income; the second, that the central control over pauper management must be rendered more peremptory and direct. To meet both objects it is proposed that the District Poor-Law Inspector shall be *ex officio* a member—perhaps even the Chairman—of the Board of Guardians; and that, in consideration of the influence which this position would give him in enforcing the application of sound principles of administration, a certain proportionate contribution to the rates should be granted out of the Consolidated Fund, on the same plan now adopted in the case of the county police expenditure. We merely throw out this suggestion by the way, our purpose in this article being to signalise a pervading evil, not to expose our position or complicate our argument by wandering off into the hazardous, and at present foreign, ground of practical proposals.

Two sets of facts have lately been brought prominently before public attention, which afford apt and striking illustrations of our thesis of the inefficiency of amateur administration. The history of the severe and prolonged distress among the population at the East end of London, is at once instructive and disheartening to the last degree. The residents there consist almost entirely of working men, and of those who supply their daily wants; and as the employment of those men is exclusively connected more or less directly with the commerce of the country, it is naturally fluctuating and precarious. The dock-yard labourers are perpetually being thrown out of work for a week or two at a time, by a change of wind or a lull in mercantile activity. Ship-building, too, which employs hundreds of thousands, varies greatly with the variations of commercial enterprise. For a long period the trade of the Port of London had been singularly brisk; our docks were always full, and our warehouses were incessantly

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three unions—the City of London proper, with rateable property valued at 1,800,000*l.*; and the West London and the East London, each of which had rateable property valued at 200,000*l.* In the first-named of these unions the rate was only 7*d.* in the pound; in each of the two others it was 3*s.* The Poor-Law Board had asked the guardians of the two latter unions whether they would consent to their own dissolution in order that they might be united to the rich union, the City of London proper; whereby these rates would be reduced from 3*s.* to 11*d.* or a shilling. He had not received an answer to that question; but from the proceedings of the West London Union he perceived that the guardians were much dissatisfied with the proposal. Indeed, it would appear from their debate that there was no chance of their consenting to it. He had imagined that the union of the City of London proper might be opposed to his proposal; but he had not supposed that the poorer unions would object to a scheme which would reduce their rate so considerably.'

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being emptied and replenished. From the same cause all the ship-building yards were unusually busy, and, from the two causes combined, the population of the district had been abnormally comfortable, and had been greatly augmented by influx from other quarters. Then came the crisis of three years ago, the sudden and general collapse and contraction of trade, and the discharge and destitution of those who had been maintained and drawn together by its previous inflation. Thousands of families found themselves at once, and for a prolonged period, absolutely without the means of earning their bread, and, for the most part, with nothing laid by out of the proceeds of their late prosperity. Under these circumstances the unfailing sympathy and liberality of the wealthier classes came promptly forward, very large sums were subscribed, committees of distribution were organised, and zeal and benevolence rushed eagerly to the rescue. During two deplorable winters amateur and ill-organised charity did its utmost to relieve the accidental destitution, while the parochial authorities dealt as they could with the mass of ordinary pauperism. It is useless to dwell on the sickening details of the disastrous failure. It is enough to say that, by the nearly universal admission of those most active in the work, and most qualified by their opportunities of observation to form a judgment, the distress was rather aggravated than relieved; the whole district was gradually demoralised;\* genuine and struggling sufferers were, in too many cases, scarcely reached at all by the charitable funds, while impostors and idlers fattened on the spoil; vagrants flocked in from all quarters to profit by the liberal harvest, till rents are said (and we believe truly) to have actually risen during the scarcity. It was nearly impossible to have spent a quarter of a million of money in doing so little good and so much harm. It is true that a very different account would have to be given of a somewhat similar and still more gigantic effort of benevolence during the cotton famine in Lancashire and Cheshire. There destitution was really kept in check, and starvation effectually staved off, during three terrible years, and the population was not materially or permanently pauperised. But, in that case, the unusual success is rather confirmatory of the proposition we are seeking to illustrate; for the gentlemen who undertook the distribution of the large sums subscribed were, for the most part, manufacturers, whose whole life and occupation had been a training to the work of organisation and administration, and who, owing to the enforced suspension of their own business, were able to give their time and energies to the task

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\* See 'East London Pauperism,' by Rev. Brooke Lambert, p. 9.

before them. They were volunteers, it is true, but volunteers already qualified by longer discipline and wider experience than most officials.

A few months ago Dr. Hawkesley startled the public by a statement, carefully made out and verified, of the aggregate income of 'The Charities of London.' It appears pretty conclusively that the entire amount thus annually available for the supply of the various wants, bodily, mental, and social, of the poor of the metropolis, including contributions given through the clergy, but excluding street alms, cannot be less than 5,000,000*l.* If we add the parochial and State expenditure, the total eleemosynary expenditure reaches upwards of 7,000,000*l.* according to Dr. Hawkesley, and not less than 8,000,000*l.* according to Dr. Stallard. How much of this is wasted by the way, how much is spent in administration, and how much ultimately reaches its original destination, it is impossible to ascertain with accuracy. But allowing a million for management (or mismanagement), and assuming the smaller of the two figures as the more correct; and calculating that of the three millions who inhabit the metropolis, one-sixth, or 500,000, are in a position to depend more or less on charity (surely a most liberal and most discreditable estimate), the amount would give 12*l.* a head, or 60*l.* a family, for the whole poor of London—enough certainly to preclude starvation, to render destitution and want impossible, almost to gild poverty with comfort. Yet what is the fact? In spite of this lavish provision—possibly in consequence of it—indigence and distress surround us on every side, fill our streets, haunt our walks, sadden our existence, menace our national well-being, cast gloom and doubt over our national future. Pauperism increases yet faster than either charity or wealth. In 1858 it included *three* per cent. of the population of the metropolis. In 1868 it accounted for *five* per cent. Is it not clear that, through want of sense and want of science, our 7,000,000*l.* is spent, not in curing destitution, but in fostering it?

The inveterate old British prejudice in favour of private enterprise, as inherently and unquestionably superior to Government action, alike in promptitude, in efficiency, in economy, and above all, in purity, has never received so great a shock as from the whole history of *railway undertakings*. From the outset the nation, with curious unanimity, fell into the fatal error of failing to perceive that as railways were intrinsically, and must always become and remain, virtual monopolies, the State could not, without an entire abnegation of its special functions, hand them over either to individuals or associated bodies. They were in consequence, both in their inception and administration, left to competition,

competition, to the hope of gain, to the spirit of speculation and adventure. The Government seem scarcely to have entertained the idea of direction or control; it gave its sanction under certain conditions when applied to, but it attempted nothing more. It neither undertook the work itself for the benefit of the community, as in Belgium; nor secured, by its participation, the ultimate reversion of a vast and lucrative property, as in France; nor sketched out and enforced a well-devised system of lines, as in India. The melancholy and disastrous and discreditable result we have all seen, and are now beginning tardily to realise and to regret. Considerable districts of country are left without railways, though much needing them, because there they would not pay as a commercial speculation. Other districts have been overrun with needless railways, because rival Companies desired to share in the rich spoils of busy and wealthy neighbourhoods. Out of four hundred millions spent, it is admitted that, at least, one hundred have been absolutely thrown away. Thousands of shareholders have been ruined—scores of thousands have been impoverished for life. Money that ought to have paid ten per cent. does not now pay three. The public, too, is ill served and heavily mulcted. First of all, we are inconvenienced by the hostility of competing and connected lines, and then we are fleeced by their amalgamations. Every unremunerative branch, every outlay incurred in Parliamentary contests, every loss brought about by insane and ruinous rivalry, has ultimately to be made good by increased fares for passengers and higher rates for goods traffic. One great Company is in Chancery; many others are in difficulties; all are in debt. In sheer despair the entire network of Irish railways is entreating to be bought by Government; and sober economists and statesmen are beginning to consider whether it would not be wise to purchase the English ones as well. But this, bad as it is, is not all, nor perhaps the worst. The recent financial revelations of the affairs of embarrassed Companies and bankrupt contractors have laid bare a gigantic and wide-spread system of reckless expenditure, wild borrowing, shameless jobbery, swindling and sharpening, which it is safe to say that the most unscrupulous, selfish, and corrupt Government, in this country at least and in our times, could never have approached.

It may be thought that we have already brought a sufficiently broad and severe indictment against the amateur system of administration in public affairs. But if we wish to form a wholly adequate conception of its perils and its consequences, we must study its operation in a country where it is yet more universal and



and unmodified than with us—where it penetrates deeper, reaches higher, is pushed further, and is even more fully ingrained into the mental habits of the people, than in England. America is, *par excellence*, the land of amateur administration. Everything there—public undertakings, local rule, central government, distribution of justice and law, to a great extent even war itself—is managed by vestries, committees, associations, by untrained and improvised volunteers, in short. In the United States, as we all know, any man may become anything; and most men in the course of their lives are most things. Judges, generals, sheriffs, municipal *employés* of all kinds, presidents, surveyors of taxes, revenue officers, are selected and created *pro re natâ*, with an utter disregard of preparatory instruction or professional requirements. No qualification appears to be needed, and no antecedents appear to be considered a disqualification. We in Great Britain go far enough in this direction. Our Civil Service, at least, is in a great degree an exception. Its members are permanent, belong to a sort of hierarchy, are trained by long practice to their work, have a decided and on the whole a very salutary *esprit de corps*, and now by degrees are becoming picked men. In America every civil servant of the State holds office at the precarious hazard of party victory; he gets and gives up his appointment at every change of Government; he can count at most upon only a very few years of official life. The entire administrative staff thus consists, and in the main must consist, of ‘prentice hands.’\* Few can remain in place long enough either to learn their

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\* The following extracts give the American view of the facts of the case in far stronger language than we should have presumed to use:—

‘The revenue department of this Government has been most shamefully maltreated, and by all political parties, as they have successively come into power. Its various institutions, instead of subserving the public interests as they should, have been converted into hospitals, alms-houses, political fortresses, and places of refuge (if not refuse). Instead of capable officers, honest, respectable and faithful—brawling politicians, broken-down hacks, and imbecile persons have filled the places, through favouritism, nepotism, or corruption of some kind. The Government has lavished its funds, and for the purpose of having its business faithfully transacted, it has appropriated an ample amount for that object; but intrigue and favouritism have almost neutralised its legitimate and intended effects in several ways. Incompetent and inefficient men are foisted in; they constitute the corps of loafers, whose time hangs idle on their hands, and who are continually hovering about the industrious, and are serious obstacles to these. By means of personal influence, and plenty of time to wield it, they generally secure the fullest salaries, especially at a season when salaries are raised. Dishonest persons are another corps, embezzlers, speculators, corrupt or venal; these insinuate themselves into all branches as furtively as Ulysses managed to elude the searching hands of Polyphemus. Intemperate people also use the public fund, not for their families, but to distress and tantalize them. Partisans steeped in the elixir of ignorance disgrace the public books with their scrawling chirography, their blundering arithmetic, their dislocated orthography, and their downright assassination of grammar. The services of such seem to be venerated, and

their work or to love their work, or to have any professional pride in doing it well and honourably. We propose to give a slight sketch of some of the workings of this singular system, among a peculiarly energetic, clever, ingenious, and shifty people; and in order both to avoid mistakes and to preclude any charge of prejudice or ill-will, we shall draw our facts exclusively from American sources.

and, therefore, they are very apt to sit in the highest places, and to be most richly remunerated for their actual impositions upon their great almoner, their direct employer. Nor is this all; they are generally the most strongly fortified in their positions, while the well qualified, quiet, faithful, unobtrusive incumbent is often the first to be removed—for what? To make room for a green hand, of course inexperienced, and perhaps unable to make good the vacancy at any time or by any discipline of training. This makes the official business limp, and perhaps inflicts serious damage upon it. Nor has the industrious, competent, faithful victim been removed from an easy and lucrative but from a decidedly laborious and meagerly paid station; and if it be too difficult for his inexperienced successor, the business will be diminished, or he will be provided with an assistant, or another will be appointed his substitute, while he is transferred to an easier, and very likely more lucrative post.

‘Suffice it to say that the Government appropriates enough money to pay for the *aggregate* services rendered to it, but the appropriation is so unequally and unjustly distributed that they who do the most work and the best qualified get scanty salaries, while the sinecure, semi-sinecure, and ill-qualified droues realize large and altogether disproportionate compensation. It is so—truly so, incontrovertibly so, lamentably so. Very few do the work, and are poorly paid; they work in and out of hours closely and incessantly; salaries small. Others have most of the day for yawning, gadding, spinning yarns to the annoyance of others, snapping beans or corn, and reading newspapers, or writing for them, to while away the official interval. Soon as the hour of 3 arrives they are off quick as a flock of ducks at the discharge of a gun. They reap largely at the month's end, while the workers who have been employed during their neighbours' ennui, or who have been left behind, still plod on their drudgery, and at the end of the month receive but an unjust, a shameful pittance. Talk about injustice to factory operatives; the custom-house clerk who does the work of others that really receive the pay is as unjustly treated as the operative. There are two iniquities: the work is unequally distributed, and the pay is unequally distributed.

‘From President Jackson's time to the present, nearly forty years, the partisan obligations of the candidate for office have been held to be of more consequence than his qualifications for the place for which he is a candidate, and every administrative department of the Government has been “used as an instrument of political or party patronage,” the discontinuance of which system was one of the objects in view in the appointment of this Committee. The evil effects of this custom of discharging well-trained officers, and of appointing unskilled persons in their places, has been well described by the present head of the Treasury Department.

‘Secretary McCulloch says:—“The importance of *retaining tried and experienced clerks* can hardly be overrated, and the estimation in which such are held by business men is too often exemplified by their withdrawal from the department under the inducement of salaries offered them much greater than existing laws permit them to receive from the Government. There have been 531 resignations since January, 1866, many of them by persons competent and of considerable experience in their respective duties. Could ample salaries be paid and permanence of employment assured, independent of political questions, there could be no difficulty in organising the department on a basis greatly superior in point of efficiency than any private establishment. *A single experienced clerk can often perform with ease duties that could be but indifferently discharged by several inexperienced persons.*”’—*Report of Select Committee of Congress.*

America



America is a crucial example of self-government—or government by amateurs. New York is a crucial specimen even in America. Two or three years ago we were presented in the pages of the 'North American Review' with a startling picture of the municipal government of that city, drawn by the hand of a countryman who had studied it for the sake of describing it, and, if possible, of rescuing his State from the deep disgrace and danger of such unexampled incapacity and corruption. Every man there seems to be an elector. There are in the city 77,000 foreign-born voters and 52,000 native ones. The 'grog shop' interest alone can send to the poll 25,000 votes. The great bulk of the city property is in the hands of about 15,000 men, who are thus at the mercy of the 129,000; who for the most part have no property and pay no taxes. Seven electioneers or wire-pullers, it is affirmed, manage all elections, all appointments, and, directly or indirectly, all jobs. The members of the Town Council are for the most part young, vulgar, uneducated men, loafers or tradesmen of the inferior sort, ready to do any dirty work, and highly paid for the work they do.

'There is a certain air (says the native authority from which we draw our facts) about most of these young Councilmen which, in the eyes of a New-Yorker, stamps them as belonging to what has been styled of late years "our ruling class"—butcher-boys who have got into politics, bar-keepers who have taken a leading part in primary ward meetings, young fellows who hang about engine-houses and billiard-rooms.'

The government of the city appears to be in a condition of chaotic confusion.

'The Board of Aldermen, seventeen in number, the Board of twenty-four Councilmen, the twelve Supervisors, the twenty-one members of the Board of Education, are so many independent legislative bodies, elected by the people. The police are governed by four Commissioners, appointed by the Governor for eight years. The charitable and reformatory institutions of the city are in charge of four Commissioners, whom the City Comptroller appoints for five years. The Commissioners of the Central Park, eight in number, are appointed by the Governor for five years. Four Commissioners, appointed by the Governor for eight years, manage the Fire Department. There are also five Commissioners of Pilots, two appointed by the Board of Underwriters and three by the Chamber of Commerce. The finances of the city are in charge of the Comptroller, whom the *people* elect for four years. The street department has at its head one Commissioner, who is appointed by the Mayor for four years. Three Commissioners, appointed by the Mayor, manage the Croton Aqueduct department. The law-officer of the city, called the Corporation Counsel, is elected by

by the *people* for three years! Six Commissioners, appointed by the Governor for six years, attend to the emigration from foreign countries. To these has been recently added a Board of Health, the members of which are appointed by the Governor. Was there ever such a hodge-podge of a government before in the world?—*North American Review*, Oct., 1866.

It will surprise no one, then, to learn that under such a system things are ill-done, done extravagantly, paid for but not done at all, and that corruption and jobbery (of which detailed and well-authenticated specimens are given) have reached a pitch of shamelessness, lavishness, and method, never, we believe, yet recorded of any other land. The net result is, that in 36 years the taxation of the County and City of New York (identical areas) has increased from 2½ dollars per inhabitant to 40 dollars. In 1830 the municipal government cost half a million of dollars, in 1865 it cost more than forty millions. Yet in spite of this enormous expenditure, in spite of a permanent *democratic* majority of 30,000, which might be expected to look after the interests of the masses, many of the public institutions and much of the poorer portion of the city are in a condition at once perilous and disgraceful.

The same respectable authority which we have already quoted returns to the charge in a subsequent number, and writes thus :—

‘The disgraceful character of the municipal government of New York is notorious. The absolute exclusion of all honest men from any practical control of affairs in that city, and the supremacy in the Common Council of pickpockets, prizefighters, emigrants, runners, pimps, and the lowest class of liquor-dealers, are facts which admit of no question. But many respectable citizens of New York have been accustomed to console themselves with the belief that at least one department of the local government remained incorrupt; that the judiciary could still be depended upon; and that, whatever might be the fate of the public at the hands of aldermen, justice was yet impartially administered between man and man.’—*North American Review*, July, 1867.

The writer goes on to show, by a quantity of disreputable histories, traced through many years, how far this comfortable supposition is wide of the truth. There are several distinct Courts in New York having separate jurisdictions; and in all the judges are elected. They have considerable irregular patronage, and several among them abuse it shamefully; the incompetence of some of them is notorious, and the partiality of others equally so; they are almost invariably and manifestly very inferior both in capacity and knowledge of law to the barrister

barristers who plead before them ; and it is a recognised fact that to succeed in your cause before particular judges you must employ particular counsel. Direct bribery—to judges as well as to judicial officers—has been not unknown in some cases and is believed in many more ; and though, no doubt, the majority of judges are trustworthy, and the majority of decisions pure and equitable, still the occurrence, and the easy possibility of the abuses mentioned, must taint the whole administration of justice.

‘To come down to the present time (continues our authority), it is indisputable that most of the Judges in charge of criminal business in New York are coarse, uneducated men, knowing nothing of law except what they have picked up in their experience on the bench. One of the best of them was a butcher till he became a police justice ; another was formerly a bar-keeper. As a rule, they are excessively conceited and overbearing, and in some cases positively brutal in their demeanour. The officers in attendance naturally take their tone from their superiors, and treat every one who enters the court-room with a roughness which makes attendance on such places ineffably disgusting.

The Annual Report of the Police Commissioners for 1865, an official document, and therefore naturally guarded and moderate in its language, sums up its account of matters in New York thus :—

‘In no other city does the machinery of criminal justice so signally fail to restrain or punish serious and capital offences. . . . Property is fearfully menaced by fire and robberies, and persons are in startling peril from criminal violence. This lamentable state of things is due, in a great measure, to a tardy and inefficient administration of justice. . . . . As our laws and institutions are administered, they do not afford adequate protection to persons or property. Some remedy must be found and applied, or life in the metropolis will drift rapidly towards the condition of barbarism.’

We have heard lately that some of the better and bolder class of citizens, roused to action by the increasing impunity with which crimes and outrages of the worst description are committed, have adopted the usual American remedy in such extreme cases, and have organised themselves into a ‘Vigilance Committee’ to enforce the execution of the law, and, if need be, to take it into their own hands. Some relief, it is said, has already been obtained from the dread of this new *imperium in imperio* ; but the state of affairs is bad enough still, if the following picture, from a source usually disposed to look with favour and sympathy, rather than with severity, on American institutions and character in general, can be trusted :—

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'The state of affairs in this city (New York) is such that nothing any one man can do will effect much improvement, and the poison is extending through the State. The present sheriff, O'Brien by name, has served six months in the penitentiary, and was a notorious rowdy, and is the personal friend of a very large proportion of the roughs who find their way into gaol. His deputies, who are all Irishmen, are mostly pugilists, or ruffians of the lowest type. One of his old friends, a man named Real, and a member of a notorious gang of criminals known as the "Nineteenth-street Gang," is now in gaol under sentence of death for the cowardly murder of a policeman in cold blood, and the day was fixed for his execution, and all the arrangements made, when proceedings were stayed under a writ of error; but the sheriff's personal relations with the prisoner were such that he could not be present at the execution, and had committed the superintendence of it to other hands. There is hardly an office of any value in the city government now which is not held by Irishmen of a very low class, and I believe it is the opinion of leading democratic politicians here of American birth that no more native Americans can be elected hereafter. The three leading managers, however, who distribute the nominations are natives, but men of the worst character. Strangely enough, in the one remaining Court in which people have confidence, and in which the Judges are men of high character and of learning, the Common Pleas, the three Judges are Irishmen. It is probably owing to this fact that the Court has escaped defilement so long, but I have heard within a day or two, on good authority, that it has been determined that no further indulgence shall be extended to it, and that the youngest of the three shall be turned out to make room for a young scamp recently admitted to the bar, and the son of one of the most notorious plunderers of the municipal treasury. As I have frequently told you, more than one Judge of the Supreme Court is purchaseable by the highest bidder, and one of them has now grown so bold in his sale of himself, and is making such an open trade of his decisions, that capital is at last getting alarmed. Several of the great railroad companies are transferring their offices to Boston, so as to get their assets and stock out of his reach or that of his satellites. In fact, the state of things has grown so bad that many leading men talk of quitting the bar.'—*Daily News Correspondent*, May 4, 1869.

Of Railroad Management in America we need not speak in any detail. It is not better than ours; it can scarcely be worse. It appears to present nearly the same features—waste, swindling, 'financing,' 'stock-watering,' ruinous Parliamentary conflicts—on a still more gigantic scale; adding another which we as yet have not, namely Parliamentary corruption. It is no secret that bribery to a startling extent and shameless in form is habitually practised by the several 'rings,' as they are called, or banded cliques, on the members of the State Legislatures. Mr. Charles Adams, in a paper now lying before us, affirms that last year a bribe of this sort to the value of 150,000 dollars was paid to

a single member of the New York Assembly.\* There are in America 37,000 miles of railways, which have cost about 300,000,000*l.* sterling. Their working expenses usually reach 70 per cent. of their gross receipts:—in England the proportion is generally under 50 per cent. Notwithstanding this they appear to pay far better dividends—habitually, it is said, more than 10 per cent. on their *bonâ fide* capital. Accidents are, however, far more frequent there than here, in spite of a much lower average of speed; 21 passengers yearly being killed in New York and Massachusetts (for instance) against 5 in Great Britain. We will content ourselves with a single quotation from an elaborate (American) account of ‘railroad inflation’ in that country:—

‘The operations in the Erie line have long since degenerated into barefaced gigantic swindling.† . . . The Credit Mobilier is understood to be building the Pacific Railroad, . . . but who constitute this Credit Mobilier? It is but another name for the Pacific Railroad “Ring.” The members of it are in Congress; they are trustees for the bondholders, they are directors, they are stockholders, they are contractors; in Washington they vote the subsidies; in New York they receive them; upon the Plains they expend them; in the Credit Mobilier they divide them. Ever shifting characters, they are ever ubiquitous—now engineering a bill, and now a bridge—they receive money into one hand as a corporation, and pay it into the other as a contractor. Humanly speaking, the whole thing seems to be a species of thimble-rig, with this difference from the ordinary arrangement, that whereas commonly the “little joker” is never found under the thimble which may be turned up, in this case he is sure to be found, turn up which thimble we may. Under one name or another a ring of some seventy persons is struck, at whatever point the Union Pacific is approached. As stockholders they own the road, as mortgagees they have a lien upon it, as directors they contract for its construction, and as members of the Credit Mobilier they build it. . . . Here is every vicious element of railroad construction and management: costly construction, entailing future taxation on trade; tens of millions of fictitious capital; a road built on the sale of its bonds, and with the aid of

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\* In 1868, the Senate of New York appointed a Committee to investigate the charges then openly circulated of the bribery of senators by railroad promoters and companies. The Committee reported that ‘large sums of money were expended for corrupt purposes by parties interested in railway legislation; that lobbyists were thus enriched, and in some cases received money on the false pretence that the votes of the senators were to be thereby influenced; but that there was no proof of the actual bribery of any senator. They go on, however, to point out that, as the law stands, it is next to impossible to prove bribery; and conclude, ‘that some legislation is necessary to prevent the deposit of large sums of money with members of the lobby for the purpose of corruption.’

† A really frightful picture of the frauds perpetrated by the Erie Railway Directors appeared in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ for May, 1869.

subsidies: here is every element of cost recklessly exaggerated, and the whole at some future day is to make itself felt as a burden on the trade which it is to create; and will surely hereafter constitute a source of corruption in the politics of the land, and a resistless power in its Legislature. . . . Figures, in the skilful hands of railroad officials, seem made, like language in the mouth of a diplomatist, not to express truth, but to conceal it. One who has puzzled over them long and patiently writes, in language not too strong:—"The reports of the companies are not always to be had, and even when attainable are so ingeniously devised to deceive, that only severe labour enables one to discover where the legerdemain is accomplished. The system is bad enough, but its administration is a perfect pest-house of corruption; the dishonesty is almost incredible, and is practised without need or profit, frequently from mere habit." —*North American Review*, January, 1869.

The evils arising from the system on which the Civil Service of the Federal Government is conducted are so notorious, and are so strongly felt, that a great effort was made this year to pass Mr. Jenckes' bill, with the double object of securing capacity by a competitive examination for all nominees, and honesty and zeal by some more permanent tenure of office. At present, as is well known—we rely merely on American authorities—the Government officials, almost from the highest to the lowest, change with each change of President or party in power. They are by universal consent ill paid, and usually ill qualified, with little or no independence, little motive for exertion, little opportunity for distinction, but unfortunately much opportunity for illicit gain. They are very numerous, but usually very inefficient. It is openly stated, and not denied, that of the vast sums collected both by the Customs and Inland Revenue officers, a considerable proportion never reaches the coffers of the State.\* The New York '*Imperialist*' avers that—

'not one of all the despotisms of the Old World employs such a locust swarm of officials, and not one has its various business so infamously ill-done.'

And again—

'In France, under an Imperial Government, the full amount of

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\* According to Mr. Wells' Report, the average cost of collecting the revenue is not extravagant, however. It amounted in 1868 to nearly 5 per cent. on the net receipts for the internal revenue, and rather more than 4½ for the customs. This is lower than the cost in France, and somewhat higher than that in England. 'It has been demonstrated again and again,' says an American writer, 'that our tax and tariff laws call for 400,000,000 dollars of revenue annually, and that but 300,000,000 dollars reach the Treasury. That this missing hundred million dollars is lost by the incompetency and rascality of some branches of the Civil Service has also been proved.'—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*. May, 1869. New York.



every tax is collected and paid into the Treasury. In America, under a Democratic Government, the Treasury loses fifty millions every year of the tax justly due on the single article of whiskey, and fifty millions more in other departments of the revenue service; to say nothing of the uncounted sums abstracted from the State, municipal, and county taxes throughout the country.'

The '*Springfield Republican*' says that—

'Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior used to declare that, if he dared, he could run his department with half its force of clerks, and for half its cost. McCulloch might have put it even stronger as regards his office. General Walker (in another branch) wished to reduce twelve clerks, but Congress men came rushing to the rescue, and prevented the retrenchment.'

The '*San Francisco Times*,' in the course of a long and bold denunciation of the general corruption, says:—

'It has come at last almost to this, that the mass of the public expect venality from public officials, and are agreeably disappointed when they find an honest man. The accursed system of rotation in office has sapped the honesty of the people, and thousands have descended so far in the scale of morality that they are prepared to wink at the sins of officials, because they look forward to the time when they themselves will feed and fatten at the public crib.'

It is in no spirit of ungenerous Pharisaism that we have referred to the errors and defects in the administrative economy of a nation, so many of whose characteristics are but reflections and exaggerations of our own; but because ideas and principles can often be best judged when studied in their most extreme manifestations. The tendency we are signalling is precisely the same in both countries; in both it has its healthy and admirable side; in both it is closely connected with that individual energy and self-reliance, that faculty of voluntary organisation and combined action, that readiness of resource, and that zealous love of personal liberty, which are among the finest qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race alike in England and America. Our wish has merely been to point out that this salutary disposition has been carried too far and continued too long, and that now in our advanced and complicated society, it is important to consider whether the interests of the community do not require its modification and control. It has been true, it is true to a great extent still, that we neither choose our rulers with care, nor subject them to very long or special training for the work they have to do, and so far our habitual mistrust alike of the capacity and disinterestedness of Government is not unreasonable. But then it is equally true that neither have we been accustomed to

to train *ourselves* for administrative functions, nor to select the fittest among ourselves for their discharge. We ought, therefore, to feel at least equal misgivings as to our own amateur attempts at government. For, after all, Cabinet Ministers are more likely than vestrymen to make honest and able officials, when both are alike inexperienced and selected on an equally unsound system. It is true again, that formerly, and to some extent hitherto, our rulers have been chosen by and from certain favoured classes mainly, if not exclusively, and some degree of jealousy might not unnaturally be felt lest they should fail in conscientious and scrupulous regard to the interests of the community at large. It must be admitted, therefore, that the sentiments which have usually led us, half instinctively, both to limit the power of Government, and still more to confine its field of operation, are not without ample justification. But now, when the people, as a whole, choose their own representatives, and through those representatives the men who are to govern them; when the power of control is as direct and efficient as the power of choice; when we can *insist* on good and honest work; when we can afford to pay trained men, and when the work of administration has become so complex and so vast as to need men of the most consummate training; and when we have already made so remarkable a progress towards obtaining an organised Civil Service of educated and tested men—is it not time to think of enlarging the functions of the central Government, and throwing more work upon it—of forgetting our old mistrust and teaching ourselves a new-born confidence. We have seen that incorporated companies, voluntary associations, vestries and municipalities, often manage public enterprises abominably, are frequently signally incompetent and sometimes flagrantly dishonest. We have seen that the Government manage their one monopoly at least, the Post Office—a task they dare not neglect or bungle, and have no motive to abuse—with admirable efficiency and economy. Ought not these joint experiences to induce us to try sailing on a new tack?

Of late years the Civil Service of the Crown has been almost renovated, filled with new men, inspired with a new spirit. It always comprised a number of able and hard-working men, and a majority of honest men, and has over and over again saved the Parliamentary system, which has placed mere orators or party politicians in the chief administrative posts, from disastrous failure and disgrace. But till fifteen or twenty years ago, it is notorious that large numbers of the *employés* in the Government offices were indolent or incapable, and that appointments were usually carelessly and sometimes unconscientiously bestowed.

Now,



Now, however, the system of Civil Service examinations has eliminated all dunces, and given us as a rule a very capable and unusually reputable staff, while an entirely new spirit of economy and of industry has been introduced. The system is as yet, in our opinion, far from perfect—we want at least three especial improvements—greater concentration, fewer clerks, and higher pay; a separation between the mechanical and the intellectual functions; and a distinct modification of the combined plan of nomination and competitive examination. When these three modifications have been introduced, we venture to say that we shall possess a staff of administrators unequalled in the world, to whom almost any work may be entrusted, and out of whom almost any work may be got.

The weak places which must be admitted to exist in the system now adopted of appointing our Civil Servants according to their success in a competitive examination, are obvious enough, and most of them have been often pointed out. But as a movement is on foot for the still further extension of this faulty system, and is said to be favoured by some influential members of the present Government, it may be well to state the objections summarily over again.

The first is, that competitive examinations do not and cannot test many of the qualities most needed in candidates for Government employment. They test readiness, accuracy, facility of acquisition, retentiveness of memory, actual attainments, and to a certain degree the habits of industry which these presume. But they do not test judgment, discretion, temper, or trustworthiness—nor perhaps solid good sense and sagacity—qualities really more essential in most grades of the service. It may be said that these are untestable by any preliminary investigation, and that a successful candidate is at least as likely to possess them as a defeated one; and so far the rejoinder must be allowed to be valid. But, on the other hand, the appointing Minister could, if he wished, ascertain the existence of these more essential qualifications in his nominee, and ought not to appoint him in their absence; while the competitive system exonerates the Minister almost entirely from the responsibility of his selections. Again the man of slow but solid gifts, the man of all others best suited to the service, could often obtain an appointment under the old system of nomination, but is altogether eliminated by the competitive plan. This objection was very clearly stated in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' a few months ago:—'At eighteen years, when boys are fresh from school, and with all their acquisitions still in their minds, they will usually win in the competitive ordeal precisely in proportion not to their solid char-acter or

those qualities which will *wear* and strengthen with every added year, but to their quickness, audacity, and absence of nervous sensibility. The slow man, who is plodding, but not prompt or rapid, who will reach his full development at thirty, and will then be worth ten of your more clever and precocious youths, will have simply no chance whatever against his readier rivals. In a word, under the competitive system, work it how you may, in twenty years' time you will not have a man in the Civil Service who was not a *quick boy*. Now quick boys are well enough in their way, and sometimes turn out useful and solid men; but they are not the sort of *employé* we most want, and it will be an evil day when the entire Civil Service is filled with such only.'

Another grave practical objection is that the competitive system not only does not give us precisely the men we want, but gives us much cleverer men than we want. It is in the nature of competitive examinations to grow more and more severe. So many candidates come up to the requisite standard, that the standard has to be perpetually raised in order to decide between them. The result is, that the successful men are usually such as would have been sure to make their way in the open professions and the harder walks of life, and in five cases out of six will be half thrown away in the Civil Service, and will degenerate and grow dissatisfied because they feel themselves thrown away. It is a great mistake to imagine that for the rank and file of the Civil Service particularly clever or able men are needed, or would be in place. Nine-tenths of the work in Government offices is routine work and easy work, demanding no superior intellectual powers, and sure to stupify and disgust them where they exist,—copying, calculating, drafting, book-keeping, and the like,—which very ordinary men, with a very limited education, can do just as well, if not better, than the ablest and the most instructed. It is, therefore, simply a mistake, and often sheer cruelty as well, to introduce into the service a number of men for whose powers there is no demand, and no adequate field, who cannot expect to reach a position in which their higher capacities can be called into action for ten years at least, and who must pass those intervening years in dull, monotonous, mechanical employments, admirably calculated to demoralise and deaden the keener intellects and the loftier ambitions.

It is not that very great ability and very high qualities of character are not sometimes needed, and cannot occasionally be utilised in the permanent service of the Crown, but that the service offers comparatively few positions of this sort, and that only a very small proportion of those who enter can hope to reach

them. Speaking generally, and making allowance for these exceptional cases, the routine of Government work does not afford an adequate field for superior abilities or attainments. Neither does it afford any adequate recompense for them. The pay is small, the promotion is slow, the prizes are few, and, compared with those in the open professions, by no means rich. If, therefore, you insist upon maintaining the present system of competitive examinations, common sense and common justice would seem to dictate a considerable increase in the scale of remuneration—a measure, indeed, which is loudly called for on other grounds.

Two modifications of our present mode of proceeding in reference to Government appointments would seem to be imperatively required, would meet most of the objections we have mentioned, and would give us a class of Civil Servants at once able, suitable, and contented. In the first place we should effect that division between the intellectual and mechanical branches of employment which has been often recommended. We should have a class of clerks for copying and calculating, writing a good hand, and quick at figures, who might enter at sixteen years of age, rise from 50*l.* to 200*l.*, and never look to promotion into the higher branch of the service. For these an ordinary commercial or national school education is all that would be requisite, and only a pass examination would be needed. The other class should consist of young men trained by the best education England can afford, desirous of a somewhat easier and surer life than the struggles of the Bar or the medical profession offer, preferring administrative work or conscious of administrative ability, willing to labour sedulously, and determined to rise high. These candidates should be appointed to the intellectual branch of the service; they need not be very numerous, they need never be set to stupefying or dawdling occupation; they might be always hard worked, and we could afford to pay them highly, and to let them rise with comparative rapidity. They might enter between twenty and twenty-five years, and might commence at once on 200*l.* a year. These there would be no injustice or unwisdom in subjecting to a severe competitive ordeal, because the qualifications we require from them are really superior and unusual. But—and this is the second modification we would introduce—this competitive examination should not be, as now, between three or four nominees for each vacancy as it occurs, by which means the successful candidate for one appointment is often far below the rejected ones for another; but (as we believe was recommended by the present secretary to the Civil Service Commission, a gentleman whose position

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position and experience as well as his abilities give much weight to his opinion), examination should *precede* nomination instead of following it. Periodical examinations should be held of all young men aspiring to Government employment, embracing considerable numbers; and to the first fifty (say) of each list, or to those whom the Commissioners certify had reached a certain fixed standard, the Ministerial selection should be confined. By this scheme Ministerial power of appointment, and therefore Ministerial responsibility, would be retained, while at the same time their liberty of choice would be limited to a body of youths every one of whom was competent and worthy of the service, so that it would practically be almost impossible to go wrong. This plan, it seems to us, would secure all the advantages of the competitive system, and evade at the same time nearly all objections to it, and is far preferable to the scheme of entirely open competition which some parties are now advocating, which would be simply putting up all junior Government appointments to public auction, and giving them to the highest bidder,—the bidding being in those mental and moral gifts which could best pass muster, or *se faire valoir* before a Board of Examiners. There are many secondary consequences flowing from this project which will occur spontaneously to the mind; one less obvious is, that it could scarcely fail to create a bureaucracy,—a body of men not holding their places by the gift of the Crown, but having won them for themselves, banded together by a strong *esprit de corps*, and as distinct and organised as any other profession,—an *imperium in imperio*, capable, both by passive and active operation, of wielding a power in the State not, we think, contemplated by the promoters of the scheme.

Whatever improvements we may ultimately determine to adopt in the mode of selecting our Civil Servants, it is clear that in a very few years they will not be deficient either in experience or ability. The old stagers, who obtained entrance without qualifications and without ordeal, will have died out, and been succeeded by men who have given proof of attainments, ability, and industry, at least. At the same time this renovated staff, trained and proved, will be commanded in chief by Ministers who are indisputably the nation's choice, inasmuch as they are virtually nominated by the popular branch of the Legislature. Under such circumstances there can surely be no danger in enlarging the administrative functions of Government, in throwing more work upon it, in trusting it more fully, and endowing it with ampler powers. Surely, too, this is a line of reform in which both Conservatives and Liberals can consistently combine,—Conservatives, because their principle has always  
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been to increase the strength and authority of Government : Liberals, because, now that the Government truly represents the people, it is obviously the people's best instrument for doing the people's work, and because, now that they choose their rulers, they ought certainly to be able to trust them.

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ART. III.—1. *Travels in the East Indian Archipelago.* By Albert S. Bickmore, M.A., &c. London, 1868.

2. *The Malay Archipelago : the Land of the Orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise.* A narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By A. R. Wallace. London, 1869.

**H**AD the atlas of an old Greek geographer approached in any degree to the completeness and accuracy of a modern scientific atlas, we should without doubt have found the 'Islands of the Blessed' placed at a very different part of the compass from that Far West, to which their local habitation was popularly assigned by the ancients. Not amidst the waters of the Atlantic, with its mighty tides and fierce tempests—though sunny Madeira offers its health-giving skies, and from over the Mare del Sargasso come spicy breezes, which deceived that grand old sailor, Cristoval Colon, into believing that he had wellnigh circumnavigated the world—but rather in those Eastern Seas, where Nature puts man's language to shame when it tries to describe her beauty, where birds vie in brilliancy with the ruby and the emerald, where Nature scatters her choicest treasures with lavish prodigality, would they have placed their earthly paradise. Somewhere amidst those islands of romance and adventure they might well have imagined the summit of earthly happiness could be attained. Any new work on these lovely regions would have been acceptable. A hearty welcome will be willingly accorded to the two very remarkable and most interesting books which we have placed at the head of this article.

The present accomplished director of the Irish Geological Survey, in his valuable account of the expedition of H.M.S. 'Fly'\*—a work we shall often have occasion to refer to, as it relates to a large portion of the region traversed by Professor Bickmore and Mr. Wallace—complains, with a good deal of reason, that labours of details about reefs and shoals, 'useful though not brilliant, are all that Cook and the illustrious navigators of old have left for the moderns to aspire to.' Still we

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\* Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of H.M.S. 'Fly.' By J. Beete Jukes. London, 1847.

have only to look at such a map as that in 'Hawksworth's Voyages' and the one given by Professor Bickmore, to see how much our knowledge of the Islands of the Pacific is corrected and enlarged as compared with what the activity of the latter part of the eighteenth century, however great, could supply. But no sooner do we turn our attention to the natural history of these regions, than we see what a mighty stride we have made of late years towards perfection, notwithstanding the many rare treasures still waiting the researches of the enterprising naturalist.

One feeling strongly impressed on our minds by the perusal of these volumes is that, with respect to those islands of loveliness—'gigantic emeralds set in a sea of silver'—the old proverb is startlingly applicable, which tells us that 'all is not gold that glitters.' First of all—we mention it first, because attention has been so strongly drawn to this subject lately—it is a region of earthquakes. Through the Malay Archipelago passes one of the most extensive volcanic belts in the world, running in an easterly direction from Sumatra to the Banda Islands, and then striking suddenly northwards to the Philippines, a distance altogether of over four thousand miles. The breadth of the belt is about fifty miles, but the number of active and extinct volcanoes can only be reckoned by hundreds, Java alone claiming forty-five. The large islands of Borneo and New Guinea are fortunate enough to lie away from this volcanic belt. Fortunate indeed; for Peru itself and Ecuador cannot surpass the tales of ruin and desolation which have come upon many islands in the Pacific. Nowhere else can be found craters which at all rival in size some of those mentioned by Professor Bickmore. In Java, for instance, is that of Tenger, 'with a minor axis of three and a half, and a major axis of four and a half miles.' Mr. Jukes thinks it fully five miles in diameter, and adds that the precipitous sides are a thousand to twelve hundred feet deep. The floor of the crater is a plain of black volcanic sand, pretty firmly compacted together, and called by the Malays the Laut Pasar, or Sandy Sea. 'From this sandy floor rise four cones, where the eruptive force has successively found vent for a time, the greatest being evidently the oldest, and the smallest the present active Bromo, or Brama, from the Sanskrit Brama, the god of fire.\* The position and relation of this Bromo as compared to the surrounding crater, is exactly analogous to those which exist between Vesuvius and Monte Somma.'

Mightier still has been the now ruined crater of Lontar, the most important of the Banda Islands. When perfect, it must

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\* Mr. Jukes says 'Bromo is the ceremonial Javanese word for fire, the ordinary word being "guni."'



have been 'at least *six miles* in diameter, if it were circular.' The crater in this case has been depressed, the bay so formed being eight or nine fathoms deep, and the bottom like that of the *Tenger*, composed of volcanic sand. It too has its *Bromo*, the present volcano, *Gunong Api*. Great elevations have also taken place among the *Spice Islands*, Governor *Arriens* having found a recent coral reef as far as eight hundred feet above the sea.

*Sumatra* can boast of something equally terrific in the great crater of *Manindyu*. The sides of this crater are something over two thousand feet high. Professor *Bickmore* gives an account of his descent into it:—

'Down and down we went, until at last I became quite discouraged, and seriously began to think of explaining to my native guide that the wisest heads which lived in my land believe that the centre of the earth is nothing but a mass of molten rock, and to enquire of him whether he was sure we should stop short of such an uncomfortable place. . . . . The crater . . . . is not circular, but composed of two circles of unequal diameter, which unite on one side. . . . The width of the larger crater at the level of the lake, as given on the best maps I have been able to consult, is three geographical miles; that of the smaller crater, at the same level, two and a quarter miles; and the length of the lake, which lies in a northerly and southerly direction, and is approximately parallel to the great *Barizan* chain in which it is found, is no less than six geographical miles. Even the famous crater of the *Tenger Mountains* becomes of moderate dimensions when compared with this.'—pp. 399–401.

But these volcanoes have, as far as any serious consequences go, long been at rest. There are others, however, which meanwhile have not been idle. In 1772, *Papandayang*, in *Java*, 'threw out such an immense quantity of scorixæ and ashes, that *Dr. Junghuhn* thinks a layer, nearly fifty feet thick, was spread over an area within a radius of seven miles, and yet all this was thrown out during a single night. Forty native villages were buried beneath it, and about three thousand souls are supposed to have perished between this single setting and rising of the sun.' It is on the flank of this volcano that the famous *Guevo Upas*—the *Valley of Poison*—is situated, in which that accomplished liar, *Mr. N. P. Foersch*, a Dutch surgeon at *Batavia*, declared the deadly *Upas-tree* grew—'the sole individual of its species;' life of all kind, in earth, air, and water, to a distance of ten or twelve miles from the tree being utterly destroyed. The valley, a small bare place of a pale grey or yellowish colour, as destitute of vegetable as it is of animal life, owes its deadly nature to the carbonic and sulphurous acid gases which are constantly escaping from its crevices. 'Here both  
M. Reinwardt

M. Reinwardt and Dr. Junghuhn saw a great number of dead animals of various kinds, as dogs, cats, tigers, rhinoceroses, squirrels, and other rodents, many birds, and even snakes, who had lost their lives in this fatal place. . . . The soft parts of these animals, as the skin, the muscles, and the hair or feathers, were found by both observers quite entire, while the bones had crumbled and mostly disappeared.'

In 1815, Mount Tomboro, in Sumbawa, gave vent to a series of fearful explosions, which at Jokyokarta, in Java, four hundred and eighty miles away, were taken for cannon of some invading army, and troops marched to the imaginary scene of action. For four days the inhabitants of the eastern part of that island never saw the sun, the sky being so darkened by the falling ashes; and at Surabaya, for several months afterwards, it was not so clear as it usually is in the south-east monsoon. At Ternate, seven hundred and twenty miles off, the Resident sent off boats to what he thought was a ship firing signals; and the reports were even heard at Moko-moko, near Bencoolen, nine hundred and twenty miles distant.

'So great was the quantity of ashes thrown out at this time, that it is estimated that on the island of Lombok, about ninety miles distant, *forty-four thousand* persons perished in the famine that followed. Dr. Junghuhn thinks that, within a circle described by a radius of two hundred and ten miles, the average depth of the ashes was at least two feet; this mountain therefore must have ejected several times its own mass, and yet no subsidence has been noticed in the adjoining area, and the only change that has been observed is that during the eruption Tomboro lost two-thirds of its previous height.'—p. 109.

In 1822, a very terrible eruption took place at Mount Galunggung, another of the Javanese volcanoes, in which twenty thousand persons perished, and everything within a radius of twenty miles was utterly destroyed.

One peculiar feature of these volcanoes is alluded to by Prof. Bickmore, whilst speaking of a stream of lava which was ejected from Gunong Api in 1820:—

'This stream of lava is the more remarkable, because it is a characteristic of the volcanoes throughout the archipelago that instead of pouring out molten rock, they only eject hot stones, sand, and ashes, and such materials as are thrown up where the eruptive force has already reached its maximum, and is growing weaker and weaker.'—p. 238.

A similar flow is mentioned as having occurred at Ternate in 1838.

It seems almost incredible that men should voluntarily settle





strong enough to frighten us. It seemed really very much like "playing at earthquakes," and made many of the people join me in a hearty laugh, even while reminding each other that it really might be no laughing matter.'—vol. i., pp. 392, 393.

But it is no easy matter to effect a landing upon some of these lovely islands. First of all, though, thanks especially to the late Rajah Brooke,\*—

‘Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit—’

the danger is considerably diminished, there are the pirates. ‘The Malays,’ Mr. Jukes tells us, ‘are just in that state of quasi-civilisation in which piracy is most rife. Like the Greeks of old, before the time of Herodotus, or the Northmen among the European nations some hundreds of years ago, piracy is considered honourable among them rather than otherwise. If a Malay chief or petty rajah, ruins himself by gambling or dissipation, he immediately collects a band of disorderly people, always ready to follow him, and issues forth in his prahu to better his fortune. It is considered a brave action, and one worthy of the fame of his ancestors, to carry an European or other large vessel. He has therefore often the incitement of both honour and profit to induce him to commit what we consider a felony.’ A few years since some of these pirates actually ventured upon sending a challenge to the Dutch fleet at Batavia, to come and meet them in the Strait of Macassar. Five ships started, but no pirates appeared.

Again, the surf upon the coral reefs which surrounds nearly all of these islands is often so great that the passage cannot be attempted without the utmost danger. Those of our readers who are familiar with Lieut. Byron’s voyage round the world, will recollect the feelings with which he first saw land after passing the Island of Juan Fernandez, and found it impossible to get on shore :—

‘The scurvy by this time had made dreadful havoc among us, many of my best men being now confined to their hammocks: the poor wretches who were able to crawl upon the deck stood gazing at this little paradise which Nature had forbidden them to enter with sensations which cannot easily be conceived: they saw cocoa-nuts in great abundance, the milk of which is perhaps the most powerful anti-scorbutic in the world: they had reason to suppose that there were

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\* Mr. Wallace writes of him:—‘Though by those who knew him not he may be sneered at as an enthusiast adventurer, or abused as a hard-hearted despot, the universal testimony of every one who came in contact with him in his adopted country, whether European, Malay, or Dyak, will be that Rajah Brooke was a great, a wise, and a good ruler, a true and faithful friend, a man to be admired for his talents, respected for his honesty and courage, and loved for his genuine hospitality, his kindness of disposition, and his tenderness of heart.’

limes,

limes, bananas, and other fruits which are generally found between the tropics: and to increase their mortification, they saw the shells of many turtle scattered about the shore. These refreshments, indeed, for want of which they were languishing to death, were as effectually beyond their reach as if there had been half the circumference of the world between them; yet their being in sight was no inconsiderable increase of the distress which they suffered by the want of them.'—*Hawkesworth's Voyages*, vol. i., pp. 112, 113. Ed. 1785.

The woodcut at p. 209 of Professor Bickmore's book, of landing through the surf on the south coast of Ceram, gives a lively idea of this danger; the breakers in this instance rising to a height of fifteen feet, and falling on the shore with a roar like heavy thunder. Dangers from this source became very real in a voyage such as the first one Mr. Wallace made in a boat of his own:—

'My first crew ran away; two men were lost for a month on a desert island; we were ten times aground on coral reefs; we lost four anchors; the sails were devoured by rats; the small boat was lost astern; we were thirty-eight days on the voyage home, which should not have taken twelve; we were many times short of food and water; we had no compass-lamp, owing to there not being a drop of oil at Waigiu when we left; and to crown all, during the whole of our voyages from Goram by Ceram to Waigiu, and from Waigiu to Ternate, occupying in all seventy-eight days, or only twelve days short of three months (all in what was supposed to be the favourable season), we had *not one single day of fair wind*. We were always close braced up, always struggling against wind, tide, and lee-way, and in a vessel that would scarcely sail nearer than eight points from the wind. Every seaman will admit that my first voyage in my own boat was a most unlucky one.'—vol. ii., p. 384.

There are times, however, when the Pacific really deserves its name. Sir Edward Belcher mentions an occasion, in which for nearly three weeks not the slightest swell could be observed, 'the ripples on the weather side of reefs not even endangering the bottom of our light boats.' And Professor Bickmore mentions another circumstance worth remembering. 'In all the wide area between Java and the line of islands east to Timur on the south, and the tenth degree of north latitude, none of those frightful gales known in the Bay of Bengal as cyclones, and in the China Sea as 'typhoons,' have ever been experienced. The chief sources of solicitude to the navigator of the Java and Banda Seas, are the strong currents and many reefs of coral.' Mr. Jukes mentions a case where the current was so strong that the ship's real movement was just the reverse of the apparent one. 'It looked exactly as if the islands were drifting rapidly past us,  
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and as the stern movement of the ship through the air caused the sails to be still further bellied out, as if a pretty fair breeze was blowing, the aspect of things, as we looked from the sails to the land, and the apparently still water alongside, was not a little bewildering. I could easily believe an ignorant and superstitious person would have set the whole down to enchantment.'

Once safely landed, if volcanos are quiet there are still dangers enough and disagreeables in store for the adventurous traveller. The natives, we are afraid, must be described, on the whole, as a very treacherous people. In the island of Ceram no one is allowed to marry until he has cut off one human head at least. 'Heads therefore are in great demand, and perhaps our realisation of this fact made these phrenzied savages the more shocking specimens of humanity. The head of a child will meet the inexorable demands of this bloody law, but the head of a woman is preferred, because it is supposed she can more easily defend herself or escape; for the same reason, the head of a man is held in higher estimation, and the head of a white man is a proof of the greatest bravery, and therefore the most glorious trophy.' The Dyaks of Borneo carry this custom still further. 'There only the heads of men are valued, and new ones must be obtained to celebrate every birth and funeral, as well as marriage.'

Again, we cannot remember without a shudder, that so many of these islanders are, or were very lately, cannibals. The Battas of Sumatra are a notorious instance, all the more remarkable, because they have become civilised enough to invent an alphabet of their own. 'The Rajah of Sipirok assured the governor at Padang that he had eaten human flesh between thirty and forty times, and that he had never in all his life tasted anything that he relished half so well.' On the south-coast of the Island of Sumbawa again there is a tribe called Rakka 'who are reported to be the worst kind of cannibals, accustomed not only to devour their enemies, but the bodies of their deceased relatives.'

There is, however one little bit of comfort for an Englishman. The flesh of a white man is considered so tasteless and insipid as to be in very little demand. Still to find oneself in a Typee valley, even with so sympathizing a companion as that perfection of grace and beauty, Fayaway, cannot by any means be a pleasurable sensation.

To sportsmen of the Gordon-Cumming type, it is no doubt interesting to know that in Sumatra both tigers and elephants are exceedingly abundant, but by the ordinary traveller at least such game could readily be dispensed with. Tigers seem especially abundant. Professor Bickmore says that 'these ravenous beasts infest the whole region in such numbers, and are so daring, that the

the rajah assures me that during last year, *five* of the people of this little village [Tanjong Agong, consisting of only eighteen or twenty small houses] were torn to pieces by them while working in the sawas, or while travelling to the neighbouring kampongs.' In Singapore Mr. Wallace had more than once a narrow escape from falling into one of the pits, fifteen or twenty feet deep, set for these creatures, who kill there on an average a Chinaman a day. Neither of our travellers seems to have caught sight of a tiger, though Mr. Wallace says he heard one roar once or twice, and 'it was rather nervous work hunting for insects among the fallen trunks and old sawpits, when one of those savage animals might be lurking close by, waiting an opportunity to spring upon us.' Sumatra also supplies the rhinoceros (found in Malacca as well), and what the natives dread almost as much as the tiger, the wild buffalo:

'Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.'

In the northern part of Celebes Professor Bickmore was shown an enormous python. Its head had been taken off, but it had measured, when alive, fifteen feet at least. It was killed whilst trying to swallow a favourite dog belonging to one of the natives. Even larger specimens than this have been met with. We may, perhaps, question the instance given from this island in the 'Bombay Gazette' of August 31, 1799, where the python which killed a Malay sailor is described as thirty feet long; though there seems to be proof of examples very nearly approaching this enormous size. Even then, however, it would be a joke to the monster which many of our readers must have seen in a picture by Daniell. In this instance the python, which had coiled itself round a sailor who had fallen asleep in a boat on the Ganges, was declared to be sixty-two feet and some inches in length. The story which Valerius Maximus mentions of the serpent killed by the soldiers of Regulus near Utica by the assistance of catapults, and measuring 120 feet in length, must be put in the same class as Denys Montfort's kraken octopods scuttling a three-master. Mindanao apparently has the unenviable distinction of being the head-quarters of these monsters. The skin is made by the natives into mocassins, and is said to be far more durable for this purpose than the best kind of leather.

One night, whilst staying in Amboyna, Mr. Wallace heard a rustling in the thatch just over his head, but, as it soon stopped, he thought nothing more of it, and presently fell fast asleep. Next morning, happening to look up, he saw a large snake, which had evidently occupied the same bedroom all the night. Alarm was raised, and a Bouru man made a ~~statement~~ and then

then poked the serpent with a long pole till he dislodged him. He then seized it by the tail, and tried, by swinging it round, to strike its head against a tree, which, on a second attempt, he succeeded in doing, and it was then easily killed with a hatchet. The serpent in this case was about twelve feet long, and very thick.

From one of these enormous reptiles Professor Bickmore had a narrow escape. As he was on the point of starting homewards from Singapore, a gentleman just returned from Cambodia brought him a 'specimen,' which he was to accept without knowing what it was. He was somewhat startled to find it a very large python. The alcohol-can had been sent on board ship, and the box accordingly was put into a large boat, placed right side up on the main deck, ready to be operated on next morning. Morning came, but the box was empty; and, after some little search, the python was found under a triangular deck in the bottom of the boat. Professor Bickmore called for a large knife, and tried, by thrusting the blade through a crack and wrenching with all his might, to break the creature's backbone. But the serpent succeeded in pulling the knife out of his hand. He then seized a handspike of iron-wood, and told the second-mate to raise the deck. The rest of the story we must give in the author's own graphic words:—

'As the deck rose, I beheld him coiled up about two feet and a half from my right foot. Suffering the acutest agony from the deep wound I had already given him, he raised his head high out of the midst of his huge coil, his red jaws wide open, and his eyes flashing fire like live coals. I felt the blood chill in my veins as, for an instant, we glanced into each other's eyes, and both instinctively realised that one of us two must die on that spot. He darted at my foot, hoping to fasten his fangs in my canvas shoe, but I was too quick for him, and gave him such a blow over the head and neck that he was glad to coil up again. This gave me time to prepare to deal him another blow, and thus for about fifteen minutes I continued to strike with all my might, and three or four times his jaws came within two or three inches of my canvas shoe. I began now to feel my strength failing, and that I could not hold out more than a moment longer, yet in that moment, fortunately, the carpenter got his wits together, and thought of his broad-axe, and, bringing it to the side of the boat, held up the handle, so that I could seize it while the reptile was coiling up from the last stunning blow. The next time he darted at me I gave him a heavy cut about fifteen inches behind his head, severing the body completely off, except about an inch on the under side, and as he coiled up this part fell over, and he fastened his teeth into his own coils. One cut more, and I seized a rope, and in an instant I tugged him over the boat's side, across the deck, and over the ship's rail into the sea. The long trail of his blood on the deck assured me that I was indeed safe; and

and, drawing a long breath of relief, I thanked the Giver of all our blessings.'—pp. 541, 542.

Among minor discomforts, to speak euphemistically, must be reckoned the mosquito, which 'sings the same bloodthirsty tune in our ears' in these regions, with which he prefaces his drinking bouts elsewhere. Still worse is a species of that detestable little beast, the *Acarus*, which makes lying on the grass here in England in the autumn so questionable an enjoyment. Next come leeches. In crossing Sumatra, during which he had followed a stream for about a mile, the Professor found his stockings red with blood. 'Turning them down, I found both ankles perfectly fringed with blood-suckers, some of which had filled themselves until they seemed ready to burst.' On another occasion his guide took him through a morass, where these creatures were to be counted by thousands. 'They are small, being about an inch long, and a tenth of an inch in diameter.' Every ten or fifteen minutes he had to stop to take off a perfect anklet of them. Mr. Wallace found one in Malacca that had been having a rich feast close by his jugular vein. Borneo can boast of some monsters, where they are to be found seven or eight inches long.

As for roads, there seems little to choose between such a one as Mr. Wallace found in Bouru—a succession of mud-holes, knee-deep, the long grass six feet high meeting over the path—and such a one as is common apparently in Borneo. It goes up one side of a precipice and down the other, with occasional flights on a half-rotten bamboo, sometimes with a hand-rail, sometimes with none, over a fearful chasm, with a roaring torrent boiling and seething far below. More ordinary travelling, too, in a Malay carriage, has its disagreeables, if you are to be driven, as the Professor was, at full gallop round a bluff, the road so narrow that the outside wheels of the carriage were just on its outer edge, the precipice there being two hundred feet high.

After this, it seems hardly worth mentioning such trifles as the thunder-storms which visit these regions, sometimes at the rate of one a day, though a shower a fortnight long, without, apparently, an interval of five minutes, as sometimes occurs at Amboyna, must have a monotony about it that could easily be dispensed with. On the whole, our feeling is one of great gratitude to the heroes of Natural History, who can ride on a cayman like Waterton, make personal acquaintance with earthquakes like Professor Blackmore, venture among cannibals to supply our cabinets with butterflies like Mr. Wallace, and give us the excitement of reading their story by a cosy fireside, over a cup of tea in an English home. We can even sympathise with the captain whom Professor Bickmore mentions (he was a ~~Captain~~

Cod man), who declared that the sand-hills on the outer side of Cape Cod were vastly more charming to him than the enchanting scenery of Java.

Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks—and they are many and serious ones—these islands are most lovely and enchanting. Coral gardens, guava brushwood, groves of nutmegs, gorgeous butterflies, birds of Paradise; what charms, indeed, are here! The first sight of a coral reef may be a disappointment, as it was to Mr. Jukes, who found it looking ‘simply like a half-drowned mass of dirty-brown sandstone, on which a few stunted corals had taken root:’ but further acquaintance is sure to bring with it wonder and satisfaction. Here is Mr. Jukes’s description of a reef he visited:—

‘In a small bight of the inner edge of this reef was a sheltered nook, where the extreme slope was well exposed, and where every coral was in full life and luxuriance. Smooth round masses of *meandrina* and *astrea* were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of *explanaria*, and with an infinite variety of branching *madrepore* and *seriatopore*, some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. Their colours were unrivalled—vivid greens, contrasting with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue. Bright red, yellow, and peach-coloured *nullipore* clothed those masses that were dead, mingled with beautiful pearly flasks of *eschara* and *retepora*, the latter looking like lace-work in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated many beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses beneath overhanging masses and ledges. All these, seen through the clear crystal water, the ripple of which gave motion and quick play of light and shadow to the whole, formed a scene of the rarest beauty, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, either in elegance of form or brilliancy and harmony of colouring.’—vol. i., pp. 117, 118.

‘It was a sight to gaze at for hours,’ says Mr. Wallace, speaking of the harbour of Amboyna, ‘and no description can do justice to its surpassing beauty and interest.’—vol. i., p. 463.

Equally enthusiastic is Professor Bickmore (p. 123). Nor is  
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Mr. Jukes



Mr. Jukes gives us a description of a scene in Java:—

‘All these features are imposing for their size and loftiness, and yet so delicately executed, so sharply chiselled or modelled as it were out of the earth, as at the same time to affect the mind with the solemnity of grandeur and the delight of beauty. But when these mountain steeps are clothed with endless woods of magnificent forest trees having lofty stems and widely-branching heads, and every glen is crowded with stately palms, drooping and elegant tree ferns, arching clusters of feathery bamboos, delicately-stemmed acacias, and broad-leaved plantains and bananas, all rising from piles and heaps of plants of lesser growth, ferns and creepers and succulent plants with huge round-lobed or variously-shaped leaves; and when among these luxuriant woods, by the side of these falling waters, wind paths and alleys carpeted with short green turf, turning from dell to dell as if searching for the loveliest spots, with a fresh cool breeze rustling the leaves above, and a deep blue sky shining over all, against which, here and there, some tall grassy peak starts up above the loftiest heights of wood, I do not believe that more exquisite scenery ever rose before the imagination, even of a poet in his youthful dreams. The eye of the gazer becomes satiated with every form of earthly loveliness, and to me at least the valleys among these mountains of Java have ever since been the very type of beauty, the remembrance of which will, I hope, dwell with me as long as I exist.’—vol. ii. pp. 124, 125.

The want of energy in Eastern nations has almost become a proverb. There is, however, a perhaps sufficient explanation of it in Mr. Jukes’s experience of the influence the climate had upon himself. He had slight attacks of fever, but in about ten days was pronounced convalescent. ‘But I no longer felt the same person; languor and lassitude took possession both of mind and body, and I seemed to pass at once into the state of those who have long been resident in hot countries, and to have acquired all their listlessness and indifference, want of energy, and want of curiosity. Neither was this state of mind transient. I could not overcome it for two or three months after we left Java, and it was not till I had enjoyed the fresh sea-breezes of Torres Strait for a month or two that I again felt myself fit for active exertion, or my former love of, and delight in, explorations and excursions revived. I now, for the first time, knew how to account for and excuse what at first seemed to me the blameable inertness, indolence, and indifference to anything beyond the comfort of the passing hour—the want of energy and action so almost universally characteristic of the resident in hot climates.’

But there is little inducement to labour in lands where idleness is ‘encouraged from their earliest childhood by the unfailing and unsparing manner in which Nature supplies their limited  


wants.' Half an hour of daylight is in some places time enough to build a house in ; and Mr. Jukes tells us that in Java he never met with a single beggar, or any one with ragged clothing, or of an emaciated or poverty-stricken appearance. In Batchian a man's wages are 3*d.* a day, with the privilege of finding his own provisions. The very abundance of supply, however, is at times of questionable benefit. Mr. Wallace told the British Association at Cambridge in 1862 what he tells us again in his book, that in New Guinea the trunk of a sago tree twenty feet long and five feet in circumference can be with only a few days labour converted into food. A good-sized tree will produce thirty bundles of raw sago, weighing about thirty pounds a bundle, and when baked yielding about sixty cakes of three to the pound. Two of these cakes are a meal for a man, or about five cakes a day ; and as a tree produces 1800 cakes, it gives food for one man about a year. As it takes only about ten days to prepare a sago tree, a man has the rest of the year entirely at his own disposal, which he spends usually in sheer idleness, and consequently has a more miserable hut and scantier amount of clothing than his neighbours who have to exert themselves more to procure their food. Even if he has to buy a sago tree, he can obtain one for about 7*s.* 6*d.*, and as labour in Ceram is 5*d.* a day, the total cost of a year's food for one man is about 12*s.*

Professor Bickmore had one very definite object in his expedition. In the year 1705 a very valuable work had been published on the Shells of Amboyna. The author was George Everard Rumpf, a native of a small town in Hesse Cassel, who, after serving for some years in the merchant navy of the Dutch East India service, settled at Amboyna, where he died in 1693, at the age of 67. 'It was my desire,' says the Professor, 'not only to obtain the same shells that Rumphius figures, but to procure them from the same points and bays, so that there could be no doubt about the identity of my specimens with his drawings.'

It is enough to fill collectors like ourselves with envy to hear about the rich treasures Professor Bickmore was enabled to secure, and enough to make a dealer so enterprising as Mr. Damon, of Weymouth, to set off at once on a similar expedition. 'The village of Amet,' he tells us, 'is one of the best places in the whole Moluccas to gather shells. The platform of coral which begirts the island extends out here nearly two English miles from high water level to where the heavy swell breaks along its outer edge ; and all this flat area is either bare at low tide, or only covered to the depth of a few inches by small pools.' At one time it is a cone, 'covered with mottled bands of black and salmon colour, which once commanded fabulous prices in Europe,

and is now generally regarded by the natives as the most valuable shell obtained in these seas.' It is not easy to identify the species from this description, but at the sale of the famous Dennison collection in 1865, no cones from Malacca (*C. Omaicus*, *C. Malaccanus*, &c.) fetched prices approaching in any degree to the 42*l.* fetched by the *Conus gloria maris* from the Philippine Islands, of which such a magnificent specimen, from the Stainforth collection, is represented on the title page of the first volume of Reeve's '*Conchologia Iconica*.' At another time it is a living *Terebellum*, confined again to one particular locality. In one place he secures the *Strombus latissimus*, a shell he had long been hoping to see; at another, one of the rarest of shells living in all these seas, the *Rostellaria rectirostris*. 'It is so seldom found, that a pair is frequently sold here for ten guilders, four Mexican dollars.' So successful, indeed, were his researches, that after spending only a couple of months at Amboyna, he not only collected all the shells figured in Rumphius's '*Rariteit-Kamer*' which he had come to seek, but more than twice as many species besides. Still that he could in that short time have exhausted the mollusca of the Spice Islands is incredible. When we remember the many years that Mr. Cuming devoted to dredging, diving, wading, digging, climbing, and other methods of obtaining shells in the Philippine Islands, and forming the rich collection now so happily secured for our national museum, we can well imagine that abundance of materials have been left by Professor Bickmore for future discoveries. In one instance, at least, he is obliged to confess to comparative failure. The Resident of the Spice Islands shewed him in his own cabinet 'two magnificent specimens of that costly wentletrap, the *Scalaria pretiosa*, for which large sums were once paid in Europe. It was the only kind of shell which I saw or heard of during my long travels among these islands of which I failed to obtain at least one good specimen.' It used to be worth forty guineas, but may be had now for a few shillings. One *Scalaria*, however, *S. magnifica*, fetched 4*l.* at the Dennison sale. The excessive prices which shells used once to fetch are no longer obtainable now; only three shells in the Dennison collection, besides the *Conus gloria maris* already mentioned, brought over 20*l.* A *Conus cedo-nulli* was sold for 22*l.*, the *Cypræa princeps*, 40*l.*; and *Cypræa guttata*, 42*l.* The *Carinaria* that once fetched 120*l.* may be had for a shilling; though the glorious species, *C. vitrea*, still brings its ten guineas. His grand prize, however, was a living specimen of *Nautilus Pompiilus*. Rumphius seems to have been well acquainted with animal, for though his figure is rude and imperfect enough

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description is very fairly accurate. But in modern times specimens with the animal were of extreme rarity. The first that was brought to this country was captured by Mr. George Bennett in 1829 off the island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group, and is now preserved in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. It was this specimen from which Professor Owen wrote his memoir, which Johnstone, in his 'Introduction to Conchology,' calls 'one of the best and most beautiful monographs in comparative anatomy.' A careful reduction of the drawing of the animal will be found in the admirable 'Handbook of the Mollusca,' by the late S. P. Woodward, which ought to be compared with the marvellous figure given by Denys de Montfort, extremely unlike anything in the animal kingdom, but bearing a striking resemblance to the fire-works Mr. Briggs sees, in one of Leech's inimitable sketches, in a pheasant that gets up at his feet.

Professor Bickmore tells us that Professor Owen 'worked, as he himself described it to me, with a dissecting knife in one hand and a pencil in the other. So little escaped his pen and pencil, that very little information has been added by later dissections.' With regard to the obtaining his own specimens, he says:—

'I was so anxious to secure one of these rare animals that I felt that if I should obtain one, and a few more common species, I could feel that my long journey had been far from fruitless. Only the second day after my arrival, to my inexpressible delight, a native brought me one still living. Seeing how highly I prized it, he began by asking ten guilders (four Mexican dollars) for it, but finally concluded to part with it for two guilders (less than one Mexican dollar), though I should certainly have paid him fifty if I could not have obtained it for a less price. It had been taken in this way: the natives throughout the Archipelago rarely fish with a hook and line as we do, but where the water is too deep to build a weir, they use instead a *bubu*, or barrel of open basket-work of bamboo. Each end of this barrel is an inverted cone, with a small opening at its apex. Pieces of fish and other bait are suspended from within, and the *bubu* is then sunk on the clear patches of sand on a coral reef, or more commonly out where the water is from 20 to 50 fathoms deep. No line is attached to those on the reefs, but they are taken up with a gaff. Those in deep water are buoyed by a cord and a long bamboo, to one end of which a stick is fastened in a vertical position, and to this is attached a piece of palm-leaf for a flag, to make it more conspicuous. In this case it happened that one of these *bubus* was washed off into deeper water than usual, and the nautilus chanced to crawl through the opening in one of the cones to get at the bait within. If the opening had not been much larger than usual it could not possibly have done so. It was at once placed in a can containing

strong arrack. I then offered twice as much for a duplicate specimen, and hundreds of natives tried and tried, but in vain, to procure another during the five months I was in those seas. They are so rare even there, that a gentleman who had made large collections of shells assured me that I ought not to expect to obtain another if I were to remain at Amboyna three years. . . . The dead shells are so abundant on these islands that they can be purchased in any quantity at from four to ten cents apiece.'—pp. 135, 136.

Birds will have a fuller notice when we come to Mr. Wallace's book. Meanwhile we may mention one species described both by Mr. Jukes and Professor Bickmore—the *Megapodius*. This bird is chiefly remarkable for the immense mounds it constructs in which to lay its eggs, and which are very abundant in the islands about Endeavour Strait and round Cape York, as well as on the neighbouring mainland. They are formed of sticks, dead leaves, stones and earth. One measured by Mr. Jukes was 150 feet in circumference, the slope of the sides 18 to 24 feet high, and the perpendicular height 10 or 12 feet. This, however, is far beyond the ordinary size. The eggs, as large as those of a swan, are considered a great delicacy. These were no doubt the large nests that Captain Cook and Flinders saw, and which Professor Hitchcock imagined might be the *nests of the Dinornis*.

We may here also mention that great dainty which holds among Chinese epicures the place that turtle-soup does in a civic feast in our own metropolis—birds'-nest soup. About 242,000 lbs. of these nests, averaging twenty shillings a pound, are imported into China every year from the Indian Archipelago. The best samples fetch as much as 6*l.* per pound. Mr. Jukes tells us that it was at the dinner-table of the Sultan of Bankalang, Madura, who makes about 4000*l.* a year by his caves, he first tasted this soup, the excellence of which he declares to be by no means due to the birds'-nests, which are quite an imaginary dainty, and only perform the part of isinglass. These nests are made from a sea-weed, a species of *Gelidium*, allied to the *Chondrus crispus*, or Carrageen moss of our own shores, and from which a harmless sort of blanc mange can be made. The labour and danger of collecting them is described very graphically in Crawford's 'Eastern Archipelago':—

'The nests are obtained in deep and damp caves, and are most esteemed if taken before the birds have laid their eggs. The coarsest are those collected after the young have been fledged. The finest nests are the whitest; that is, those taken before they are defiled by the young birds. They are taken twice a year, and if regularly collected and no unusual injury offered to the caverns, the produce is very equal, and the harvest very little, if at all, improved by being left

left unmolested for a year or two. Some of the caverns are extremely difficult of access, and the nests can only be collected by persons accustomed from their youth to the office. In one place the caves are only to be approached by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cavern is attained, the perilous office of taking the nests must often be performed by torch-light, by penetrating into the recesses of the rock, where the slightest trip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rock.'

It reminds one of the thrilling stories told of the bird-catchers of St. Kilda.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is famous, amongst other things, for having a considerable fauna, either destitute of eyes altogether, or with the organs of vision in so rudimentary a state as to be practically useless. Among these are two kinds of bats, two rats (one found at a distance of 7 miles from the entrance), moles, fishes, spiders, beetles, crustacea, and several kinds of infusoria. In Europe, besides some fresh-water shrimps in our own country, we have that curious inhabitant of caves in Illyria, the *Proteus anguinus*—a true amphibian, possessing both branchiæ and lungs; and the Russian blind rat (*Asphalax typhlus*), about which the people of the Ukraine have a belief that the hand that has suffocated one of these creatures has the virtue of curing the king's evil. All these are destitute of anything that can be called eyes. Darwin's explanation of this want of vision is thus given in his 'Origin of Species':—

'On my view we must suppose that American animals, having ordinary powers of vision, slowly migrated by successive generations from the outer world into the deeper and deeper recesses of the Kentucky caves, as did European animals into the caves of Europe. We have some evidence of this gradation of habit; for, as Schiödte remarks, animals not far remote from ordinary forms prepare the transition from light to darkness. Next follow those that are constructed for twilight, and last of all, those destined for total darkness. By the time that an animal has reached, after numberless generations, the deepest recesses, disuse will, on this view, have more or less perfectly obliterated its eyes, and natural selection will often have effected other changes, such as an increase in the length of the antennæ or palpi, as a compensation for blindness.'—p. 137.

It is, however, a very remarkable circumstance, that in a large cave near Bua, in Sumatra, in a rivulet, the temperature of which was 92° Fah., there are found fishes in considerable numbers, about 4 inches long, which all have 'eyes that were  
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apparently well formed, though this place seemed to us absolutely cut off from daylight.'

Of the vegetable kingdom we have already mentioned one very important member, the sago-tree. But the first object that would be noticed on most of the islands is the tall, graceful, cocoa-nut palm, 'the prince of palms both for beauty and utility.' Here in England we have no idea of what the fruit is like, in perfection. In the condition in which it reaches us, the Malays would only value it for its oil. One of its valuable qualities is thus described by Professor Bickmore:—

'The cool clear water which the young nuts contain is a most refreshing drink in these hot climates, far preferable, according to my taste, to the warm, muddy water found in all low lands within the tropics. Especially can one appreciate it, when, exposed to the burning sun on a low coral island, he longs for a single draught from the cold sparkling streams among his native New England hills. He looks around him and realizes that he is surrounded by the salt waters of the ocean—then one of his dark attendants, divining his desire, climbs the smooth trunk of a lofty palm, and brings down, apparently from the sky, a nectar delicious enough for the gods.'—pp. 83, 84.

So important is this tree, that the Dutch officials are required to find out how many there are in their respective districts. In 1861, there were, in Java and Madura, nearly twenty millions of these trees, or more than three to every two natives. On good soil a tree will produce from eighty to one hundred nuts, and as it blossoms every five or six weeks, fruit can always be found on it in every stage of ripeness. The uses to which the different parts of the tree are put are innumerable.

Next in importance is the banana-tree, different specimens of which differ as much one from another as apples do amongst ourselves. A good banana must be really excellent, filled as it is with delicious juices: it melts in the mouth like a delicately-flavoured cream.

Again, there is the breadfruit-tree, the chief sustenance of the inhabitants of the Society Islands and other parts of the South Sea. Mr. Wallace first met with it at Amboyna:—

'Though it grows in several other parts of the Archipelago, it is nowhere abundant, and the season for it only lasts a short time. It is baked entire in the hot embers, and the inside scooped out with a spoon. I compared it to Yorkshire pudding; Charles Allen said it was like mashed potatoes and milk. It is generally about the size of a melon, a little fibrous towards the centre, but everywhere else quite smooth and puddingy, something in consistence between yeast-dumplings and batter-pudding. We sometimes made *curry* or stew of it, or fried it in slices; but it is no way so good' — ~~as~~ baked.

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It may be eaten sweet or savoury. With meat and gravy it is a vegetable superior to any I know, either in temperate or tropical countries. With sugar, milk, butter, or treacle, it is a delicious pudding, having a very slight and delicate but characteristic flavour, which, like that of good bread and potatoes, one never gets tired of. The reason why it is comparatively scarce is, that it is a fruit of which the seeds are entirely aborted by cultivation, and the tree can therefore only be propagated by cuttings.'—vol. i. pp. 476, 477.

Of the many delicious fruits found in the Archipelago, Professor Bickmore thinks that the Mangostin ought unquestionably to be considered the first. Marsden, too, thinks it perhaps the most delicious fruit in the world. Though it flourishes in the Philippines, into which it has been introduced, all attempts at domesticating it on the continent of India, as well as in the West India Islands, have failed entirely. There seems to be no more explanation of this curious fact than of our great English conchologist, Mr. J. G. Jeffreys', unsuccessful attempt at introducing the *Helix Pisana* from Tenby to Swansea.

But the fruit which is preferred by the natives of the islands in the Pacific above all others is the Durian. Its smell, however, is generally enough for Europeans. Professor Bickmore says it has an odour of putrid animal matter (Rumphius says rotten onions) so strong that a single fruit is enough to infect the air in a large house. 'In the season for this fruit the whole atmosphere in the native villages is filled with this detestable odour.' Mr. Jukes succeeded in getting over his repugnance at its scent, and then really liked the fruit. 'Its flavour, however, is very peculiar—something like rich custard and boiled onions mixed together.' Mr. Crawford compares it to fresh cream and filberts. Mr. Wallace thinks that 'a rich butter-like custard, highly flavoured with almonds, gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavour that call to mind cream-cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities. There is a rich glutinous smoothness in the pulp which nothing else possesses, but which adds to its delicacy. It is neither acid, nor sweet, nor juicy, yet one feels the want of none of those qualities, for it is perfect as it is. It produces no nausea or other bad effect, and the more you eat of it the less you feel inclined to stop. In fact, to eat Durians is a new sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience.' To his mind, the Durian is the king, and the orange the queen of fruits.

With respect to all these delicious fruits Mr. Wallace reminds us that they are as much cultivated productions as apples and peaches with ourselves, and that their wild prototypes, when found,



found, are generally either tasteless or uncatable, and that there are no really wild fruits in the tropics to be compared with our blackberries and whortleberries. 'The kanary-nut may be considered equal to a hazel-nut, but I have met with nothing else superior to our crabs, our haws, beech-nuts, wild plums, and acorns: fruits which would be highly esteemed by the natives of these islands, and would form an important part of their sustenance.'

Of the products of the Spice Islands, we must first of all mention the nutmeg. At the time when it is gathered—the bright vermilion 'mace' surrounding the black polished nut within—it is 'probably by far the most beautiful fruit in the whole vegetable kingdom.' It is principally gathered twice a year, September and June, and the trees bear abundantly season after season. The April gathering, which some writers tell us is the most productive, is not mentioned by Professor Bickmore at all. An average crop for the last twenty years has been about 580,000 Amsterdam pounds of nuts, and 137,000 pounds of mace. The trees may be estimated, in round numbers, at 450,000, of which only two-thirds bear. The Dutch, however, it appears, are inclined to give up their monopoly, as the profits do not cover the expenses.

The clove, Rumphius believed, could only grow in the Moluccas. Besides other parts of the Archipelago, however, into which it has been introduced, it flourishes at present in the West Indies, Guiana, &c. In Amboyna it is not expected to bear fruit before its twelfth or fifteenth year, and to cease yielding when it is seventy-five years old. The annual produce of a good tree is about four pounds and a half, and the yearly crop on Amboyna, Haruku, Saparua, and Nusalaut, the only islands where the tree is now cultivated, is 350,000 Amsterdam pounds. If, however, we believe Pigafetta, it used to produce seventeen times this quantity in former times. The natives never use it as a condiment themselves.

One more tree must be mentioned, the Pinang or Betel-nut Palm, which Dr. Roxburgh calls the most beautiful palm in India, and which is held in high estimation both by Malays and Papuans. The nut, which resembles a nutmeg,

'is chewed with a green leaf of the *siri*, *Piper betel*, which is raised only for this purpose, and such great quantities of it are consumed in this way that large plantations are seen in Java solely devoted to its culture. The mode of preparing this morsel for use is very simple: a small quantity of lime as large as a pea is placed on a piece of the nut and enclosed in a leaf of *siri*. The roll is taken between the thumb  
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and forefinger and rubbed violently against the front gums, while the teeth are closed firmly and the lips opened widely. It is now chewed for a moment, and then held between the teeth and lips so as to partly protrude from the mouth. A profusion of red brick-coloured saliva now pours out of each corner of the mouth while the man is exerting himself at his oar or hurrying along under a heavy load. When he is rich enough to enjoy tobacco, a small piece of that luxury is held with the siri between the lips and teeth. The leaf of the tobacco is cut so fine that it exactly resembles the "fine cut" of civilised lands, and long threads of the fibrous oakum-like substance are always seen hanging out of the mouths of the natives and completing their disgusting appearance. This revolting habit prevails not only among the men but also among the women, and whenever a number come together to gossip, as in other countries, a box containing the necessary articles is always seen near by, and a tall urn-shaped spit-box of brass is either in the midst of the circle, or passing from one to another, that each may free her mouth from surplus saliva. Whenever one native calls on another, or a stranger is received from abroad, invariably the first article that is offered him is the siri-box.'—*Bickmore*, pp. 181, 182.

Here, then, we take leave of Professor Bickmore, sorry to have to say good-bye to so pleasant a companion, but with hopes of meeting him again when he gives us the account of those more continued dangers and yet greater hardships which he endured in the year he spent in the empire of China.

The interest of Mr. Wallace's charming volumes is somewhat diminished by two circumstances, first, that it is now more than six years ago since he returned to England from the Malay Archipelago, and, secondly, that he has himself anticipated much of the information he gives us by his contributions at various times to the British Association, the 'Annals of Natural History,' the 'Linnæan Transactions,' and other scientific journals. It is, however, a great advantage to have the *resumé* of his researches in so compact and convenient a form.

Mr. Wallace himself answers the question that naturally suggests itself to us, why he has not given his volumes to the world before this. When he reached England, in the spring of 1862, he found himself surrounded by a room full of packing cases, which he had sent home from time to time. A large proportion of them he had not seen for years, and, as he was then in a weak state of health, the business of unpacking, sorting, and arranging such a mass of specimens proceeded very slowly. But there was another point about which he was specially engaged, the working out of some of the more interesting problems of variation and geographical distribution: and until this was accomplished he determined not to attempt to publish

publish his travels. The materials for his study were as follows:—

310	specimens of	Mammalia.
100	"	Reptiles.
8,050	"	Birds.
7,500	"	Shells.
13,100	"	Lepidoptera.
83,200	"	Coleoptera.
13,400	"	Other Insects.

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125,660 specimens of natural history.

In accordance with the views already expressed, Mr. Wallace tells us that his object in visiting the Archipelago, was not simply to make collections, but to obtain evidence of changes that have taken place on the earth, without leaving any geological record. 'It is certainly a wonderful and unexpected fact, that an accurate knowledge of the distribution of birds and insects should enable us to map out lands and continents which disappeared beneath the ocean long before the earliest traditions of the human race.' And he considers himself to have been rewarded in this matter with great success, so that he is 'enabled to trace out with some probability the past changes which one of the most interesting parts of the earth has undergone.'

We find many interesting notices in these volumes about the flora of the Archipelago in addition to what we have given already. One observation of considerable value in certain geological speculations is about tree ferns. Humboldt, in his 'Aspects of Nature,' tells us that between the tropics the proper zone of these plants is from about 3200 to 5330 feet above the level of the sea: and that in South America and the Mexican highlands they seldom descend lower towards the plains than 1280 feet, the mean temperature being between 70° and 64° Fahr. In Borneo, however, in the Aru Islands and on the banks of the Amazon, Mr. Wallace found them flourishing *at the level of the sea*, and his conclusion is that in such localities as Java, India, Jamaica, and Brazil, where they are not so found, the reason is that the cultivation of the plains and lowlands has destroyed the indigenous vegetation. It was on the Aru Islands that Mr. Wallace first saw these plants in perfection. 'All I had hitherto met with were slender species, not more than twelve feet high, and they gave not the least idea of the supreme beauty of trees bearing their elegant heads of fronds more than thirty feet in the air, like those which were plentifully scattered about

about this forest. There is nothing in tropical vegetation so perfectly beautiful.'

If there are no cocoa-nuts at hand to quench one's thirst, that kind office may be performed by that curious plant—our hot-house specimens of which give so little notion of its size and beauty—the Pitcher plant. Each pitcher contains about a pint of water, which, though full of insects and otherwise uninviting, was found very palatable. In Borneo they reach their highest development.

'Every mountain-top abounds with them, running along the ground, or climbing over shrubs and stunted trees; their elegant pitchers hanging in every direction. Some of these are long and slender, resembling in form the beautiful Philippine lace-sponge (*Euplectella*) which has now become so common: others are broad and short. Their colours are green, variously tinted and mottled with red or purple. The finest yet known were obtained on the summit of Kini-balou, in North-West Borneo. One of the broad sort, *Nepenthes rajah*, will hold two quarts of water in its pitcher. Another, *Nepenthes Edwardsiana*, has a narrow pitcher, twenty inches long; while the plant itself grows to a length of twenty feet.'—vol. i. p. 127.

The Banyan-tree, with its multitude of stems, is generally regarded as perhaps the most curious production of the vegetable world, but a tree figured by Mr. Wallace, at p. 130 of his first volume, is more bizarre still. It seems to have begun growing in mid-air, and to have sent out from the same point wide-spreading branches above, and a complicated pyramid of roots descending for seventy or eighty feet to the ground below, and so spreading on every side that one can stand in the very centre with the trunk of the tree immediately overhead.

'I believe,' says Mr. Wallace, 'that they originate as parasites from seeds carried by birds, and dropped in the fork of some lofty tree. Hence descend aerial roots, clasping and ultimately destroying the supporting tree, which is in time entirely replaced by the humble plant which was at first dependent upon it. Thus we have an actual struggle for life in the vegetable kingdom, not less fatal to the vanquished than the struggles among animals, which we can so much more easily observe and understand. The advantage of quicker access to light and warmth and air, which is gained by plants, is here obtained by a forest tree, living in life at an elevation which other plants require years of growth, and then only when they have made room for them. Thus it is that the equable climate of the tropics each avails itself, and becomes the means of developing and adapting to occupy it.'—vol. i. p. 131.

Now and then there is found in

with very curious relations to that of Europe. On the extinct cone of Pangerongo, in Java, for instance, Mr. Motley found twenty genera of European plants. A few of the smaller plants (*Plantago major* and *lanceolata*, *Sonchus oleraceus*, and *Artemisia vulgaris*), are identical with European species. Mr. Darwin, as we are reminded, explains this case, as he does the analogous ones of the Himalayas, Central India and Abyssinia, and the still more striking cases of the higher portions of the Alps and the White Mountains of America, where the plants are absolutely identical with those of Lapland and Labrador, by a depression of temperature, during the glacial period, which allowed a few north-temperate plants to cross the Equator (by the most elevated routes), and to reach the Antarctic regions, where they are now found. Java in those days must be supposed to have been connected with the mainland of Asia, a fact which on other considerations appears highly probable.

But what of the gorgeous flowers from these lands of romance and beauty? Where are they? Mr. Wallace, somewhat rudely, dispels our notions about them.

‘The reader who is familiar with tropical nature only through the medium of books and botanical gardens will picture to himself in such a spot many other natural beauties. He will think that I have unaccountably forgotten to mention the brilliant flowers, which, in gorgeous masses of crimson, gold, or azure, must spangle these verdant precipices, hang over the cascade, and adorn the margin of the mountain stream. But what is the reality? In vain did I gaze over these vast walls of verdure, among the pendant creepers and bushy shrubs, all around the cascade, on the river’s bank, or in the deep caverns and gloomy fissures; not one single spot of bright colour could be seen, not one single tree, or bush, or creeper bore a flower sufficiently conspicuous to form an object in the landscape. In every direction the eye rested on green foliage and mottled rock. There was infinite variety in the colour and aspect of the foliage, there was grandeur in the rocky masses and in the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation, but there was no brilliancy of colour, none of those bright flowers and gorgeous masses of blossom, so generally considered to be everywhere present in the tropics. I have here given an accurate sketch of a luxuriant tropical scene, as noted down on the spot, and its general characteristics as regards colour have been so often repeated, both in South America and over many thousand miles in the Eastern tropics, that I am driven to conclude that it represents the general aspect of nature in the equatorial (that is, the most tropical) parts of the tropical regions. How is it, then, that the descriptions of travellers generally give a very different idea? and where, it may be asked, are the glorious flowers that we know do exist in the tropics? These questions can be easily answered. The fine tropical flowering-plants cultivated in our hothouses have been culled from the most varied regions, and therefore give a most erroneous

neous idea of their abundance in any one region. Many of them are very rare, others extremely local, while a considerable number inhabit the more arid regions of Africa and India, in which tropical vegetation does not exhibit itself in its usual luxuriance. Fine and varied foliage, rather than gay flowers, is more characteristic of those parts where tropical vegetation attains its highest development, and in such districts each kind of flower seldom lasts in perfection more than a few weeks, or sometimes a few days. In every locality a lengthened residence will show an abundance of magnificent and gaily-blossomed plants, but they have to be sought for, and are rarely at any one time or place so abundant as to form a perceptible feature in the landscape. But it has been the custom of travellers to describe and group together all the fine plants they have met with during a long journey, and thus produce the effect of a gay and flower-painted landscape. They have rarely studied and described individual scenes where vegetation was most luxuriant and beautiful, and fairly stated what effect was produced in them by flowers. I have done so frequently, and the result of these examinations has convinced me that the bright colours of flowers have a much greater influence on the general aspect of nature in temperate than in tropical climates. During twelve years spent amid the grandest tropical vegetation, I have seen nothing comparable to the effect produced on our landscapes by gorse, broom, heather, wild hyacinths, hawthorns, purple orchises, and buttercups.'—vol. i. pp. 371-3.

In entomology, to which Mr. Wallace appears to have given especial attention, we have so much varied and interesting information that we can make only a few selections. The abundance of insects in particular localities may be seen from Mr. Wallace's success in Kaióá. He says it was a glorious spot, and one that will always live in his memory as exhibiting the insect life of the tropics in unexampled luxuriance. On October 15, 1858, he took there thirty-three species of beetles; on the 16th, seventy; on the 17th, forty-seven; on the 18th, forty; and on the 19th, fifty-six: in all, about 100 species, of which forty were new. Equally productive was Dorey in New Guinea. One day he brought home no less than ninety-five distinct kinds of beetles, a larger number than he has ever obtained in one day before or since:—

'It was a fine hot day, and I devoted it to a search among dead leaves, beating foliage, and hunting under rotten bark, in all the best stations I had discovered during my walks. I was out from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, and it took me six hours' work at home to pin and set out all the specimens, and to separate the species. Although I had already been working this spot daily for two months and a half, and had obtained over 800 species of Coleoptera, this day's work added 32 new ones. Even on the last day I went out, I obtained 16 new species: so that, although I collected over a thousand distinct

distinct sorts of beetles in a space not much exceeding a square mile during the three months of my residence at Dorey, I cannot believe that this represents one-half the species really inhabiting the same spot, or a fourth of what might be obtained in an area extending twenty miles in each direction.'—vol. ii. pp. 326, 327.

The finest collection of moths Mr. Wallace made was on a mountain, densely clothed with forest, near Saráwak. As soon as it got dark he placed his lamp against the wall, and with pins, insect-forceps, net and collecting-boxes, waited for his sport. Sometimes during the whole evening only one solitary moth would come, while on other nights they came in literally by thousands, keeping him hard at work catching and pinning till past midnight. These good nights, however, were few. During the four weeks he was there, from December 13, 1855, to January 18, 1856, though he obtained 1386 specimens, he had only four really good nights, the best being Jan. 11, when he captured no less than 260, the night being very dark, and raining heavily. The last day of December, when the night was much of the same character, produced 200 specimens, belonging to 130 species. His success he attributes partly to his being in a cottage with a low-boarded and whitewashed verandah, so that the moths, when once inside, could not conceal themselves as in a dark, palm-thatched house, with a lofty roof; in close recesses every moth was lost the instant it entered.

Nowhere in the Archipelago do butterflies occur in the numbers they do in the forests of South America, though the western islands (Java, Borneo, &c.) are much more productive than the eastern. One glorious specimen was brought to Mr. Wallace by a Javanese boy who had caught it in his fingers as it was sitting with wings erect, sucking up the liquid from a muddy spot by the road-side. It proved to be the rare and curious *Charaxes Kadenii*, remarkable for having on each hind wing two curved tails, like a pair of callipers. It was the only specimen Mr. Wallace ever saw, and is still the only representative of its kind in English collections. In Sumatra he procured the splendid *Papilio memnon*, of a deep black colour, dotted over with lines and groups of scales of a clear ashy blue, and with wings five inches in expanse. In Amboyna he met with the shining blue *Papilio Ulysses*, 'one of the most tropical-looking insects the naturalist can gaze upon;' but it was very difficult to obtain specimens in fine condition. Some of the finest butterflies in the world are found in the rocky forests of Celebes. At one place Mr. Wallace visited,

'When the sun shone hottest about noon, the moist beach of the pool presented a beautiful sight, being dotted with groups of gay butterflies—'



terflies—orange, yellow, white, blue, and green—which, on being disturbed, rose into the air by hundreds, forming clouds of variegated colours.’—vol. i. p. 370.

Amongst them were the magnificent *Papilio androcles*, one of the largest and rarest known swallow-tails; and another of the same group, the *Papilio blumei*, one of the most gorgeous of butterflies: it is a green and gold, with azure-blue spoon-shaped tails. But ‘the largest, the most perfect, and the most beautiful of butterflies’ are the *Ornithoptera*. Three species of this gorgeous group, whose wings have an expanse of from seven to nine inches, are found in the Moluccas. Indeed, ‘there is perhaps no island in the world so small as Amboyna, where so many grand insects are to be found.’ In the Aru Islands Mr. Wallace captured *O. poseidon*, and gazed as he took it out of his net in admiration at the velvet black and brilliant green of its wings, its golden body and crimson breast. The village of Dobbo, he tells us, held that evening at least one contented man. Another grand capture of a variety, *O. remus*, was made in Celebes. The groundwork of this superb insect is a rich shining bronzy black, the lower wings delicately grained with white, and bordered by a row of large spots of the most brilliant satiny yellow. The body is marked with shaded spots of white, yellow, and fiery orange, while the head and thorax are intense black. On the under side the lower wings are satiny white, with the marginal spots half black and half yellow. At Batchian he met with another species, *O. cræsus*, one of the most gorgeously-coloured butterflies in the world. The wings are velvety black and fiery orange, the latter colour replacing the green of the allied species.

‘The beauty and brilliancy of this insect are indescribable, and none but a naturalist can understand the intense excitement I experienced when I at length captured it. On taking it out of my net and opening the glorious wings, my heart began to beat violently, the blood rushed to my head, and I felt much more like fainting than I have done when in apprehension of immediate death. I had a headache the rest of the day, so great was the excitement produced by what will appear to most people a very inadequate cause.’—vol. ii. p. 51.

Few, however, of these gorgeous creatures will compare with

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broad neck-collar of vivid crimson, and a few delicate white touches on the outer margins of the hind wings. Though several specimens have now reached England, they are all males, the female as yet being altogether unknown.

Grand, however, as this noble creature is, even it, to our mind, bears no comparison with that flashing, dazzling beauty from Santa Fe da Bogota, the *Morpho cypris*.

In Borneo Mr. Wallace met with a very curious reptile, a species of tree frog. The toes of this creature are very long, and webbed to their very extremity, offering, when expanded, a surface much larger than the body; the webs apparently serving the same purpose as the 'wings' of *Draco volans*, that of imperfect flight. 'This is, I believe, the first instance known of a "flying frog;" and it is very interesting to Darwinians, as showing that the variability of the toes, which have been already modified for purposes of swimming and adhesive climbing, have been taken advantage of to enable an allied species to pass through the air like the flying lizard.' Another creature possessing similar powers, the limbs being connected with a bat-like membrane, is the flying lemur. Mr. Wallace saw one in Sumatra glide through the air from a tree to another which was seventy yards distant, the amount of descent being not more than thirty-five or forty feet, or less than one in five.

Birds occupy a considerable portion of Mr. Wallace's book. The Molucca islands alone supply no less than 265 species, 192 of them being land birds. Our author seems to have been, on the whole, wonderfully fortunate in his shooting; and he is never weary of enlarging on the great beauty of many of his specimens. There is, for instance, the gorgeous little minivet fly-catcher, which looks like a flame of fire as it flutters among the branches; the beautiful little violet and orange kingfisher, and the pretty Australian bee-eater, 'one of the most graceful and interesting objects a naturalist can see for the first time.' Handsome woodpeckers and gay kingfishers, green and brown cuckoos with velvety-red faces and green beaks, red-breasted doves and metallic honeysuckers, were brought in day after day, and kept Mr. Wallace in a continual state of pleasurable excitement. One strange bird he obtained in Sumatra—a large hornbill, of which he secured both the male and female, together with a young one. This, he says, was a most curious object, as large as a pigeon, but without a particle of plumage on any part of it. It was exceedingly plump and soft, and with a semi-transparent skin, so that it looked more like a bag of jelly, with head and feet stuck on, than like a real bird. The male has a most extraordinary habit of plastering up the female ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~material~~ <sup>material</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~female~~ <sup>female</sup> ~~does~~ <sup>does</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~lay~~ <sup>lay</sup> ~~eggs~~ <sup>eggs</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~incubating~~ <sup>incubating</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~feeding~~ <sup>feeding</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~ones~~ <sup>ones</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~hatched~~ <sup>hatched</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~female~~ <sup>female</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~lay~~ <sup>lay</sup> ~~eggs~~ <sup>eggs</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~incubating~~ 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feeding her during the whole time of incubation, and till the young one is fledged. 'This is common to several of the large hornbills, and is one of those strange facts in natural history which are "stranger than fiction."'

But the group of birds about which our interest is most deeply excited is that of the birds of paradise. Strange stories used to be told and believed of them in olden times. They were said to have no feet, and consequently to pass their life in sailing through the air, their eggs being hatched in a natural cavity in the back of the male. They fed on dew and vapour, and their only rest was suspending themselves on trees by the two elongated feathers which are so conspicuous in many of the species. Their plumes were thought to give to those that wore them a charmed life, so that they could venture even where the battle raged most fiercely and fear no evil. Further knowledge has of course dispelled these imaginations. Their having no legs was simply owing to the natives of New Guinea always cutting them off whilst preparing the skins; and the other stories about them are found equally apocryphal. Mr. Wallace describes no fewer than eighteen species, eleven of which are found in New Guinea, eight of them being peculiar to it, and to the hardly separated island of Salwatty. Their food consists of fruits and insects, especially small figs, grasshoppers, locusts, cockroaches, and caterpillars. Nothing seems to be known either about their nests or eggs. In the great bird of paradise,

'the long plummy tufts of golden orange feathers spring from the sides beneath each wing, and, when the bird is in repose, are partly concealed by them. At the time of its excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically over the back; the head is bent down and stretched out, and the long plumes are raised up and expanded, till they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into the pale-brown tint of the finely-divided and softly-waving points. The whole bird is then overshadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head and emerald-green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. When seen in this attitude, the bird of paradise really deserves its name, and must be ranked as one of the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things.'—vol. ii. p. 253.

Whilst at Singapore, preparing to return home, Mr. Wallace was fortunate enough to find two living specimens, both males, which, though the high price of 100*l.* was demanded for them, he immediately secured. He succeeded in bringing them safely to London, and there they lived for two years in the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Wallace feels sure that if a good-sized conservatory could be devoted to them, or if they could be turned

loose in the tropical department in the Crystal Palace, or the great Palm House at Kew, they would live in this country for many years.

Very interesting is the chapter in which we have a description, far more full and complete than any author has given us before, of the orang-utan, or mias, as it is called in Borneo. Mr. Wallace had unusual opportunities for studying the habits of this creature, as he succeeded in keeping a young specimen alive for several months; and he gives us, as he was sure to do, a very graphic description of his little pet. As, however, the greater part of what he has to tell us about oranges has appeared some years ago in the 'Annals of Natural History,' we need do no more than glance at it here. One point, however, may be specially mentioned. No specimen has been certainly found yet whose height was over 4 feet 2 inches, whereas the extent of the outstretched arms in such a specimen might measure 7 feet 8 inches. Anybody who imagines that 'anthropomorphous,' as applied to apes, means very much, may compare the drawing of a female orang at page 64, vol i., with, for instance, Mr. F. Leighton's exquisite Helios and Rhodos in this year's Academy. But our limits require us to stop here, and we do so, once more thanking both Professor Bickmore and Mr. Wallace for the very interesting works they have given us on that land of romance, the Malay Archipelago.

ART. IV.—*A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A.* By the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge. Second Edition. London, 1869.

**B**IOGRAPHY is often spoken of as if it was a peculiar department of literature, and was to be judged of by rules of its own. To a certain degree, of course, this is true; but it is true only when taken with very marked exceptions and very wide allowances. For biography absolutely changes its character with the varying circumstances of its subject. If the man whose life is recorded is himself in his idiosyncrasy the really interesting matter, then the writing of that life may be a simple biography—a monograph, as the naturalist would call it. But if that which is noteworthy is not so much what the man was, as what the man did, then the biographer becomes in great measure an historian. Whatever was the field in which his subject lived and laboured,—political life, military affairs, science, art, literature, or even opinion,—the history of the times in which he lived, worked, wrote, or thought, become

story of his life; and must be known, understood, and handled, if the biography is to have any high merit. Moreover the men he lived with, those who helped, and those who hindered him; those whom he influenced, and those who influenced him; must all be called up before the reader to make the scene in any degree complete. It is this which makes the task of a biographer, except in the case of the mere writer of a monograph, so difficult; it might almost be said so impossible. If indeed the intention of the 'Life' is merely to reproduce the man whose life is written; and if that life, as is often the case, was one of great sameness, and little else than the repetition of a single idea, then there is no great difficulty in writing it, just as it requires no great artistic skill to produce a tame portrait of an inexpressive face; but then the consequence in both works of art is the same—that you have a dull result. You get a sort of sign-post face, very interesting, no doubt, to weary travellers who are looking out for it as connected with their own coming personal comforts, but of no other use whatever to man or beast. A great part of the extant religious biography is of this character. A dull portraying of dull men who had received certain ascertained formularies of thought, and reproduced them in their lives; very much as parish schoolboys, with a great amount of creaking of pencils and rubbing of fingers, reproduce, with an average inaccuracy, poor copies set them on shallow scratched slates. If the man whose character is to be depicted were indeed a typical man, even the monograph writer has his own difficulties; just as from the same cause it requires a consummate artist to paint faces, which have in them that infinite amount of different powers, and those ever-varying expressions of countenance which belong to genius. But if to this difficulty be added those which result from the necessity of painting great events in which the man to be represented took part, and a number of other men with whom he mingled, the demands of the work upon the powers of the artist are almost infinitely increased.

It is not very easy to say what is the proper time after the closing of such a life for reproducing it in a biography. If that time be delayed until prejudice has died away, until the mob of little things has perished, and only the great events or features

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and feelings of the writer flavouring everywhere the character of him whom he is seeking to reproduce. Almost the only contemporary writer who has altogether escaped this danger is Boswell; and it is this, above everything, which is the charm of the 'Life of Johnson.' It is Johnson everywhere, Boswell nowhere. He is a mere mirror, without a wave in the glass to distort, without a hue to colour the image of the great, rugged, wise, affectionate, inconsistent sage on whom you are never tired of gazing. But then the biographer must possess Boswell's extraordinary deficiencies as well as his remarkable powers, before he can ever hope to copy such a model. There must be not only the power of appreciating and reverencing his great subject, but there must be the same utter want of self-appreciation and self-respect which possessed the 'jackal who led the lion Johnson forth,' and then painted him in his prowlings, before we can ever have again a 'Boswell's Life of Johnson.'

A biography lately noticed in these pages illustrates all that has been said. The 'Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham' are really the narrative of the impressions made on a self-conscious, ambitious, remarkably coarse, and not over-scrupulous rival, by the sayings and doings of two great competitors for power and fame, who had, as he thought, overshadowed his own career. The biography he professes to have supplied does not really contain the lives of Copley and Brougham, but the history of how Copley and Brougham surpassed Campbell, and the attempt to prove how mistaken the world was in allowing them to have done so.

Professed autobiography does not escape this difficulty, because as to the writer himself it is commonly not the record of what he was, or even suspected that he was, but of what he wished himself pre-eminently, and his readers in their measure to believe him to have been; whilst as to others, it is too often the history only of the writer's mind in relation to those he lived with, not the real portraiture of the men themselves. So Burnett, in his 'Life and Times,' lightens or darkens the shadows on the figures round him, just as they satisfied or crossed his ever-bristling personal vanity; so that a courtier, who had unluckily disturbed the studied *pose* of the legs on whose proportions he prided himself, appears in his pages as a rogue entirely wanting in all moral principle.

If the 'Life of John Keble' be tested by the application of these principles, it must be pronounced to be one which combined for its writer almost all the difficulties which have been glanced at. It was, as Sir John Coleridge warns his readers in his deprecatory introduction, one which ~~could~~ furnish only 'a  
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most uneventful story.' 'Few persons have lived so long, and achieved so great a name, about whom there is so little of change or incident to record. His life was passed in his father's house, in his college-rooms, in his curacies or in his rectory, in occasional long vacation rambles, in visits to the sea-side, in the alleviation of sickness. He earnestly avoided publicity' (p. 3).

This might be the outline life of many another English clergyman. The filling in, which makes it Keble's life, is the showing how it came to pass that such a man was the author of a volume of religious poetry, by far the most remarkable and popular in our language; whilst he himself, in spite of his ever shunning publicity, became one mainspring of a great religious movement, which is still more than any other affecting for good, or for evil, or for both, the present and future tone of the Church of England. Now, a biography which is rightly to tell this story, must be full of the man himself whose life is being written; it must especially catch and fix the finer, and therefore the more evanescent features of his genius, his spiritual being, his moral, his family, and his social life. Its writer, if he is to discharge perfectly his work, must ever reproduce Keble, and not himself, and Keble not as he seemed to himself to be, but as he was. This last would be especially needful. For in such a character, the divergence between the true man and the self-contemplated ideal would necessarily be as wide as possible. He would ever view himself through a diminishing, and often through a discolouring medium. Great humility—and Keble was full of the deepest humility—is almost as certain a misrepresenter of a man to himself as vanity or self-assertion. The best, perhaps the only method, by which to succeed in writing such a life as this, would be by letting the man portray himself through his letters and his conversation. This Sir John Coleridge has endeavoured to do, and a large and a most interesting portion of his volume is made up of letters, interwoven into what aims at being a sort of connected narrative. But there is one striking fault in this portion of the work. A mind so sensitive and affections so warm as Keble's, assumed to a great degree with friends whom he highly regarded, the character of him with whom he was conversing. This was probably the cause of what his biographer very happily notices as being the special characteristic of his '*Lyra Innocentium*,' which is very rightly described as a book not *for* children, but *about* children (p. 321)—

'It follows them,' says Sir John, 'through their cradle life and infancy, their childhood sports, troubles and encouragements, and warnings; it unfolds the lessons which Nature and the lessons which Grace teaches them; it dwells on their sicknesses, their deaths. No  
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of Keble would give an utterly different impression of what his countenance really expressed from that which Mr. Richmond's admirable portrait conveys. The features were in themselves poor; from his exceeding gentleness and touching modesty there not unfrequently lay upon them an expression almost of feebleness; but as affection, humour, imagination, earnestness, severity, tenderness, or intellectual excitement stirred them, they varied, and brightened, and glowed until the light of genius darted from them. All this the single photograph would miss—all this the magic pencil of Mr. Richmond, recording in one master sketch the manifoldness of his subject, has most happily preserved. It is so with this biography. It could not but be intensely interesting; for any one complete view of such a man must rivet the attention. But still it is unhappily one view; and the result is, that there is left upon the reader's mind a certain impression of intellectual feebleness in its subject which is altogether incompatible with what the friends of Keble know, and his writings prove that he indeed was. The extracts from the recently-discovered packet of Keble's letters to Hurrell Froude abundantly confirm this view. They are, indeed, very scanty in bulk, only reaching to four that we can discover; yet these four give a view of Keble's character which no part of the correspondence with Sir John Coleridge at all exhibits. They show a readiness and depth of sympathy with a far younger man which is eminently touching; whilst they disclose, besides certain touches of humour, some veins both of difficulty and resource in his own mind, which set him before us in quite a new light. Some of these will be found in our later pages, and without them we think that the character of the writer would have been very inadequately portrayed. What we have occasion to notice as to these makes us only the more earnestly desire that Sir John Coleridge had drawn his general picture from a more diversified collection of details.

Another blemish in the volume may probably be traced to the same cause. There is a continually recurring tone of apology for the introduction of extracts from letters and the like, which most certainly ought not to have been omitted. But as these, from the singleness of the quarry which Sir John Coleridge has worked, have continually, directly or indirectly, some reference to himself, his own modesty leads to their being introduced with such weakening sentences as:—‘These are, it may be, little facts; but I do not like to pass them over in silence’ (p. 283). ‘It seemed to me right to state the simple truth regarding it’ (p. 288). ‘He wrote to me a letter, much of it on the same subject, but I do not like to omit other parts so full of affection’ (p. 301).



and sanctify *that* which the Church calls the state of holy matrimony.'—p. 227.

What would not the late Mr. Cobbett have given for such sentences when he was in one of his tearing moods for sacrificing men in high place, who were troubled with a loose slip-slop style of English composition?

To one other liberty which Sir John Coleridge has allowed himself there is even a deeper objection. It can scarcely by any latitude of allowance fall within the license of a biographer to make the narrative of a friend's life the occasion for endeavouring to controvert his strongest and most deliberate opinions. In one signal instance, at least, these pages exhibit such an attempt. On few subjects were Keble's opinions more deliberately formed or more constantly maintained than on the union which he believed should be maintained between the University of Oxford and the Church of England. This union he considered to be directly threatened by the Oxford University Reform Bill of 1854. What his opinions were on this subject Sir John well knew, from free intercourse with him on that subject both by letter and in person. To such argumentations Keble probably referred when he said, with one of his peculiar smiles, to Miss Wilbraham, 'Some of my friends don't agree with me, but I can't *always*, you know, look at things from the legal point of view.'\* What Keble thought, Sir John, of course, tells us fairly and plainly. The language of the letters which he prints is, for Keble, unusually strong. He was, he writes (February 26, 1854, p. 370)—

'Regularly scared at the draft of the bill. I much fear that it will make a sadder disruption of parties than ever. The constitution it enforces will leave us . . . entirely at the mercy of the tutors and professors, the latter a completely new sort of folk to be as such an organic part of the body. . . . Then the plan is expressly anti-collegiate, it goes on the principle that it is actually good *cæteris paribus* to have a lot of students who are not alumni of some old founder, but disciples of Arnold, or Marriott, or Newman, or whoever he may be, as if this was not the immediate way to encourage party of all sorts, &c. With the colleges it deals *rather* less radically, but all through with a notion that *examination* and talent are everything; and with another notion, which I deprecate from my very heart, that natural preference, for home and kindred, &c., are not to be allowed in eleemosynary endowments. I think it is an indication of a certain hard priggishness which I fear is getting to be characteristic of this generation. But, *Ohè jam satis*, especially as I know that on this subject if I were to write for a year I should only make my heart and wrists ache for nothing.'—p. 381.

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\* Recollections of Hursley, 'Monthly Packet,' part xlii. p. 576.

Again he writes, after the appointment of Sir John as one of the Commissioners under the Bill, 'I trust that, if it please God, you will be enabled to do a good deal towards drawing the sting of it; that a sting it has, and a snake's forked one, I wish I could doubt,' &c. (p. 382). There can be no doubt, after reading such sentences as these—and there are many more like them—that Sir John does not say at all too much when he concludes that 'the strong opinion of Keble's mind was obviously to preserve Oxford, so far at least as regarded resident students, to members of the Established Church' (p. 389). Now, there is no reason why his biographer should agree with him in this judgment; though it is intimated that there was a time when they did agree, and that the biographer's reaching a different view was accomplished 'by slow steps, not very willingly taken' (p. 400). But it is surely scarcely consistent with the just limits of biographical liberty that there should follow such statements as these a long essay to justify the biographer's own last conclusions, and suggest that Keble's 'opinions' may be regarded 'as out of date' (p. 389). Such 'digressions,' as the author himself terms them, seem remarkably out of place, break the harmony of the narrative, and tend to obscure, if not to misrepresent, the character the volumes are intended to exhibit.

Yet, with all these deductions which we are forced by a sense of justice to make, we have to thank Sir John Coleridge for a most interesting and instructive contribution to our biographical literature. If it does not exhibit Keble's great intellectual power—and our main disappointment in the volume is its seeming to do the opposite of this—it shows us a singularly pure, bright, and holy character, as it is unfolded in letters to one he valued highly and dearly loved, whose own and whose family life gave many opportunities for calling out all the sympathy, and tenderness, and beauty, of a most loving and unselfish nature.

John Keble was born on St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1792, at Fairford, in Gloucestershire. His father, of the same name, was Vicar of Coln St. Aldwin's; the vicarage of which, being a mere cottage, he lived at Fairford, about three miles distant, in a house of his own, till his ninetieth year, and took a part in the service of his church till within a very few months of his death. Here he himself trained and taught his children. He was a scholar and a Tory, and he bred up his son under his own hand, and with his own traditions. Of the boyhood of the younger John Keble no anecdotes have been preserved, except his bearing, at the neighbouring house of his godfather, the soubriquet of John the Good. He won a Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in December, 1806, when he  
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was only fourteen years and eight months old. The memory of this first launch into the world abode fresh with him till old age. Here is an instance of this, in one of those pictures which perhaps only a woman's hand can draw, and which greatly relieve the gravity of Judicial Biography:—

'In 1859, I had a passing glimpse of Hursley vicarage and its dear trio—Mr. Keble and his two wives (as in a note he playfully called them). Miss Keble, whom I then saw for the last time, looked frailer, and slighter, and more transparent, but cheerful, and full of quiet observing interest in all home events, as well as in those Church questions which so affected her brother. My last and most vivid remembrance of her is as she stood by Mr. Keble's chair, with one pale little hand on his shoulder, and the "soft smiling eyes" beaming with amusement. He gave an animated account of that memorable first journey to Oxford, in 1806, with his father, when he was a "raw lad" of fourteen and a half, and tried for a scholarship, and won it. His descriptions of various dignitaries, to whom his father thought it well to introduce him, and of the awe they inspired him with (Dr. Routh of Magdalen amongst others . . . an elderly man even then), were exceedingly entertaining. His gentle sister grew quite eager on the subject, and reminded him of trifling circumstances he had forgotten, and added pretty touches of her own to the narrative.' \*

He went at once to reside, and joined at Corpus Christi a small, select, and remarkable society. Edward Copleston, afterwards Provost of Oriel and Bishop of Llandaff, had come to it, like himself, from the home tuition of a country parsonage; and whilst Keble remained at the college its numbers were augmented by Sir John Coleridge himself, by Thomas Arnold, George J. Cornish, Noel T. Ellison, Charles Dyson, and others. It was a remarkable sodality. No wonder that one of its surviving members, glancing after the lapse of years at their activity in the studies of the place, at the simplicity and ease of their social intercourse, at the delights of their walks, and the intellectual interest of their earnest talks together, should see everything 'distance-mellowed and softened, perhaps glorified' (p. 19).

The impress of these days was deeply marked upon the young student. 'Keble's character through life,' we read (p. 20), 'was but a strict development of his character in youth, and his early friendships were among the more powerful agents in its formation. His disposition was social, his affections very warm.'

In 1810, being then only in his nineteenth year, Keble was placed at the public examination in the first class of both the Classical and Mathematical Schools—a distinction never before gained except by the late Sir Robert Peel. On the 20th of

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\* 'Monthly Packet,' part xlii. p. 565.

April of the following year, being then not nineteen, he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel—the blue ribband of the University. The late Archbishop Whately was elected at the same time, and Copleston and Davison were leading members of the common room, in which, whilst yet a lad, Keble took his place. The society of that common room was marked by the highest intellectual power. Whately was fond of startling it with strange propositions, which he maintained with a somewhat biting sharpness of argument. Copleston's mind was more of the judicial cast, and at that time was by no means wanting in elasticity and play. But he was not rapid enough in his movements to escape his younger assailant. Davison stood plainly in intellectual power, and in vast and accurate erudition, at the head of the society. Years afterwards it was almost with a feeling of remaining awe that he was spoken of by his contemporaries.

Into this society the young fellow was launched, and with all his deep humility and reserve he well held his own in it. His succeeding University distinctions soon justified his election into that high company.

It is interesting, as fixing the point which his intellectual and poetic powers had reached, to see how he expressed at this age his feelings on the first sight of the sea. Here are some of the lines:—

‘Visions of vastness and of beauty! long,  
Too long have I neglected ye: content  
Nor to have soothed my soul to rest among  
Your evening lullaby of breeze and wave,  
Whilst the low sun retiring glowed from far,  
Like pillared gold upon a marble plain;  
Nor yet, wild waked from that deceitful sleep,  
When the storm waved his giant scourge and rode  
Upon the rising billow, have I sate  
Listening with fearful joy and pulse that throbbed  
In unison with every bursting wave.  
Yet the strong passion slept within my soul  
Like an unawakened sense, e'en as the blind  
Mingles in one dear dream, all softest sounds,  
All smoothest surfaces, and calls it light.  
Such lovely formless visions late were mine,  
Dear to remembrance yet, but far more dear  
The present glories of this world of waves.’

—*Keble's Poems*, p. 176.

The very next year he won—then an unprecedented feat—both the Bachelor prizes.

In 1813 he took a party of pupils to read with him in the long vacation to a picturesque cottage at Sidmouth, the property of  
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the father of his old college friend G. Cornish. The Sidmouth of that day was widely different from the Sidmouth of the present. But it had its gaieties, and into these the young tutor entered, we are told, with 'a quick relish.' 'No one was better received, and no one seemed to enjoy more heartily the morning or evening parties, the concerts and dances which were frequent; the scenes and the society both found him impressionable' (p. 52). This impressionableness seems to have given birth to some beautiful lines, which Sir John Coleridge says might have been a love song. Love verses from the author of the 'Christian Year' and the 'Lyra Innocentium,' of any quality, may be perhaps a surprise to some, even though his 'Love Song,' as Sir John reminds us, 'became, in his way of dealing with it, elevated' (perhaps, says Sir John, too elevated),—[We cannot help asking, Why too elevated?],—'and holy from the perpetual holiness and elevation of all his serious thoughts.' Our readers shall judge of this for themselves by its first stanza:—

'How can I leave thee all unsung  
While my heart owns thy sweet control,  
And heaven and love have o'er thee flung  
The softest moonlight of the soul?  
Oh, I have longed for thee to call  
Soft echo from the West Wind's Hall,  
Some notes as wildly blythe to seek  
As the wild music of thy voice,  
As the wild roses that rejoice  
In thine eye's sunshine on thy glowing cheek.'—p. 52.

On his return to Oxford he was appointed Public Examiner, and the year following was ordained on Trinity Sunday, 1815, a deacon; and on Trinity Sunday, 1816, a priest. How deeply he felt that solemn dedication, may be gathered from a letter dated eleven years later, in which he says, 'To-day I have been to an ordination for the first time since I was ordained myself, and I have almost made a vow to be present at one every year. I think it would do one a great deal of good, *like going back to one's native air after long intervals*' (p. 60).

He began his pastoral career by taking charge, during six weeks of the long vacation, of two small contiguous parishes near to his father's residence.

His heart was at once in his parish work. How highly he rated the nobleness of his office his own words shall tell. 'Can there be, even among the angels, a higher privilege that we can form an idea of, than the power of contributing to the everlasting happiness of our neighbours to be especially delegated and assigned to us by Almighty God?' (p. 57). ~~And~~ whilst he thus estimated

estimated the office, his warm affections were drawn strongly forth by the needs and troubles and cares of every parishioner. He was not, however, at present able to continue this parochial charge. As a fellow of Oriel he felt bound, in 1817-18, to accept the College Tutorship which he was called upon to hold. He returned accordingly to residence at Oxford, and remained there until 1823.

Oriel was then beyond question the first college in the University; and no one did more than Keble to maintain its pre-eminence. He was not only great in the lecture-room, but—regarding ‘tuition as a species of pastoral care, as otherwise’ he would have deemed it ‘questionable whether a clergyman ought to leave a cure of souls for it’ (p. 73)—he may be said to have begun in that generation the system of dealing individually with his pupils. Amongst these we find many known afterwards to fame. Of some of them he speaks in his letters; as of ‘Baring’ [the second Lord Ashburton] ‘and Fremantle’ [since Sir Thomas] ‘delightful fellows both, who come to me as peculiar grinder (I must have a little slang, though Davison’s face should glare on me from the opposite pannel)’ (p. 75). Sir W. Heathcote was another, and Isaac Williams, Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce and Hurrell Froude. In these years the foundations of much of his great after influence were laid ‘*generavit patres.*’ He formed the characters which were to form others, whilst his personal intercourse with them at the time their own characters were being moulded into their perfect shapes, gave him an influence over them which neither time nor altered circumstances could materially shake.

During this period his vacation rambles were his special delight, and there is strong internal evidence that we owe to them some of the most beautiful touches of the ‘Christian Year,’ which was now approaching to completion. Sir John Coleridge notices one of these instances, tracing up—

‘The fitful sweep  
Of winds across the steep,  
Through withered bents—romantic note and clear,  
Meet for a hermit’s ear’—

to an evening which Keble describes at Malvern, July 7, 1822, where he says, ‘What a delightful feel it is to sit under one of the rocks here, and hear the winds sweeping with that peculiar kind of strong moaning sigh, which it practises on the bent grass. I never was so much struck with it as this evening’ (p. 102). All this time he was adding, as his soul welled forth in them, to the collection of poems which gradually formed the ‘Christian Year.’

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His natural tastes led him to store up abundantly such materials, 'What a quick eye,' says Miss Wilbraham, 'he had for anything great or small of natural beauty! A thorn-tree covered with green mistletoe, another tree leafless and blighted, but clothed with a lichen that looked like frosted silver. Nothing was lost upon him.'\* From youth to age, without being in any sense a naturalist, he delighted in the life of Nature round him; watching it with a reverend spirit, and reading and storing up its manifold symbols of the higher life. Miss Wilbraham has fixed for us the sketchy outlines of one of his 'frequent talks about Natural History.' 'He spoke of the nightingale's fearlessness, singing by the highway side; of the same bird's harsh scolding note when disturbed or quarrelling; and then the mystery of its winter haunts unsolved at present, since we could hardly suppose the nightingales heard by Dr. Hooker in the Himalayas, in November, to be our summer visitors. He delighted, too, in an immense colony of sand martins that had established themselves not far from Hursley.'† These familiar thoughts again we may trace, repeating themselves in many instances, throughout the 'Christian Year.' Here is an example; for the verses for the first Sunday after Epiphany link themselves naturally with this conversation:—

' By the dusty wayside drear,  
Nightingales with joyous cheer  
Sing, my sadness to reprove,  
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.'

*Christian Year :—'1st Sunday after Epiphany.'*

By 1823 he was evidently getting somewhat weary of Oxford, where, he writes, 'We go on much as usual, criticising sermons, eating dinners, and laughing at Buckland and Shuttleworth.' The death of his mother in the May of this year brought his college residence somewhat suddenly to a close. He returned to the service of his two old curacies and to residence at Fairford with his father, whom, with one scarcely-effected exception, he never left again until the death of the aged man in 1835 broke up the family. The influence of his father's character and opinions may be traced everywhere in Keble. His political opinions, and in a great measure the character of his religious life, were impressed upon his early boyhood, and the lines were gradually deepened through these years of filial duty. He was full of natural affection; and during this reach of his life many family sorrows opened all the fountains of his heart. His mother's death in 1823 was followed in 1826 by that of a favourite

\* 'Monthly Packet,' part xlii. p. 549.

† Ibid., part xlii. p. 562.

sister. This at once brought him back to comfort his father and surviving sister, from the curacy of Hursley, upon which he had entered a few months before. They had been months of great happiness to him. The neighbourhood of Hursley Park and of Winchester gave him the society he needed. Parish work was always dear to him. He loved the country round him. His father and his sisters had been domesticated with him, and old friends had visited his first independent home. 'You may imagine,' he says, 'the pleasure it is to have my father and sisters here.' His brotherly love for each, with its distinctly individual tone, comes out in another letter, in which he distinguishes the elder, 'Not my wife Elizabeth,' from 'My sweetheart Mary Anne,' the younger.

Amongst other friends, 'Tom Arnold,' he says, then school-keeping at Laleham, 'ran down here like a good neighbour, and surveyed the premises and the neighbourhood presently after Christmas. How very unaltered he is, and how very comfortable and contented; he is one of the persons whom it does me good to think of when I am in a grumbling vein.' How pleasant to read from Keble's pen such words as these before the bitterness of party conflict had clouded over with something of a morose severity the earlier geniality of Arnold's spirit. It seems as if there was some working already of what afterwards declared itself, since Keble adds of a review on schools and universities which Arnold brought with him, 'The covering of the jar is so very sweet and luscious, that I suspect there must be something terribly bitter below; but he only cackles and crows at anything anybody can say to him' (p. 133).

This pleasant interlude was brought sadly to an end by the sudden death of his younger sister, Mary Anne, the very sunbeam of the family. At once he returned to Fairford to share and lighten his father's sorrows. It was a heavy blow, but borne with Christian submission. 'My brother and Bessie,' he writes from the house of mourning, 'are with us, and are the greatest support to one another, and to us; and the baby is like a little angel sent among us to shine in an overclouded place. Then we have our bibles and prayer-books at hand, and are sure of the affectionate sympathy of many dear friends' (p. 138).

The poem in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' No. 50, on the burial-service, is the precious gum which this wound distilled from his soul. We read the very murmur of his own spirit in the lines—

'The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,  
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate,  
Sure with the words of heaven  
Thy Spirit met us there.'

The 'Christian Year' was published the year following. Its poems had been long preparing. His father, whose wishes in his present grief were now more than ever a law to his son, pressed their publication. Keble himself would have delayed it until his own death. He himself had formed a low estimate of the real worth of his poems. Thus, in 1825, he writes to Froude concerning them :—

'These are to thank you for the trouble you have taken about them—these things of mine—and still more for your telling me exactly what you think about them; for which I shall hold you in greater honour as long as I live. For, to say the truth, I look upon thorough honesty in this kind to be a rare thing in Critic-land. I am not so partial to my own crockery as not to be myself aware of the want of poetical depth and fervour which disqualifies many or most of them from being of use to imaginative people; but if they only serve as helps to the memory of plain, good sort of people, that is, in my mind, use enough, provided they do no harm by being untrue or obtrusive—of which last I am a little afraid.'—p. 121.

But besides his keen sense of their faults a far deeper feeling than an author's sensitive modesty lay at the root of this desire of postponement. He saw that the author and the poems must be identified in the reader's mind, and with the truest Christian humility he shrank from thus claiming inferentially the possession of a higher measure of the spiritual life than he believed himself to have attained. In this spirit he attempted to keep the authorship of the book a secret, and when, as soon happened, it transpired, he expressed deep pain at any commendations which the book brought him. This and the strong expressions of self-depreciation in which it found utterance, are a great trouble to his biographer, who seems almost unable to understand such feelings, and to fear lest Keble's character should suffer from their being known. But they were in exact keeping with the reality and entire humbleness of his spirit, to which they acted as a safeguard against the temptation of the sudden and unexpected popularity of his work. Not only was he himself quite unprepared for this, but it was almost as unlooked for by his friends. One of the ablest of them, announcing the publication to a relative then travelling on the Continent, added that a few persons would value the poems highly, but that they never could be generally popular; yet by January, 1854, 108,000 copies had been sold, and the same rate of sale has been amply maintained since both in England and America. They appealed to the religious heart of the nation, and at once won their way, not only with the different schools of thought within the English Church, but also with the leading sectarian bodies.

bodies. The evening hymn, 'Sun of my soul,' is heard as often in the meeting-house as in the parish church, and is as dear to the worshipper in the one as in the other.

Whilst the 'Christian Year,' even as a literary work, stands plainly at the head of the religious poetry of the day, it is, in point of execution, of very unequal merit. The old jest, which designated it 'the Sunday puzzle,' pointed at a real fault. There is much obscurity which more labour might have removed. To the same cause is to be traced an occasional lack of melody, which is only the more striking from its contrast to the exquisite sweetness of so many of its notes. Yet what poems in the English language can compare with it for general popularity; what poems have ever influenced so widely and so deeply the religious mind of England? In forming an estimate of their merit, it is of the first importance to remember what these poems are. They are not hymns, and they do not owe their popularity to the same source to which hymns appeal. It is not as chants for united voices, or as common utterances of religious fervour, quickened in each by the sympathy of all, as it is with many of C. Wesley's, of Toplady's, and other hymns, that the poems in the 'Christian Year' have won the love of so many hearts. They are more nearly, perhaps, lyrical effusions than anything else. Occasionally, indeed, they rise into high flights of lyrical genius, as, for instance, in the description of Balaam:—

'O for a sculptor's hand,  
That thou might'st take thy stand,  
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,  
Thy tranc'd yet open gaze  
Fixed on the desert haze,  
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast  
Their peaceful shadows cast  
The giant forms of empires, on their way  
To ruin: one by one  
They tower and they are gone,  
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.'

—*Second Sunday after Easter.*

The faults which may be found in them are, to a great degree, to be traced to the attempt to make them fit exactly into the course of the Christian year. The great bulk of the poems were the spontaneous outpouring of the writer's soul. They were composed through a long series of years, for some were shown to his most intimate friends as early as 1819. We can trace him in them as he rode along the hedge-side to his distant church, or,

as in his long vacation rambles, he mused by the sea-shore or climbed the hill-side; or as he played in his friend's house with the children in whom he delighted; or as some passage in God's Word flashed out to his own spirit its more inward meaning; and in these poems there is often scarcely a word to wish altered. They flow on in one unbroken gush of melody, idea following idea like sunlit waves chasing each other under the breath of the breeze of heaven across the bosom of a lake. How clearly, to give but one instance, can we trace the record of an excursion amongst the mountains, in the beautiful verses for the 20th Sunday after Trinity:—

'Where is thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice,  
The region of thy choice?  
Where, undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul  
Owns thy entire control?  
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,  
When storms are hurrying by;  
'Tis mid the strong foundations of the earth  
Where torrents have their birth.  
No sounds of worldly toil ascending there  
Mar the full burst of prayer;  
Lone nature feels that she may freely breathe,  
And round us and beneath  
Are heard her sacred tones—the fitful sweep  
Of winds across the steep,  
Through withered bents—romantic note and clear,  
Meet for a hermit's ear—  
The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,  
And, scarcely heard so high,  
The dashing waters, when the air is still  
From many a torrent rill  
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell  
Track'd by the blue mist well;  
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart  
For thought to do her part.  
'Tis then we hear the voice of God within,  
Pleading with care and sin.'

—*Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.*

Here there is not a word to change. We can see him on the mountain-top awed into a silence, in which all these sounds sank into his soul to murmur forth at another time their most musical echoes. But when the whole set were to be gathered into a volume, which was to run parallel with every Sunday and Saints' day of the year, and to apply also to the occasional offices of the Prayer-book, it became necessary to add others: in these are the blemishes of which we have spoken,  
and

and which mark them as having been composed to meet a necessity, instead of having flowed, like the rest, limpid, clear, and complete, from the deep springs of their writer's being. It is to these last that we always revert with unflagging delight. In them may be traced the great charm of the volume. Their perfect naturalness, full as it is at every turn of a deep humanity, and so speaking home to every other human heart, combined, first, with a most unusual knowledge of Holy Scripture, and, next, with a marvellous appreciation of the beauties of the natural world, and a keen insight into its symbolical meaning, derived in a great measure from the writer's eyes being opened by his whole soul being full of true Christian doctrine—these seem to be, if we subject them to analysis, the main causes of the popularity of the volume. This is why men of different temperaments, of different schools, and already of at least two generations, class it apart from other books with the inner sacred few with which in their best hours of solitary musing they most love to commune. This it is which, so long as the English tongue continues what it now is, will maintain for it an undying value.

Sir John Coleridge enters with some warmth into the vexed question of the alteration made after Keble's death in the verses for 'Gunpowder Treason.' In the original edition the passage stood :—

‘ O come to our communion feast,  
There present in the heart;  
Not in the hands the Eternal Priest  
Will his true self impart.’

But in the first edition published after the death of Keble, the ‘*not*,’ at the commencement of line 3, was, without note or comment to the text itself, changed into ‘*as*.’ With a high chivalry Sir John Coleridge defends the ‘widow and the nephew,’ and, so far as we understand, justifies, though he ‘cannot approve’ of the change. We cannot assent to the justification he pleads. Even if Keble had been in the full vigour of his bodily health, and in the strength of his intellectual power, we think that no such alteration ought so to have been made. Sir John argues that no real variation in their real doctrinal value was imparted to the verses by the substitution of ‘*as*’ for ‘*not*.’ Again we dissent. It certainly seems to us that the doctrinal significance of the lines is largely varied. What change, indeed, could be more complete. The predicating of a local presence of ‘the Eternal Priest’ is surely in this matter the distinction between the Reformed Church and the Unreformed. The Church of England asserts as strongly, we believe with more consistent strength than the Church of Rome, the *reality* of the presence. Her words admit  
of

of no possible doubt when she defines the 'thing signified' to be 'the body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.' But whilst with primitive antiquity she is perfectly clear upon this point, she is no less distinct in excluding all carnality of presence. In that sense she declares the body of the Lord to be in heaven. It is of a spiritual presence, a sacramental, a superlocal presence that she speaks; a presence '*not* in the hand,' because in the hand there *can* be only a local presence. The change, therefore, of '*not*' into '*as*' seems to us nothing less logically than a change of the whole doctrinal aspect of the passage. We do not believe that Mr. Keble held this other doctrine: and we do not believe that in the full vigour of his intellect he would have sanctioned the alteration. But we must say further, if no such change was intended, why were the verses altered at all? Sir John gives as the reason that 'a Right Reverend Bishop, citing the verse to grace the peroration of a speech, certainly was in fact the immediate occasion of the alteration' (p. 171). We find, in 'The Chronicle of Convocation' for February 9, 1866, that the late Bishop of Peterborough is the prelate referred to, who, certainly, not as 'gracing a peroration,' but as pointing a main argument of his speech, referred to the authority of 'an honoured man, Mr. Keble,' as supporting in this passage his own views. We are not careful to settle what might be the amount of their difference on this point. No doubt it was not inconsiderable. Sir John says that the interpretation thus put on the words was at variance with what Keble originally meant to express and was known to hold, and he quotes the following words, from a letter written by Keble in 1863, as 'setting the matter at rest.' 'In a note to the preface of the second edition of a book of mine, which nobody reads, on "Eucharistical Adoration," I have given my own commentary on it: that it is to be understood "*not* in the hands *only*," as against a carnal presence,—*vide* St. John vi. 63' (p. 66). Now, without entering at greater length upon this difficult and mysterious subject, we must say that these words by no means 'set the question at rest.' On the contrary, they leave us quite at sea as to what Keble did mean to lay down on the subject. Indeed, the whole volume on 'Eucharistic Adoration' (the least successful prose production, we think, of its author's pen) leaves the reader in very much the same perplexity as to what he is or is not to believe on the subject. All that seems clear is that the alteration was intended to teach some doctrine concerning the Real Presence different from that which all the world, in common with the Bishop of Peterborough, had gathered from the verses as they stood in all the multiplied editions of the 'Christian Year.' Now, our complaint



plaint is, that such a change should be made with nothing more than an appended note of explanation at the end of the volume, in a book of a large established circulation. Of course an author has a perfect right to change his opinion on any matter, and to express that altered opinion in a new edition of his works; still more, if his opinion has been mistaken, has he a right to remove any ambiguity of diction which has led to the misapprehension; but, in a matter of this moment, he has not a right to make the change almost *sub silentio*. He enters into a sort of alliance with the public; and if, when his work has obtained a vast stereotyped currency, and is admitted freely into a multitude of families, its teaching tone is without some very demonstrative notice of the change materially altered, a breach of the tacit compact on which it is received has surely been committed. But, if this be so as to the author himself, it seems to us still less admissible that others after his death should consider themselves at liberty to make such a change in order to carry out his supposed wishes.

It was in these years, from 1826 to 1835, at Fairford, that Keble's pen was the most active. In them the 'Christian Year' was finally completed and given to the world; in them his prelections as Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford were composed and published. In them, too, he edited his edition of the works of Hooker. This edition of Hooker occupied him five years, from 1831 to 1836. Of all his prose works the introduction to this edition seems to us far the ablest. It shows great critical power both in the minuter questions which concern the authenticity of certain portions of the ecclesiastical policy, and in the broader subject of what Hooker's real opinions were upon the turning points of the long controversy he held with the puritan writers, and what the influences were by which they were shaped. This was a work to which his whole heart was given. For though he would call no man master, not even Richard Hooker, and where they differed stated with all boldness and sincerity the difference and its cause, yet he could not but perceive in Hooker's times of opposition and reproach that which shadowed forth to his inner consciousness the likeness of his own work in his own generation. This consciousness often re-appears in his pages, and adds a most life-like reality to them. Thus, when he is summing up the difficulties of Hooker and his associates in 'conducting the controversy with Puritanism on the side of the existing Church down to the middle of Elizabeth's reign,' he names with an evident pang of self appropriation 'the certainty. . . . that whatever they said and did would be tainted with the name and suspicion of Papistry; so easily affixed and so hard to shake off  
whenever



whenever men demur to the extreme of what are denominated Protestant opinions.\* He suggests, too, in several remarkable passages, the tendency of old error to reproduce itself under new circumstances, and the value, therefore, of a deep study of such times and such struggles as Hooker's for those whom the providence of God has set in our own day to guide the fortunes of His Church.

Another work of these years, his contributions to the 'Tracts for the Times,' leads us into one of the most interesting chapters of Keble's life—his connection with that deep internal movement in the Church of England which has so greatly shaped, and must continue to shape, the fortunes of that most important of all our great national institutions.

Dr. Newman has told us that he ever kept the day of the publication of a sermon on National Apostacy, preached by Keble at Oxford on occasion of the summer assize of 1833, as the commencement of this religious movement. Undoubtedly that sermon well represents the tone of its first originators. Nothing could be less intentionally connected with any Roman tendency than its earliest stages; it was half a political, half a religious movement. Keble himself, born and bred in a country parsonage, the tone of which in matters political was almost nonjuring, grew up with a feeling towards the whole Whig party, which was as near hatred as his tender spirit rendered possible. There was far more than a mere outbreak of fun in his writing to an intimate friend of the word 'delegates' as being 'a most disagreeable word, it puts one in mind of everything that is Whiggish and disagreeable' (p. 195). This keen dislike for everything 'Whiggish' had been sharpened by the recent measures of the Whig Government affecting the Established Church. Lord Grey's advice to the English Bishops to put their house in order, coupled with what Keble termed 'the suppression' of ten Irish Bishoprics, sounded to him like the voice of the trumpet summoning every churchman to do battle for what was the dearest to him. Hurrell Froude, who had been his pupil, and in some respects his favourite pupil, exerted a strong influence on him in the same direction. Froude was a man of rare ability. Although he had not the well-grown strength of Davison, or the logical sharpness of Whately, or the concentrated power of Newman, yet amongst all the great intellects then gathered at Oxford, his genius was—to use the word in the strictest sense—the most vivid. From a boy he had lived, as is the wont of such spirits, in a world of his own, nursing

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\* Editor's preface to 'Hooker's Work,' p. lviii.

his high thoughts, speculating upon life, and correcting few of his ardent imaginings by converse with others. To Keble he submitted himself as to a saint, with a deep reverence for his moral intuition. Keble's inbred Toryism delighted the more impetuous nature of the younger man, who acted back again upon his old tutor, to a greater degree probably than either of them at the time knew. Keble was fired by Froude's enthusiasm, and Froude regarded the flights to which his temper and imagination exalted him as the sober certainty of truth when he saw them adopted by Keble. In Froude, hatred to the Whigs and to 'Whiggism' in every form was a passion. The heading, invented by him to describe the Whigs, for some of the poems which were afterwards gathered into the *Lyra Apostolica*, as they appeared in the *British Magazine*, speaks the whole man: *Περὶ τῆς μισητοῦ στάσεως*.

He did not confine his hatred under the veil of a Greek motto. The strongest words of the vernacular tongue gasped to express the strength of his political animosity. Thus he says:—'If it was not for a personal hatred of the Whigs, I should care comparatively little for the Reform Bill' ('Remains,' vol. i. p. 250). And again he thus expresses his sentiments:—'How Whiggery has by degrees taken up all the filth that has been secreted in the fermentation of human thought. Puritanism, Latitudinarianism, Popery, Infidelity, they have it all now, and good luck to them' ('Remains,' vol. i. 340).

From this mighty ferment of spirit sprang the Oxford Church movement of 1833. Looking forward then to the probable separation of Church and State, with which the language of the Whig Prime Minister intentionally threatened the body in which that movement took its rise, they saw the absolute necessity of turning the thoughts and trust of churchmen from that connection with the State, on which in the long spiritual deadness and apathy of a hundred and fifty years they had learned too exclusively to lean, to the internal and independent strength of the Catholic character and constitution of their Church. Of this attempt Keble was in a great degree the immediate author:—

'What think you,' he writes in August, 1833, 'of a kind of association (as quiet and unpretending as may be, if possible, without a name) for the promotion of these two objects: first, the circulation of primitive notions regarding the apostolical succession, &c.; and, secondly, the protection of the Prayer-book against profane innovation? We have, as yet, only written round to a few very intimate friends—Davison, Ogilvie, Tom (Keble)—and, as far as they have answered me yet, they seem to think it may do good. To give you a notion of the kind

kind of thing, the first tract we propose to print will be a Penny Account of the Martyrdom of St. Ignatius, with extracts from his Epistles. Pray do not blow on it as being all *ultra*.'—p. 220.

From this small fountain-head sprang the 'Tracts for the Times,' and all their still advancing consequences. Keble himself contributed some of the earlier tracts, but his genius lay in a direction wholly different from such compositions, and they are by no means the happiest efforts of his pen. Those only who are old enough to remember the effect produced by the first numbers of the Tracts amongst the parochial clergy, can duly estimate the change which has since been wrought upon the clerical body. As a rule, with some exceptions great at once through their individual excellence and through their rarity, all earnestness in their spiritual work had been long well-nigh confined to that branch of the clergy which had acquiesced, not of late without some pharisaic self-complacency, in the title of evangelical. They, too, were beginning to pass from the pure zeal of their youth into a new phase of unreality and religious wordliness. To both parties the claims of their Church as a leading member of the great Catholic body were substantially unknown. Amongst the orthodox the existence of such claims was still held as a respectable tradition, dormant under the spell of worldly-mindedness, and without any living power; amongst the Evangelicals they were generally unknown and regarded as hindrances to that inner individual spiritual life which it had been the glory of their party to revive, and the great truths of which their younger generations were growing to treat rather as the flags of the battle-field than as the reproductive principles of an ever-germinating vitality. In many instances the earliest tracts met with a warmer reception from the latter class than from the former, because whilst the remaining receptiveness of life was most awake amongst the younger Evangelicals, the older and more lethargic party feared even a threatening external change less than an internal awakening. Accordingly, many of those who most eagerly received the new enthusiasm, had been bred up in the Evangelical camp. Foremost amongst these was John Henry Newman, the man to whom a later age will point as the chiefest agent in the whole developed movement. Newman and Keble had been brought together for the first time by Hurrell Froude. He was wont, according to his manner, to speak of the accomplishment of this reunion as the great action of his life.

At this stage of the movement it had developed no Rome-ward tendency. Hurrell Froude, whose impetuous ardour might have driven him from the inevitable tameness Church, was even vehemently anti-Roman.

search for health had driven him into countries under the Roman obedience, all that he saw and heard and observed, deepened and strengthened his hatred to the system, claims, and practice of the Papacy. Thus, in the course of an argument, when a friend remarked that the Romanists were schismatics in England, but Catholics abroad, he replied—‘No, they are wretched Tridentines everywhere,’ vol. i. 434. And he writes home from abroad:—

‘These Catholic countries seem in an especial manner κατέχειν τὴν ἀλήθειαν ἐν ἀδικίᾳ, and the priesthood are themselves so sensible of the hollow basis upon which their power rests, that they dare not resist the most atrocious encroachments of the State upon their privileges. . . . I have seen priests laughing when at the confessional; and indeed it is plain that unless they habitually made light of very gross immorality, three-fourths of the population of Naples would be excommunicated. The Church of England has fallen low, and will probably be worse before it is better; but let the Whigs do their worst, they cannot sink us so deep as these people have allowed themselves to fall while retaining all the superficials of a religious country.’ —*Froude's Remains*, vol. i. p. 293-4.

And, as the climax of his condemnation, he writes again, ‘Since I have been out here (Naples) I have got a worse notion of the Roman Catholics than I had. I really do think them idolaters’ (Pref. p. xiii.).

Keble judged Rome in a gentler spirit, and expressed himself about ‘our sister’s fall’ more calmly, but with no less distinctness of condemnation. All his traditions and convictions were eminently anti-Roman, and such they continued to the end. Thus, in 1841, he writes to Coleridge—‘I cannot go to Rome till Rome be much changed indeed.’ And again, ‘As to Rome, I thought I had said in my letters to you that come what will it would be impossible [twice underscored] for me to join it until it is other than it is at present’ (p. 297).

With Keble’s own views so distinctly anti-Roman, it may well be asked how could it happen that in a body in which his influence was so great there could be developed so strong a Romeward tendency amongst members of the tractarian party. To no small degree the evil inclinations to which these extracts point may account for many of the perversions. Some fell through unreality, more through impatience and temper. A very large proportion of the leading perverts had been bred up in the Evangelical school, and the vision of which Keble speaks of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church had dawned upon them with all the startling grandeur of a new discovery. Intoxicated with this glory, they were unable to bear any delay of their longings or any contradiction of their theories; and as the  
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Winchester; all made it in outward circumstance such a home as those who loved him best would have chosen for him. Sir John Coleridge well sums up some other of the smiling features of his life:—

‘There were his brother’s nursery, the children at the Park; the large fine family of his neighbour, Dr. Moberly; his own school, where he was a very frequent teacher; his cottage visits; the numberless opportunities which presented themselves to him in his rambles from hamlet to hamlet; and all these presented to that receptive spirit and faithful memory inseparable from the true poetic nature.’—p. 324.

Such Hursley was to him. There he lived for thirty years, and, in spite of many recurring anxieties, enjoyed a large share of calm happiness. His wife’s very feeble health leading latterly to long enforced absences from home, and the troubles of the Church round him, were his main trials. But these were borne with a gentle submission which turned them into blessings to his own spirit. His letters picture forth this life in touching sentences, like the following: ‘My wife, I am thankful to say, continues on the whole a little stronger than she used to be at Cirencester; but the autumn makes itself felt a little both by her and the trees, gently as it is coming on’ (p. 247.)

In his parish he was a most diligent, loving, and wise pastor: using every effort to win the young especially to him. He himself taught diligently in his Sunday school. He sought to use the help of the teaching of ladies, believing it to be ‘often the most effective with boys, because it roused the dormant chivalry in them.’\* Perhaps the most distinctive feature of his ministry was the degree in which he ever sought to deal with those committed to his care as individual souls who could be reached only by the direct influence of a personal ministry. It was perhaps, as Sir John suggests, owing to his longing more effectually to prosecute such a course with them, and to the difficulties which his exceeding modesty threw in his way, and which his self-depreciation magnified, that he somewhat overlooked the terrible evils of the confessional, and at times longed to be able to employ more freely what he terms ‘the arm of confession.’ It does not indeed appear that he ever desired to restore compulsory or formal confession after the Roman model, but rather to encourage those who were conscious of sin to return to the more frequent voluntary use of such an aid. We may, it seems, conclude that he probably meant to express no more than his longing for the existence of a fuller spiritual confidence

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\* ‘Monthly Packet,’ part xlii. p. 556.

from now returning to the subject. It has been enough here to trace the connexion of Keble with the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times' and with the religious movement of which Dr. Newman holds him to have been indeed the author.

This reach of his life was ended by the death in January, 1835, of his aged father. Until this happened, he declined everything which would have taken him from soothing, with all a son's piety, those declining years. His father's death broke up the scheme of his life. He and his surviving sister were left alone in the world and had to choose a new home. From his people at Coln St. Aldwin, and from the scenery which he had learned to love, he could not be torn without a pang. There was indeed nothing romantic about it, but the willowy stream of the Coln had charms for him. Sir John Coleridge, in one of his least felicitous phrases, says, 'he had a *sort of filial fondness* for this river,' and quotes to prove it words which would have been almost the last in the language in which such reverend love would have been expressed by Keble. 'I got to Bibury about half-past six and walked leisurely home, and really some of the spots which I passed on *our jolly river* Coln are quite beautiful enough to recompense one for a much longer walk' (p. 234).

At the very time when he was thus cut loose from Fairford, the vicarage of Hursley was again offered to him. He was, too, engaged to be married; an engagement the fulfilment of which for some time past had only waited the release of his life from the care of his father. He announced, says Sir John, this engagement to his nearest friends in letters which seemed to be but the prose version of those beautiful lines:—

'But there's a sweeter flower than e'er  
Blushed on the rose's spray,  
A brighter star, a richer bloom  
Than e'er did western heaven illumine  
At close of summer day.  
'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven,  
Love, gentle, holy, pure;  
But, tenderer than a dove's soft eye,  
The searching sun, the open sky,  
She never could endure.

—*Christian Year : 4th Sunday after Lent.*

He was married October, 1835, to Miss Charlotte Clarke, and took possession of Hursley Vicarage in January, 1836. It was in all respects the residence for him. The beauty of the country, the neighbourhood of Sir William Heathcote, than whom he had no dearer or more valued friend; the vicinity of  
Winchester;

his position.' The shades of Tate and Brady may rest in peace. After John Keble's ill-success let us trust that no one else will attempt to invade their undisputed supremacy in having figured and debased the Royal Psalmist's inspired utterances. Further he took an active part in the library of the Fathers—published a volume of sermons; a volume on Eucharistic Adoration; a Life of Bishop Wilson, besides pamphlets, some of them of great merit, on the passing events of the ecclesiastical world.

In 1846 he published—a dangerous act for the author of the 'Christian Year'—another volume of poetry under the title of 'Lyra Innocentium.' Sir John Coleridge does not expect, he tells us, a general agreement in his own judgment of it, which is 'that if not equal to the "Christian Year" as a whole, it is at least more than equal in some parts.' We are amongst those who fulfil the expectation here expressed. Certainly the judgment of his countrymen is plain from the difference in the circulation of the two volumes, as to their respective merits. Who does not turn again and again to the 'Christian Year'? How few comparatively know the exact place on their library shelves of the 'Lyra Innocentium'? There are many beautiful lines in the volume—many deeply touching, many ennobling thoughts beautifully expressed. How could there fail of being such in anything written by John Keble? But on the whole, in our judgment the excellencies do not equal those of the 'Christian Year,' whilst the blemishes of the former volume are more frequent and more marked in the latter. The verses seem less commonly than of old to be the unbidden outpourings of the poet's heart.

The great sadnesses of his later life were all more or less directly connected with the trials and prospects of the Church whom he served with such unswerving fidelity and unfaltering love. Sir John Coleridge has stated Keble's position as to this, in words which it does not seem possible to improve:—

'All his associations, early and late, were with the Church of his fathers—the loyal and affectionate language in respect of her to be found everywhere in "The Christian Year" was not merely poetical, it was sincere. But he had grown up in the High Church school, and as a High Churchman naturally will do, he looked upwards through the Reformation to the Primitive and the Undivided Church. He loved his own Church as on the whole a faithful representative on earth of that Church; the more truly and exactly she represented it, the more did he think her excellent and to be beloved; the more she admitted what he called puritanical doctrine or practice, the less loyal and dutiful could he be. Coln and his father on the one hand, Fairford and its incumbent on the other, were ever in his recollection.'—p. 295.

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The principles in which he believed ever intertwined themselves in him, as they do more or less in all entirely real and affectionate men, with the persons whom he loved. For this reason, the secession of such a friend as John Henry Newman from his fathers' Church cut Keble to the heart. The shadow of the coming evil had lain broad and heavy on the very spring of his life from the time when his first apprehension of it rose. He had done all in his power to prevent the step; he did not undervalue its too probable consequences upon others; but his first grief was for the dishonour to his Church, and for the evil to his friend. With his habitual self-restraint in the use of language, he speaks of it as 'the desolating anxiety of the last two years' (p. 288); and long after the event, he pointed out to a friend a chalk-pit which they were passing as connected with perhaps the saddest event of his life, which he afterwards explained by saying that it was there, after carrying it with him all day, afraid to open it, that he had at last opened and read the letter which announced to him that his friend was lost to him. They met again but once. Within a few months of his death at his vicarage at Hursley, were gathered the three—himself, Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Newman—who had in earlier years lived in such unbroken communion and almost unequalled intimacy. It is hardly possible to contemplate that meeting, and read the then aged man's account of it unmoved :—

'E. B. P. and J. H. N. met *here* the very day after my wife's attack. Trying as it all was, I was very glad to have them here, and to sit by them and listen; but I cannot write more of it now.'—p. 527.

Hardly less moving is the account given by the other long separated friend. Newman writes :—

'I made my appearance at Hursley without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had come purposely to his house I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other, he said with that tender flurry of manner which I recollected so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do; nor indeed had he expected me; for "Pusey," he whispered, "is in the house as you are aware." Then he brought me into his study and embraced me affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey, and send him to me. I think I got there in the forenoon, and remained there some hours, dining at one or two. I recollect very little of what passed at dinner. . . . Mr. Gladstone's



talked of, and I said that I really thought that had I been still a member of the University, I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me and whispered in my ear (I cannot remember the exact words, but I took them to be), "And is not that just?" . . . Just before my time for going . . . I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. . . . We walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the church and churchyard so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with me in more than [query 'of' ?] his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted; and soon I was obliged to go.'—p. 530.

What a meeting, and what a parting! The three men; the dying wife; the calm churchyard; the deep life-long sorrow; the impassable separation; the parting, to meet again only before the great white throne when the shadows shall have fled away.

More than once after this first great loss, Keble had to suffer again, in its measure, the same smart. And even in instances which happily did not reach to final secession, much of the burden and sadness of the times fell on him. He was referred to, consulted, leant upon by all who were in doubt or trouble. A great portion of his time was spent in allaying such doubts. He could not enter coldly into such cases; they ate into his very heart, whilst the management of them consumed large portions of his time. The more he saw of such cases, the more he felt the danger of unsettling souls by changes in the order or constitution of the Church, so that he became painfully alive to the evil which was threatened by every one of these shocks. Every trouble, therefore, which passed over the Church through his remaining years, touched Keble to the quick. The alteration of the law of divorce was one of these which he felt most deeply: and he published on the occasion two pamphlets against repealing the laws, which treat the nuptial bond as indissoluble.

Any assault upon the purity and sharpness of the Church's doctrine moved him most, and after that any such alteration in her constitution as seemed to him to lessen her power of resisting future inroads on her dogmatic teaching. On this account, 'the decision,' says Sir John Coleridge, 'in what is known as the "Essays and Reviews" case, gave him in all its circumstances, as well as the decision itself, great pain' (p. 478).

Yet with all this distinctiveness as to doctrine, and with his inherited Toryism, Keble thought and acted for himself. Two instances may suffice to show how resolutely he did so. The first is, his unvarying and zealous support of Mr. Gladstone as the Member for the University of Oxford, down to the very last time when he contested that seat in 1865; the second, the way in which

which he speaks of the temper and of some of the tenets of those who doubtless consider themselves to be the legitimate successors of the writers of the 'Tracts for the Times.'

Speaking of the attempts made to restore a higher form of service in our churches, he says:—

'The success will be more complete, and the satisfaction more perfect, when those who have the work at heart shall have ceased to indulge themselves in invidious comparisons and scornful criticisms on such amongst their brethren as do not yet see their way to it, and when on certain kindred subjects they have learned to make candid allowance for the difference between our circumstances and those with a view to which the primitive canons were framed. I allude particularly to the disparaging tone sometimes used in speaking of mid-day communions. . . . Again, I cannot but doubt the wisdom of urging all men indiscriminately to be present at the Holy Mysteries, a matter left open so far as I can see by the Prayer-book, and in the ordering of which it may seem most natural to abide by the spirit of the ancient Constitutions which did not willingly permit even the presence of any but communicants, . . . the rather that there appears some danger of the idea gaining ground which meets one so often in Roman Catholic books of devotion of some special semi-sacramental grace connected with simply assisting devoutly at mass over and above that promised to all earnest and faithful prayer.'—p. 539.

Would that such candid, charitable, moderate, and anti-Roman views were more widely spread amongst those who, setting themselves up as the great lights of the Church, now-a-days, consider themselves qualified to revile our reformers, condemn our offices, and lampoon our bishops. Such was not John Keble's temper; no trait of all his character was more remarkable than his humility, and it increased even to the end. This was evermore re-appearing. 'One of us,' Miss Wilbraham records, 'alluded to Easter Eve as "her favourite day in the whole year, though a Fast." "I love that day best too," Mr. Keble answered; then, after a pause, he added, with indescribable sweetness of look and tone, "perhaps because it is a Fast; the days of humiliation seem to suit one best as long as one is here."'\* What again can be more instructive than to hear the writer of the 'Christian Year' speaking of himself as at the time of writing it not having 'understood the doctrine of Repentance, or that of the Holy Eucharist, or that of Justification' (p. 291). It was in great measure this deep humility, and the tenderness which grew out of it, which gave so unspeakable a charm to his society. Yet he had enough of human applause to have endangered that great virtue. One of the troubles of his latter years was the perpetual influx of

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\* 'Monthly Packet,' xlii. p. 557.

strangers, who came as on pilgrimage to Hursley; and this, not from England only, but also from America, where the 'Christian Year' has reached a circulation little less than it has attained in England.

Sir John Coleridge mentions one characteristic instance of such an American worshipper who, as they were leaving the ivy-clothed porch, drew him apart, and asked if Mr. Keble would take it amiss if he begged of him a branch of the ivy cut with his own hand. He received the coveted gift, and said as they walked away, 'You may smile at my request, but I could name persons at home who would give me (I am afraid to mention the sum) for every leaf I have in my hand' (p. 418). So it was alike from young and old, at home and abroad. The homage due to genius, love, and saintliness, was tendered to him abundantly. One of Mr. Forbes's children records in simple words what all who came near him felt: 'He is old and short, with white hair, and rather plain features; but he has such a sweet, heavenly expression. His voice is rather low, we cannot hear him unless he is close to us. He is so kind, and takes such interest in the little ones; aunt calls him her good angel' (p. 454). Latterly Mrs. Keble's health required him to be much at Penzance; he occupied a house 'in the very best position for seeing the whole of Mounts Bay, and hearing all that the wild waves had to tell us' (p. 472). Here he met his usual welcome, and to his joy found clergy with whom he could entirely sympathise, and for whom he was always ready to preach. He asked to have a district assigned for his visiting, only covenanting, that it might be entirely amongst the poor. Mr. Tyacke, one of these clergy, has well caught and happily expressed some features of his character, when he speaks of 'his humbling humility and kindness, especially respecting the Dissenters.' A letter to the other clergyman, Mr. Hedgeland, is a beautiful instance of the way in which Mr. Keble received such acts of kindness: 'One word of thanks for you, and your parishioners' very great kindness to us. Such it was as must make the very bends and turnings of the streets—let alone the mount and the bay, and the lanes, and flowers, and moors, and cairns, and crosses—most pleasant to think of.'

One effect of Mrs. Keble's increasing weakness was that his residence at Hursley became necessarily shorter, until he proposed resigning the vicarage, and being 'summer curate,' so as still to minister to the flock he loved. Meanwhile his care and tenderness towards the fragile invalid were unwearied. How deeply her illness told upon him all his letters testify, and yet he was ever cheerful, ever ready to rejoice with those that did  
rejoice

rejoice. Mrs. Keble once gave the history of his cheerful placidity in these remarkable words: 'He lays aside his anxieties with his prayers. He does what he can; the issue is with God, with whom he is content to leave it; therefore he is still, and sleeps like a child' (p. 554). Here is a glimpse at one of their evening readings at Penzance:—

'What a beautiful and comfortable circumstance it is of this great development of our missions, that quiet people are come naturally and without writing *in a tone* to pour out their hearts mutually to those whom they suppose to be like minded, from the other side of the world, just as the old folks did in the very old centuries—St. Cyprian, *e.g.*, not to mention St. Paul. I say this *à propos* to the South Pacific and South African letters, which have been so much our reading of late. It really does seem to help one in a very special way, to realise the communion of saints, and to feel (D. V.) one, not only with the distant living, but with the holy dead.'—p. 472.

This was with him one of those favourite subjects of thought on which, with subdued voice and a fixed intensity of eye, he would from time to time open with those who loved him best. Miss Wilbraham, after the death of his second sister, thus beautifully records his state. After speaking of Mrs. Keble, she continues:—

'Mr. Keble was aged and shaken; yet there was a wonderful peace and elevation of feeling, mingled with their sense of loss, as though they had gone down to the very brink of the dark river with their sister, and been granted a glimpse of the pleasant land beyond. Mr. Keble more than once condescended to share these thoughts with me, and to speak of that intermediate state as one of loving, waiting, resting, and prayer—prayer for the speedy coming of His kingdom; prayer, too, for those on earth for whom, when with us, they used to pray; we have no hint given us, he thought, that they discontinued that.' \*

For the fulness of this communion he was manifestly ripening. To those who loved him best, and witnessed his evident drawing nearer to his rest, 'the thought brought no bitterness with it. Who would not wish the golden grain to be housed when it is ripe? Who that had witnessed Mr. Keble's deep delight in the promise, "And sorrow and sighing shall flee away," as sung by sweet treble voices in Winchester Cathedral, could wish to keep him back from the Presence in which alone that hope can be realised?' †

The end was not long delayed. In the midst of his ministering to Mrs. Keble, he was himself struck down by paralysis; and,

\* 'Monthly Packet,' Part xlii. p. 564.

† Ibid., p. 576.

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though he recovered to a certain extent, yet his active powers were much diminished. He was unable to attend the last confirmation at Hursley; but wrote a touching letter to the newly-confirmed, closing with words almost prophetic of his own coming end. 'So doing you will abide in Christ, and be sure He will abide in you. There may be sorrow on the road, but all will go right in the end, for you will see His face with joy.'

So doubtless it was with him; on the 29th of March, 1866, he fell asleep; on the 11th of May his wife followed him. Their graves are in that quiet churchyard at Hursley, which looked 'so beautiful and calm' to Dr. Newman as he gazed on it with Keble but a few months before. In the Church of England, we cannot write it without shame, he was but the Vicar of Hursley. Once only by any patron was there offered to the author of the 'Christian Year' one distant dignity, the Archdeaconry of Barbadoes, which he could not forsake his father to accept. His only Church preferment was the gift of a lay friend, upon whose tomb—may it be years before it can be written—amongst many honourable memories not far from the highest might well be graven, 'The sole patron of John Keble.'

Such he was: so he lived amongst us: so he passed away from us. Never aiming at acquiring influence, he exerted it in its highest measures on every one who came within his reach, and widely beyond his immediate sphere upon the Church at large. He took a resolute part in all the most stirring controversies of his time; and yet no one could ever point to a word of his, written or spoken, which had inflicted one needless wound upon any one opposed to him. He gave England's sacred literature the high boon of 'The Christian Year.' He gave England's Church the learning of a deep divine, the love and trust of a loyal son, the labours of a devoted priest, and the pattern of a saint; and he died, as he had lived, the Vicar of Hursley.

ART. V.—1. *Mr. Darwin's Hypotheses.* By George Henry Lewes.

The 'Fortnightly Review,' April, June, July, 1868.

2. *Le Matérialisme Contemporain.* Par Paul Janet, Membre de l'Institut.

**I**T may seem extraordinary, after the Argument of Design in Nature has been discussed in the world for two thousand years, that we who accept and uphold it—should have to explain what we mean by the Argument of Design; but such curious descriptions are given of it in some quarters, and we are saddled with such unintelligible and preposterous conclusions in  
maintaining

maintaining it, that this preliminary step becomes necessary. A plain man lately, on turning over the pages of the 'Fortnightly,' would have been somewhat astonished to find that, as a believer in the evidences of design in Nature, he necessarily held one or other of some half-dozen singular theories, of not one of which he had ever even heard the name. He was asked, 'Do you hold the Aristotelian theory of Potential Existence? Do you hold the theory of Preformation? Do you hold the theory of *emboîtement*?' And if he said that he had never heard of the existence of any of these theories, another heading was still reserved for him, 'You are certainly an anthropomorphist?' He had, in his simplicity, thought that facts were his strong point; but the tables are completely turned upon him on that head, and he is asked summarily to apologise for gratuitous speculation, for holding a capricious, arbitrary, and wanton hypothesis, a rationale wholly in nubibus, and concocted out of his own head in contempt of facts. A bold surprise at a belief is sometimes the best argument against it; the imagination is affected by it, and for a moment weak Nature really thinks it must have made a great mistake. We shall, however, resist the impulse, and, considering the mistake to be on the other side, call attention to the real basis of the Argument of Design.

The Argument of Design is, that there is a certain construction which the facts of Nature of themselves call for and necessitate, not admitting of any other: the construction, viz., of design which attaches to visible arrangement, system, and adaptation. This construction, we say, *adheres to the facts*, is cemented to them, and cannot be separated from them. That is our position. Look into the inside of an animal body. Is it not, as a matter of fact, a machine? Yes, the apparatus of organs, pipes, vessels is simple *fact*; design is the construction, which, we say, cleaves to that fact. We have not gone to the clouds, then, for design; we have not invented the notion; we have not coined it; it has not been spun out of our brain; it has come *to us* out of plain, solid, external, material, tangible facts. It is stamped upon those facts. We have not sought it by speculation, but outward Nature has forced it upon us. We have not first conceived the idea independently of Nature and Nature got the impress from our fancy, but the idea has been got out of Nature in the first instance, and we are only the recipients of it. People would draw us aside from this position, and ask a number of irrelevant questions, which we shall deal with further on. 'Who is the Designer?' they ask; 'what is the nature of His mind? You must settle as to the designer before you assert design.' But we say, No: the construction adheres to the phenomena. Were we obliged

obliged to discover all about our designer before we asserted design, there would be an end of the Argument of Design. But we say we are not obliged to find out that, because reason attaches the conclusion of design straight to the *facts*: the facts of concurrence, system, mechanism; to certain combinations and juxtapositions of matter. By the constitution of our minds and by the laws of thought, we cannot but construe facts as we do construe them, interpret plain and palpable mechanism as indicating intention and purpose.

How do we argue in the case of—what is not indeed exactly the same with, but has something in common with, the idea of design—Law, physical law? The idea of Law, while an indistinct idea of the mind, is at the same time a most simple one; it is the idea of something which *makes* something else to occur, as distinguished from that something happening by chance. What we mean by this making something else to happen, a *cause* of its happening, we do not know; the idea is lodged amid the obscure foundations of our intellectual system, from which it never will be extricated. The evidence or *criterion*, however, of 'law' is very plain—simple recurrence; the same fact being repeated again. Upon what argument then does this criterion of law depend? Have we any demonstration that, because an occurrence in Nature happens again and again, it happens by law? None. It might occur two or three times, by chance. Why, then, when it goes on occurring, does it occur by law? A man throws double six once. It is a chance. He throws them again. It still might be a chance. He throws them a third time. Still we would not say for a positive certainty, that it could not be by chance. But if he threw them fifty times running, we should then be certain that it could not be by chance. We should be sure that it was by *law*. He might at each throw say—'It is true I have thrown double six so many times, but why should that prevent me throwing it again this time? Chance is still free; it is not bound by the past; there is no physical obstruction, there is no mathematical obstruction, to the throw. It may therefore be thrown again, and thrown by chance this very next time.' This argument might be repeated at every throw, but a practical principle in our nature would still decide, and decide beyond all manner of doubt, that if double six were thrown fifty times running, they were not thrown by chance, but by law, *i.e.* that there was something which *made* the throw thus to recur and be repeated. It would, however, be a practical principle within our minds, which ruled this question, and not a mathematical or demonstrative one. The matter is thus decided in the case of Law, and the same decision  
applies



applies to the case of *design*, so far as this, that it is a practical principle within us that decides that too. The disposition, the arrangement of certain particles of matter, is no demonstration. But when there is manifold coincidence and adaptation to an end, we say it is morally impossible that such machinery should not be by design; just as we say that, where there is uniform recurrence, it is morally impossible that such repetition should not be by law.

In the Argument of Design, however, the *end* is the great consideration which appeals to the reason, and demands the verdict that such work is by design. There must be a distinct perception of an end—something which all this machinery is for, and without which indeed this machinery is not machinery at all, but an unmeaning labyrinth of parts, such as an intricate engine looks to a man who does not understand it. It is this end beyond the machinery, but at once the complement and interpretation of it, which makes design. Blind material law can produce form and figure, curves and angles, which superficially simulate design, and have the look to the eye of having been moulded artificially. Crystallization makes squares and pyramids, and gravitation with propulsion circles and ellipses. But crystallization is not mechanism, because there is no *end* connected with it; its squares and pyramids end with themselves, and there is nothing beyond their squareness and conicalness. In design, on the other hand, there is an end which the mechanism accomplishes, out of and beyond the mechanism itself.

And here we come to a consideration of the utmost possible importance in the structure of the Argument of Design. There is wanted undoubtedly for the full and perfect establishment of the argument, for its completion and clear hold of our convictions, the admission of a spiritual principle; because nothing but this spiritual principle can give us that strong pointed and masterly *end* of the physical apparatus, which our reason wants in order to crown that apparatus with design. There are approaches to an end indeed before we come to a spiritual principle, but they do not satisfy the mind to the extent which is required for a full and penetrating proof of an intelligent designer. The machinery of a plant or tree has in a sense an end attaching to it, which is the growth of that plant or tree; but how can a mere vegetable life satisfy the mind as an *end*? It cannot; for there is no importance whatever in such an end. It cannot signify in the slightest degree to the vegetable whether it exists or not; the plant terminates with its own material structure, and possesses no self or soul, or sentient being which benefits by that structure,  
*i.e. exists*



*i.e.* exists in consequence of it. The vegetable is only endowed with a transposed end, coming up across the great chasm and division of Nature, in the animal kingdom, where it presents itself to us in the shape of animal nutrition. The plant assumes the existence of another nature, viz., the animal, in order to be invested with an end. In moving a step upward, however, we find that the animal apparatus is connected with a direct concomitant end in the life of a sentient being who benefits and exists by it, who is capable of pleasure and satisfaction in some or other degree, and whose existence is therefore of consequence to itself. But in the brutes, though even these exhibit an ascending scale, the end is so much on a level with the machinery, the life is to so large an extent *one with* the material frame, simply consisting in the enjoyment or use of it; there is so little individuality in the existence of the brute, that the end is not satisfying. It is only when we come to man, that an end in immediate connexion with an animal machinery shines forth with such overpowering intrinsic evidence, and stands out in so conspicuous and irresistible a light, that the completing stroke and finish is given to the evidence of design. In man the end is so distinctly superior to the machine, the end is so clearly beyond the machine, that the argument strikes home.

What indeed can be more utterly different from, more *not* akin to an apparatus of flesh and bones, than a self-conscious human existence, with conscience, will, sense of moral obligation? The heterogeneousness is startling. When I think of myself, the conviction that *I* am a different being from any part or the whole of my solid material frame forces itself upon me with an overpowering weight which I cannot resist; I cannot think of any single organ, of any one sense, or of all of them together, as being myself. My consciousness, my understanding, my will, everything that comes under that great head of *I*, constitute a spiritual unity which does not touch, which is divided whole worlds from, my corporate structure. I know, I perceive, that *I* and *matter* are distinct ideas. Can we conceive any greater and more absolute diversity than that between a personal consciousness involving the highest moral, the subtlest intellectual perceptions on the one hand, and a structure of organs, stomach, heart, liver, muscles, tendons, sinews, arteries, veins, on the other? There is something in the junction of two such dissimilarities which, if we could represent it in any visible mode, and imagine ourselves meeting it amid the curiosities of productive power, would strike us as an enormous and prodigious freak of Nature; they have so utterly nothing to do  
with

with one another. But in proportion to the strangeness of the juxtaposition,—the heterogeneousness of the end of the bodily apparatus, as compared with the apparatus itself, is the absolute distinctness and pointedness of that end; the certainty that this corporate machinery has a positive scope and purpose fulfilled in that end. The greater the moral interval between the instrument and the result, the more pronounced is design in that instrument. Can anything exceed the conviction with which any man, when he really thinks of himself, and thinks of his body, must say—this body exists for the sake of *me*: I am its end, all this machinery is nothing without myself as an explanation? A man cannot rid himself of this sense of the object of his own body, that it is for the sake of *him*—that personal self of which he is conscious; the purpose clings to the machine and cannot be parted from it. And therefore, inasmuch as *he* is a different thing from the machine, he sees distinctly that this machine exists for an end *beyond* itself, which is the coping stone of the Argument of Design.

And hence the necessity, as we said above, of the admission of a spiritual principle in Nature, in order to the just completion and finish of the Argument of Design. A speculator who has forced himself to think—if, indeed, it is possible that he can think—that the personal being is the same identical fact with, and not a different fact from, his bodily apparatus—that matter and I are *not* distinct ideas—such a philosopher discards that end of the machine beyond the machine itself, which completes the Argument of Design; because the personal being, whom *we* call the end of the machine, is with him the same with the machine itself. And therefore the recognition of a difference between the two ideas of ‘matter’ and ‘I,’ or an admission of a spiritual principle, is a postulate in the Argument of Design which must precede the full stroke of that argument.

One observation, which we will make in passing, bears upon this subject. Two great representatives of science concur in the refusal to assert the existence of a soul.\* The position

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\* Philosophy, according to Mr. Owen, does not recognise ‘an immaterial entity, mental principle, or soul.’ ‘Matter and spirit,’ says Mr. Huxley, ‘are both names for imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.’ The latter thinks the asserter of a spiritual principle or soul in man is placed in a peculiar difficulty by the discovery of ‘protoplasm.’ We do not see the difficulty. We do not understand why a common ‘physical basis and matter of life’ with the vegetable, contradicts the existence of a soul in man, any more than does a community of the same with brutes; or why protoplasm is more materialistic than flesh. Whatever be the common matter in the three orders of beings, there are characteristic differences which distinguish them; and what is common cannot account for what is different. Man is an animal on the old hypothesis; he is fundamentally a vegetable

position which Professor Owen and Professor Huxley have taken is an equal and impartial certainty of matter and spirit as impressions, and an equal and impartial uncertainty of them as substances or real things. This formula of parallelism is not a just representation of the fact of consciousness. My own substance, i.e. I myself, stands in a relation to my consciousness, in which the substratum of an outward object does not stand. *Cogito ergo sum* is an argument which I can apply to myself; but I cannot apply it to a cabbage, nor can the cabbage apply it to itself. Mr. Huxley objects to 'systematic materialism,' or the dogmatic position of the non-existence of soul, as not only unphilosophical, but practically injurious—what 'may paralyse the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.' But if the denial of the individual that he has a soul is injurious to him, the systematic doubt whether he has a soul or not cannot be advantageous. A man must first believe that he exists, before he thinks it a matter of vital importance that he should be good. If we take those glorious and immortal men whose words and acts have renovated and converted mankind, the fount whence their goodness proceeded was the conviction that they themselves had souls. They felt, to begin with, that they had a substantial being; this certainty invested all their actions with an infinite and eternal importance to themselves, and this vital interest in them brought out their whole power. But without that first conviction they would have been paralysed.

It follows, then, that Man is the great disclosure of design in Nature; that man lets out the great secret of the authorship of Nature; and that man is the revelation of a God in Nature. In him a corporate structure is *for* a distinct personality—man himself. A final cause is declared in Nature, and the interpretation is pronounced. Had we to stop with the plant, the interpretation of Nature would be defective, because there is no end which satisfies the mind in connexion with the plant itself, and her constructive power might have been explained as an intricate working of mere material law—a mechanical art or

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vegetable upon the new; but if his animal nature did not preclude the existence in him of a rational soul, why should this be precluded by his vegetable nature? The greater the identity of the physical basis in all three orders, the less its capacity of accounting for the differences between them. If man has what the brute has not, and the brute has what the vegetable has not, there is something which enters in as cause here which is not protoplasm, which *all* have. But Mr. Huxley asserts that thought is the effect of protoplasm; while at the same time protoplasm exists without thought:—a position which violates the very grammar of induction, and the first rule of that grammar, viz., that the cause of a fact must not only always precede it when it does take place, but always omit this precedence when it does not.

*solertia,*

*solertia*, such as the ancient Hylozoists and Kosmoplastic philosophers attributed to her. But man as an instance of design differs widely from a plant as an instance of the same; here is the immediate contiguity of a decisive end—viz. man himself. Does not the great argument of Paley derive its real pungency from the reader having always, consciously or unconsciously, *man* in his mind in connexion with the machinery of Nature? In the description of the eye, he thinks of man, of himself, who sees. The complex operations are conducted to a satisfactory terminus, and he is penetrated with the proof of design, because he has, directly or indirectly, this pronounced end of design before him.

And here one thing may be noted. There appears to be an inexorable law, some deep necessity in Nature, which demands that a subtle and intricate animal machinery should always accompany the higher forms of animal life; so that that life cannot be produced without these complex mechanical means and conditions. We do not know the rationale of this law, or why such higher animal existence cannot be possessed without the adjunct of this elaboration and artifice; nor is it a law which keeps step with the ascent in the scale of life; it includes man, but does not coincide with man. Still why is it so? Our own consciousness of life is not in the least connected with the idea of mechanism or contrivance; we *feel* life, we think, we move, we are what we are, without the slightest inward thought of a subtle apparatus which is necessary for this result. Nay, we had a great deal rather—but that these were imperative conditions of being alive—be without all these details; so far from wanting to feel the manifold organisation by which we live, the more unconscious we are of it the better; anything that reminds us of its existence annoys us; we wish it away; *not* to know by sensation any part of this intricate machinery would be a happy, a truly paradisaal privilege; and there are, fortunately for some favoured sons of Nature, blissful states of health in the world, which almost attain this spiritual climax. Some men live till they are fifty without being the least aware by inward feeling that they have a heart, liver, or stomach, trachea, arteries, or nerves. Their physical perfection almost emulates an ethereal existence; so little experience have they of the struggle with matter, and the inward entanglements of a physical frame. A perfectly healthy child is thus almost in his feelings a spirit; he *sees* he has a body, but, beyond that fact, all is a volatile essential life, consisting of motion, joy, love, anger, exultation; effervescences of the vital spirits which might belong to aerial natures, and show no contact with a disquieting or depressing frame. As far as the conscious sensation of life is concerned, then, we  
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might have bodies as simple as crystals in their formation, or almost, we might say, no bodies at all. But, as a matter of fact, the complexer mechanism is the means to, and condition of, the higher animal life; and this law of Nature is accompanied by this valuable result—that we are surrounded on every side by *proofs* of design, which otherwise we should be without. The intricacy of our bodily structure is at once our trial and our lesson, both of which objects fit into each other, and harmonise with the purpose and end of life.

Now, then, to revert to the position which we have laid down with respect to the evidence of design, viz., that it is a construction which adheres to the *facts* of arrangement, system, and machinery in Nature, and comes out of those facts themselves. If we keep this fundamental point of view clearly in our minds, we have in it at once an answer to sundry objections to the Argument of Design.

Let us take first the objection of the unmeaning and incongruous insertions in Nature: its eccentricities, its superfluities, its abnormal appendages. This is in essence a Manichæan objection, but it has assumed lately a more scientific shape and been equipped with fresh weapons and a more exact bill of accusation by recent anatomical discovery. This has brought to light a number of what are called 'rudimental organs' in different animals: organs which never come out of a rudimental state, and are therefore without known purpose—alien interpolations in the structure, whether remaining in it or passing away from it.\* We need hardly refer to a well-known list of 'atrophied or aborted organs,' which Mr. Darwin gives as a sample, asserting the fact to be 'extremely common throughout Nature:' 'the rudimentary mammæ, very general in the males of mammals; the 'bastard wing' of birds, which 'may be safely considered to be a rudimental digit;' the rudimentary lobe of the lungs in snakes; the rudimentary pelvis and hind limbs in snakes; the teeth in foetal whales, 'which when grown up have not a tooth in their heads;' the teeth in the upper jaws of unborn calves, which never cut through the gums; the rudimentary teeth which can, it is stated by some, be detected in the beaks of certain embryonic birds; the reduced wings of many insects, lying soldered together under cases; the rudimentary wings in some beetles; the rudimentary pistils in plants.

Recent investigation into the embryonic stages of animal life

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\* 'A very strong case has been made out by Mr. Paget, in his Hunterian Lectures at the College of Surgeons, in favour of the rudimental development of organs being necessary to withdraw from the blood some element of nutrition, which, if retained in it, would be positively injurious, like a retained excretion.'—MS. Notes of a Physiologist in *Vestiges of Natural History of Creation*.

has enlarged the stock of anomalies in Nature. Mr. Lewes, after deciding that 'rudimentary organs are perhaps the strongest case against Final Causes,' carries the inquiry into this department :—

'What rational interpretation,' he asks '(on the hypothesis of a creative plan), can be given to the succession of phases each embryo is forced to pass through? He will observe that *none* of these phases have any adaptation to the future state of the animal, but are in positive contradiction to it, or are simply purposeless; many of them have no adaptation even to its embryonic state. What does the fact imply? There is not a single known organism which is not developed out of simpler forms. Before it can attain the complex structure which distinguishes it, there must be an evolution of forms, which distinguish the structures of organisms lower in the series. On the hypothesis of a plan which pre-arranged the organic world, nothing could be more unworthy of a Supreme Intelligence than this inability to construct an organism at once, without previously making several tentative efforts, undoing to-day what was so carefully done yesterday, and repeating for centuries the same tentatives, and the same corrections in the same succession. Do not let us blink this consideration. There is a traditional phrase which is in vogue among anthropomorphists—a phrase which has become a sort of argument—the Great Architect.' But if we are to admit the human point of view, a glance at the facts of embryology must produce very uncomfortable reflections. For what shall we say to an architect who was unable, or being able was obstinately unwilling, to erect a palace except by first using his materials in the shape of a hut, then pulling them down and re-building them as a cottage, then adding storey to storey and room to room, *not* with any reference to the ultimate purposes of a palace, but wholly with reference to the way in which houses were constructed in ancient times? Would there be a chorus of applause from the Institute of Architects, and "favourable notices in the newspapers" of this profound wisdom? Yet this is the sort of succession on which organisms are constructed. The fact has long been familiar; how has it been reconciled with Infinite wisdom?'

Mr. Lewes then objects to the existence of Design in Nature, upon the ground of certain irregularities in Nature: but if design adheres to the facts of adjustment, arrangement, machinery, and these facts are seen, what avails it to bring forward instances of *want* of adjustment, want of arrangement, defect of machinery in Nature; the affirmative facts decide here, not the negative. The question is, can you tear from those facts of arrangement which do exist, the construction that cleaves to them, and that is united to them by the laws of thought? If you cannot, design adheres to those facts, and no want of the same argument from *other* facts can cancel the conclusion from *those*. The discordances, the abortive insertions in Nature,  
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in a word, those parts of Nature which are *not* evidences of design, may fairly come in in a further stage of the argument, when we have to deal with the attributes or with the conditions of the Designer; but upon the primary question of the existence of design in Nature, such objections are, in the very nature of the case, inoperative. The positive evidence of design determines the conclusion; no negative facts can undo the effect of the positive; they have no contradictory function. No exceptional outbreak of the apparent undesigned, can disprove the result which is drawn from the apparently designed. Because, whatever may be the case with the other facts, these facts must be accounted for; and this is the only way of accounting for them.

Let, *e.g.*, Mr. Lewes describe as he will the subtle transitions of the embryonic stage of life—let him call them the corrections and retractations of Nature, alterations of her plan, successive adoptions at first of types which are afterwards cast aside—in what way can this enigmatical side of the introductory stage of life interfere with the plain evidence of contrivance in it, its adaptations and provisions for the support of the foetus during its sheltered growth, while it is gradually acquiring the proper figure and conformation of its species, and before it comes to its birth? That obvious economy of the embryonic state remains, the conduciveness of its arrangements to a particular end remains, and the success of these arrangements in birth of the offspring and continuation of the race remains.

But these mutations in the introduction to life are, we are told, traces of old laws, and vestiges of successive past landmarks in the formation of the species; as Nature raised the species from one step in the scale to another, she ought to have, at each successive new stage, obliterated the traces of the former one; and the circumstance of her not having done so shows that she does not proceed by design.

Now whether we do or do not adopt this hypothesis of Nature, and of the traces of former species, let us suppose it to be true;—to say that it disproves Design is a forced artificial inference, and shows a critic straining for an objection. How can we say that, a descent supposed, traces of that descent simply left in a stage in which they do no kind of injury, are in any sense mistakes? Why are they mistakes? They are mistakes on the supposition that all history is a mistake, but upon no other supposition that we know of. They are records of the past. Why should there not be such records? They simply accompany and do not interrupt the life-germ, which, as Professor Owen

Owen says, 'takes *ab initio* its own course to the full manifestation of its specific characters ; each step of development moving to that consummation as its end and aim.' Though, supposing we allowed that there were real incumbering superfluities remaining from an old apparatus, how could they undo and negative the fact of the visible machinery of the new one? Suppose we had before us some engine which had been improved by long progress, but retained in corners of its structure awkward remains of the old make, would that stand in the way of our seeing what the engine was, that it was an engine, and that it was constructed and contrived for a special purpose? Mr. Lewes says 'the embryo is not the adult in miniature,' as if it could signify what it was so long as it grew, and grew into the form into which it does grow. But Mr. Lewes looks upon the variations of outer form as indications of a want of fixed intention in Nature to produce the specific being which is ultimately produced. He speaks of her 'instability,' her 'blunderings,' her 'missings of the path,' her 'feeling her way,' her 'tentative acts and after corrections.' His charge grows as he reflects upon the perversity and dogged obstinacy of Nature in going on repeating this inconsistent process without cessation. She '*repeats*,' is his charge, 'the same tentatives and the same corrections *for centuries*.' It might occur to the objector that if Nature does commit an inconsistency in any part of her system, to withdraw it with a handsome apology after the first act, is not the conduct that we expect from Nature. With her to do a thing and to do it uniformly, is one and the same act ; and a mistake once is identical with a mistake always. But we wonder that Mr. Lewes should consider a record to be a mistake at all ; still more, that he should consider it a proof of instability of mind in Nature. We know no better proof of a fixed intention than a uniform result ; and even a mistake which is always made and always corrected is, however enigmatical a proceeding, as certain an indication of a fixed purpose, as the straightest of roads could be ; for the final law of correction shows to a certainty that Nature is in favour of what she retains, and against what she discards.

And even if the whole of the rudimentary stage of Nature was an enigma, how could that cancel the machinery of her mature work? Whatever the introductory period may be, Nature leaves it very soon behind her, and presents to us a magnificent and consistent structure. Regarded as knowledge, the more accurate an acquaintance with Nature is, and the more minute it is, the more admirable it is. And therefore if the embryo of the *Neritina Fluvialilis* has not a shell, while the *Neritina Fluvialilis*



has, that is an observation of true value. We accept it, we record it, we give the apparent aberration a place; and yet the great vital fabric of the Universe stands before us, not wholly eclipsed. Yet Mr. Lewes is overpowered and transfixed with astonishment that we *can* talk of an Architect of Nature when the tadpole of a land salamander has aquatic gills, and the embryo Nudibranch has a shell, which is rejected by the Nudibranch mature.

We do not object to notice being challenged to the enigmatical parts of Nature; what we only demand is that they should be introduced upon the proper question, and in the right stage of the argument. To bring them into the arena upon the primary question of the *existence* of design in Nature, is somewhat the same mistake as if a democratic lawyer were to bring forward the irregularities, the qualifications, the curious modifications of the royal supremacy, in order to urge them as objections, when the question before him was simply whether there was a King, and whether he had a supremacy. It is the same mistake as if a scholar were doggedly to fasten his mind upon some of the most subordinate of the side clauses of a constructed sentence, and insist upon disposing of them, before he had dealt with or settled or thought of the grammatical backbone of the sentence. The enigmatical parts of Nature may legitimately be brought into discussion, a design in Nature being assumed, upon the question of the attributes of the Designer, His Omniscience, Omnipotence, Perfect Goodness; but they are brought in prematurely and out of place when they are brought in upon the primary question of there being design in Nature. Mr. Lewes buries himself so in the anomalies and curious irregular corners of Nature, that he fails to grasp the great interpretation of Nature—the interpretation of her as a whole. Nature has what may be called her backbone construction, analogous to the grammatical backbone of a sentence, which may still contain a clause of ambiguous government. We meet many such a sentence in our best old writers; Mr. Lewes upon the strength of the ambiguous clause, reads the whole sentence as a parish boy, half way up the school, reads his part. We see the parish schoolboy making his slow interrupted passage through his apportioned sentence; he is an instance of a person who does not grasp the backbone of that structure with which he has to deal; and the results are gloomy; he has hardly advanced a step when there is a wavering; a small side clause receives him, and, we need not add, detains him; he tarries there, stays in it long and tentatively, carrying on a minor contest with the tougher syllables. He issues out of the inclosure with the main clue somewhat entangled: a few more  
painful

painful steps, and now the great beacon light of the nominative case is evidently vanishing; about half way, the earth yawns and fairly engulfs him; he has dropped into an abyss; he emerges again, but plainly all is lost, nominative, verb and everything; the low level monotone betrays the impartiality with which he treats all parts of speech, nouns, adjectives, verbs, and adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, and interjections; he passes through a succession of syllabical cavities, and he only sees the one in which he at the time is; no whole exists, and the sentence comes to an end like an addition sum. This is one instance of the loss of a backbone construction. But that which is the helpless failure of the parish schoolboy, is the systematic philosophy of Mr. Lewes, who construes Nature as the other construes a sentence. He immures himself in some of the petty clauses of Nature which are obscure, and will not see the great construction of Nature's sentence, which is plain. He incarcerates himself in the odd corners of Nature with rudimentary organs, with incipient lobes, with foetal teeth, with elementary digits, with aborted hind legs, with unfinished commencements of gills, and with shells that are bestowed without being promised, and that are promised without being bestowed; and he forgets that that which is enigmatical cannot cancel that which is perspicuous—the facts of organic structure and the visible machinery of life.

Let us not be misunderstood. We appreciate the mysteries of Nature; but we only say that we must not reject her light. Mr. Lewes is not only an explorer of physical secrets, he is a successful biographer, a man of the world, acquainted with life and society. Will he tell us in what possible way anything can be proved in history, in politics, or on any subject, unless we allow a discriminative faculty in the human understanding which can distinguish between objections which are difficulties and objections which are disproofs; which can not only see objections but estimate their proportion, and which can clear a substantial line of proof from amid minor opposition and protest. Was ever case carried into a court of justice in which, however strong the evidence was on one side, there was nothing to be said on the other? Is all the counter evidence which comes forth in our trials against even certain verdicts *mock* evidence? Is it a nonentity? No; some of it is real: that is to say, it possesses an opposing force more or less. How, then, is it overcome, and so completely overcome that nobody doubts the result? Because its proportion is estimated. It is seen that there is a main structure of proof, rising out of and amid the facts of the case, which dominates. This discriminating faculty is the cement which builds the whole fabric of knowledge and of truth. With

no condition of proportion to satisfy, any objection would prevent any proof; yet Mr. Lewes frees himself from this condition in his argument against the proof of design. His rule is not Sir Roger de Coverley's, that there is much to be said on both sides; but a rule much more diluent of all certainty, viz., that there is no proof in any case in which there is anything to be said on the other side. We may theorise on paper upon such a principle, but the application of it to practice would be the destruction of knowledge and the collapse of society.

The objection, then, of the superfluities, the incumbrances, and the irregularities of Nature is not relevant upon the question of the existence of design in Nature, but must be reserved for the question of the attributes of the Designer.\* Observe, however, upon what a vantage-ground such questions relating to His attributes are treated as soon as we have decided on the existence of the Being; because the existence of an Infinite Being becomes at once a valid reason for not pressing objections which are met by the answer of our ignorance. If we admit an Infinite Being, it need be no matter of surprise if we find that He does not work altogether after the type of a human artificer; if a world which comes out of mystery contains modes of procedure which we cannot account for. Manichæanism has thus, as a theory, perished. A God assumed, common sense has refused to see in such facts as these reasons for denying His power and goodness. Their inadequacy was plain upon such a standing-ground, and the belief in the attributes has been carried practically by the belief in the Being. Manichæanism is obsolete, and Atheism or Pantheism is modern unbelief.

And this brings us to another head of objections to design, viz., those drawn from the Infinity of the Deity. Design is a human conception, it is said: the essential offspring of a mode of thinking which belongs to a limited intelligence: we cannot attribute it to an Infinite Being. Mr. Lewes asks how we obtain our 'knowledge of the Divine mind—very enviable knowledge, but needing some guarantee for its genuineness.' This objection, then, comes out of the general Pantheistic arsenal, and only applies to design in common with all the moral attributes of an Infinite Being. Descartes, however, who was not a Pantheist, but demonstrated the existence of a God out of our innate ideas, still objected to the Argument of Design on the ground that we must know God before we can attribute design to Him.

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\* Hume does introduce the objection of the imperfections of the system of Nature in this place, upon the question of the attributes of the Author of the universe, not upon the question of the existence of an Author of the universe. See further no.

The force of this objection, then, lies in the overpowering vastness of the idea of infinity, which makes it inconceivable that this infinite world should go back to such a unity as a mental design. We cannot contemplate the life with which the universe teems, its countless types and structures, without at first sight a kind of despair that its *Cause* should be a personal Being. All seems to evaporate in immensity. Take even any of those great exhibitions which bring out and place before the eye of the spectator the inexhaustibleness of Nature, animal and vegetable,—that interminable labyrinth of variability which, like the Cretan, lets no one out again that has ever once got in. When he has seen hundreds of varieties of hundreds of species, which never, perhaps, challenged his eye before, what is his first sensation? It is, of course, that of wonder; but there is something which enters in with wonder, and is not so pleasant: it is perplexity. Is it more than perplexity? Yes; it is dejection. A disturber has crept into our home; there is an ominous stir as if upon an unwelcome arrival; some alien thought has come into collision with the mind's faith—the thought of an impersonal life of the universe. Can the Being that coincides with this boundless life be personal? Is there a congruity between the truth of fact and the truth of religion? The idea of personality is strong in the home of our own hearts; but let us be brought face to face with the infinity of Nature in one of these astonishing and vivid spectacles of her multiplicity, and for a moment it totters. The vastness, the boundlessness of Nature is not only an overwhelming thought, a prostrating thought: it is a benumbing thought. Infinity is a cold idea, thus forced upon us; and there is a refrigeration of the mind as the notion of a paternal Being gives place to pure immensity.

And this momentary effect from a great spectacle is only an anticipation of the great power of the idea when systematically cherished. The idea of infinity combines two great and startling opposites, viz., that of being the most religious, and that of being the most sceptical, idea of the human mind. On the one hand, it is the foundation of all that is transcendental and aspiring in human prospects; on the other hand, it is the destruction of it all. It has been the favourite idea of religious minds on the one side. One religious philosopher, especially, who lifts up the curtain and discloses the realms of metaphysics in all their solemnity and grandeur, has pursued the idea with an insatiable affection and longing. Pascal is supreme master of those domains of mystical logic in which the conclusions, not of a venturesome faith, but of a pure reason, are more eccentric and abnormal than the most extravagant creations of romance and the

the oddest misconceptions of a dream—a universe which is not a whole, number which is neither odd nor even, and time which never began. The prodigious speculative births, the sphynxes and chimæras of reason that rise up in his world of thought, and haunt, like the awful shapes of classical legend, the boundless solitudes over which the mind of Pascal ranges, prove the overpowering sense of infinity which pervaded his mind. The strength of the idea in him made it fructify and multiply into this ghostly imagery, this brood of logical apparitions. The idea even of *material* infinity fascinated him—the idea of simple sidereal space, because it bordered on the supernatural, and converted even this world of fact into such an incomprehensible problem. The vivid conceptions of immensity which his metaphysical imagination raised, inspired him with an ever-fresh amazement, awe, and dread. In the region of the idea he felt himself on the threshold of a higher world; and the spiral coils of the great enigma, though they ascended endlessly, still pointed up to heaven.

But identified with faith in one mind, the idea of infinity becomes the very antagonist of faith in another. It is now an infidel idea. It is the great undoer, the great reverser, of all the religious verdicts of reason; they are dissolved as soon as they enter this strong diluent. The attributes of the Deity melt in the crucible of this idea; it has the power of converting everything it touches into nothing; eternity and immortality into nothing, *i. e.*, God himself into nothing. All these become human conceptions, which the touchstone of infinity has detected. The forward current in us which goes all toward a personal deity, retires before this great reactionary tide, which carries the whole mind back again into vacuity. Infinity thus becomes Nature's great retractation, her great revocation, her great recantation; whereby she gives up all she once held, withdraws it, and owns herself mistaken and deceived. It is the great destructive idea, the loosener of all that was once fixed. There is a passion for destruction in the mind of man, as strong as that of constructing, which delights in clearances of all kinds, and wherever it goes empties space; even the imagination enlists itself on this side, and makes a poetry of demolition. Infinity which makes a clean sweep of all creeds is thus the creed of the Pantheistic poet, and often of the imaginative man of science.

But if we keep clear in our minds the position that design is a construction which *adheres to the facts*, we can deal sufficiently with this objection of Infinity. If by the constitution of our minds we are compelled to construe actual machinery which effects an end as designed for that end, that compulsion

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is our justification. No insoluble question outside of this act of construction can interfere with or invalidate this act itself. If Descartes then or any one else objects to us that we must know the Divine mind before we can affix design to Nature, we reply, it is falsely put; we need not know God in order to put a construction upon facts; we can put a construction upon facts, if we have the facts. We have nothing to do with the speculative point at the other end of this question; we argue from *this* end of it,—from the facts of contrivance; design is tied to those facts and cannot be divorced from them. If we cannot argue indeed *up* to a God till we can argue *down* from Him, if we cannot interpret any signs that point to Him till we know they come from Him, then certainly the evidences of a God from Nature are impossible until they are useless; and there is no such argument as the Argument of Design. But this is not the state of the case. You mistake our argument; we assume no knowledge of the Divine designing mind; we only argue from facts *towards* one. Whatever be the mystery which lies on the other side of the ocean of infinity, it is consistent with these facts, and with the constitution of our own minds, which obliges this construction of them.

If, indeed, infinity is logically inconsistent with design, we come to a contradiction in Nature; a contradiction between the constitution of our minds which affixes design to Nature, and infinity which withdraws it. But where is the logical contradiction between design and an infinite quantity of design? In affirming human predicates of God, says Mr. Mill, we affirm the same that we do of man, only infinitely ‘greater in degree.’

The analogy of human contrivance certainly deserts us in its application to Divine, at one stage. In the use of any human structure, a watch, *e. g.*, we know that the contrivance is traceable to a definite point in some artificer’s head; all the constructive power converges to that local spot, and we trace the whole course of design consecutively from its goal to its starting point. But when we come to a contrivance of Nature, we have a piece of mechanism as compact indeed as a watch, but where is the designer? We look around, and see only universal space, and the site of design instead of contracting to a point in the known mechanic’s brain, expands into Immensity. The elaborate definiteness of an apparatus of Nature contrasts strangely with the infinity from which alone it can come. There is something indeed in this contrivance without a contriver in Nature, in the high artificiality of physical mechanism, joined with the utter absence of the visible mechanist, which recalls the effects of a certain department of mystery in works of fiction. All motion  
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without an apparent agent has a singular power of startling; if a door trembles, if a curtain rustles, we turn quick round, and have a momentary sensation of that which appears to be innate in us, the fear of what is *not* seen. The supernatural story avails itself of these native impulses of the mind, and introduces unexplained motions, sounds, and sights. The effect of Nature, as a great structure, and a great motion going on before us, corresponds to this; it is the mysterious house without a builder; a vast, a perpetual, and a most significant movement without a mover. But though the infinity of the designing mind makes an undoubted difference, it is not such a difference as destroys design. Why should I think that mind ceases to be itself because it is infinite? If I think so, I think so because imagination transports me; I judge like a man under agitation and terror, who supposes that whatever makes a difference, reverses the whole. I am seized with a blind alarm as to the effects of infinity upon the Supreme Being; as if He could be wholly changed from a moral and intellectual being by it. I attribute to this idea an irrational power of transmutation, as I would to some spell of magic. This is not reason, but fancy; not philosophy, but alarmist speculation. Nature gives us a clue to her own Authorship; and the direction of that clue is plain and evident, though its terminus is infinity.

It is remarkable that the Argument of Design was accepted by Hume, whose admission of it, taken in connexion with his scepticism, deserves one or two remarks. Mr. Huxley has lately appealed to this great philosopher as the annihilator of all 'isms.' There was, however, one 'ism' which Hume strongly supported by argument, viz., Theism:

'The whole frame of Nature bespeaks an intelligent author; and no rational inquirer can, after serious reflection, suspend his belief a moment with regard to the primary principles of genuine Theism and Religion.'—*Natural History of Religion*.

Hume's defence of Theism was a defence, indeed, with sinister limits and conditions, which remove it from the head of properly religious arguments. He was profoundly sceptical with respect to the attributes of the Deity, as taught by natural religion; he professed himself unable to reconcile the facts of the world with Infinite Power and Goodness, and as therefore disposed on his own part to accept a more moderate conception of a God. He rejected with scorn the appeal to the solution which another world was to give of the difficulties of this, which he designated 'as building in air, and establishing one hypothesis upon another.'\*

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\* 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion,' Part X.

He did not assign God any worship other than the knowledge of Him, quoting the saying of Seneca—to know God is to worship Him; but all these irreligious qualifications of the truth still leave Hume maintaining a residuum of Theism, and in Theism of immaterial intelligent Being.

Doubt in Hume did not supersede a strong though hard and narrow common sense, which enabled him when he liked to control the excesses of a speculative imagination and subject it to practical reason, as he understood reason's verdict. He soars in the 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion' into the empyrean of scepticism, where infinity destroys all parallel between universal contrivance and finite, and where order even in the Divine ideas is no more an ultimate account of Nature than the order of matter itself is; but when he comes to decide, he recalls imagination from its flight to embrace a plain truth. 'The whole chorus of Nature raises one hymn to the praise of its Creator. You alone, or almost alone, disturb this general harmony. You start abstruse doubts, cavils, and objections; you ask me what is the cause of this cause. I know not, I care not; that concerns not me. I have found a Deity; and here I stop my enquiry. Let them go farther who are wiser or more enterprising.\*

We now come to the *verata quæstio* of physical versus final causes. Bacon, as is well known, had to deal with a set of philosophers who, when a fact of Nature was placed before them, refused to recognize the physical cause of that fact as a subject of enquiry, upon the ground that the final cause was enough; that the fact in question answered a useful purpose, and was inserted in Nature by God *for* this purpose. The final cause of the eyebrows, that they might protect the eye from the descending moisture of the forehead; the final cause of the bones, that they might carry the flesh; the final cause of the leaves of trees, that they might give shelter from the sun; the final cause of the earth's soil, that vegetables might grow in it; the final cause of stone, that houses might be built with it; the final cause of iron, copper, and the different metals, that different implements or different ornaments might be made out of them;—these respective purposes and uses of these respective natural materials were the sole account to be given of the existence of these materials in the idea of the scholastic naturalists; and chemical, physiological, geological, and all scientific discovery was thus stopped at the fountain head; every production of Nature being regarded as an immediate creation of God to answer a particular purpose. The maxim, then, which Bacon

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\* 'Dialogues,' Part IV.



applied to the separate items of Nature was applied by the French philosophers to the mechanism and system of Nature; and because he insisted on a physical cause for the physical facts singly and separately, they quoted him as their authority for attributing only a physical cause to the *collocation* of those facts—their concurrence and adjustment in the organic structures of Nature; and upon the strength of this application of his maxim discarded final causes altogether; whereas, it is the very difference between the separate facts of Nature, and those facts in agreement and concurrence, which constitutes the evidence of final causes. A physical cause can be assigned to every single material of which a house is built—every stone, every beam, the iron, the lead, the glass, the tiles, the plaster; but the separate items are one thing, the agreement and coincidence of these in a fabric is another; and the distinction which is true of a human building, Bacon fully acknowledged with respect to the edifice of Nature.\* Those brilliant naturalists, indeed, who penetrated with such acuteness and subtlety the labyrinths of Nature, while they dissect and methodise physical material with the intuition of genius, show at the same time, as soon as ever they get on the other side of the border of their own department, an absence of rigid training in the school of reasoning. Had they been as close logicians as they were keen investigators, they must have seen that physical causes as being only the physical antecedents of particular facts, can only explain the particular facts of which they are the antecedents; that they can perform no other function as reasons, and that it does not belong to them to account for facts as contemplated in their corporate arrangement, in their concurrence in one physical apparatus and system. Physical causes are, indeed, so far from accounting for arrangement in Nature, that they are evidently in themselves common to arrangement and disorder. Were the world a tumultuous and tempestuous chaos, every single component motion of that multitudinous discordant agitation would still have its physical cause in some immediate antecedent. But this crowd of physical forces would want what they have in the existing system of Nature, disposition and arrangement. It is evident that what is common to order and disorder cannot account for order. The physical causes are the same in a steam-engine and a volcano, in waterworks and a deluge, in the ventilation of a room and in a tempest. An excrescence, a wart,

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\* Dr. Acland draws the distinction in his Harveian Oration—a paper equally distinguished by philosophical candour and discrimination—‘We may, therefore, discard the use of Final Causes in Science, and yet not necessarily infer, as Comte did, the absence of providential government.

a mole, a humpback, has as accurate a train of physical causes as a regular limb. But they work differently in the two cases, and the difference in the working cannot be accounted for by an order of causes which in both cases is the same.

So much for the appeal to Bacon as an authority for physical in opposition to final causes. Upon this great question, then, we have first to defend against the Encyclopædist even the *primâ facie* verdict of facts for Design. We say the *primâ facie* of verdict of facts is at any rate for design: he does not admit it. We never saw any argumentative formulas of the Encyclopædists against design in Nature, which did not substantially amount to this, viz. to saying, Shut your eyes to design, and you will not see it. The philosophy involved in this dictum is exactly the same as that which we have in theirs, and it has the advantage of being more plainly expressed. Take their cardinal formula—‘Conditions of Existence’\*—that the structure of the body is not intended *for* life, but that life follows *from* it, and would not exist *without* it: i.e., that the bodily structure is the condition of existence, and no more. The ingenuity and plausibility, then, of this formula is wholly obtained by an omission, and by the audacity with which that omission is made; by the circumstance that it fastens the mind upon *sequence*, and thrusts aside and ignores the natural, the unavoidable aspect of *provision*. In every system or compages of forces which issues in some particular result, any one of the forces of which the whole is composed is the *condition* of the production of that result. In chemical combination each separate item is the condition of the whole. One pipe or one artery within the body, one single ingredient in the air outside of it, is the condition of existence. But it is evident that an apparatus, as one harmonious whole, stands in a different relation toward the result which it produces, from that of one or other single item of it; and that the relation of *sine quâ non*, though included in, is not the complete and adequate expression of, that aspect of the machinery as a whole. That whole is naturally regarded by the mind not only in this light, viz., that something follows from it, but also in another light, viz., that it is constructed *for* something. We see a concurrent action towards, as well as a sequence from; we see more than conditions of existence, we see a provision for existence. The end does not simply come after the means, but the means intend the end. But the

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\* ‘Les causes finales ne sont, en dépit de leur nom, que les effets évidens, ou les *conditions mêmes de l’existence* de chaque objet.’—‘Revue Encyclopédique,’ vol. v. p. 231. ‘Cuvier seems to have adopted the term in a sense *not* opposed to final causes.’—‘Owen’s Comparative Anatomy,’ vol. iii. p. 787.

formula—‘Conditions of Existence’—will only recognise a consequence; only see the retrospective view, not the prospective. It only sees in sentient life the upshot of the bodily combinations, and discards the aspect of it as the end and scope of them. The formula, therefore, attains its purpose by omission. Look only at a sequence, and you will only see a sequence.

Geoffroy St. Hilaire, who carried the art of shutting the eyes to a high point of philosophical perfection, applied a scientific culture to this act of the mind. The point of view which he constructed for the purpose of exactly cutting off the approach of the proposition of common sense, reminds one of some skilful piece of military engineering, which projects the angle of a bastion in the direction which cuts off the assault from one threatening quarter in the country around; and is a curious specimen of the dogged perversity of a man of genius when he does not like one direction in which things are going, and opposes to obtrusive evidence the science of *not* seeing. ‘Voir les fonctions d’abord, puis après les instrumens qui les produisent, c’est renverser l’ordre des idées. Pour un naturaliste qui conclut d’après les faits, chaque être est sorti des mains du Créateur, avec de propres conditions matérielles: il peut, selon qu’il lui est attribué de pouvoir: il emploie ses organes selon leur capacité d’action.’\* It is a misstatement, then, to say that the advocates of design look at functions first, and at the instruments for the functions afterwards; what they do is to look at both together, and argue from their concurrence. But this, looking at them both, and looking at them in concurrence, is what St. Hilaire prohibits; it is not our seeing one before the other, but seeing the two in relation, which constitutes our offence. He will not allow the instrument to be looked at as agreeing with the work, but only at the work as necessarily coming out of the instrument. That is his point of view. Looking at the case, then, in this accurately limited point of view, design is undoubtedly excluded. Granted the construction of the instrument, the employment of it or the function does not flow from the construction by design,

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\* *Principes de Philosophie Zoologique*, p. 66.—His illustration against design is—‘A raisonner de la sorte, vous diriez d’un homme qui fait usage de béquilles, qu’il était originairement destiné au malheur d’avoir l’une de ses jambes paralysée ou amputée.’ It is, however, a most gratuitous transposition of the final cause, to fit the man to the crutch, instead of what is much more obvious, the crutch to the man. We cannot but add, with reference to the defect of logical training which these great scientific investigators sometimes show, that it is singular that Cuvier and St. Hilaire should dispute over two hundred pages upon the identity of organs, *e. g.*, whether the fore-hoof of an ox is exactly the ‘same organ’ with the wing of a bat, without it occurring to either of them to ask, whether they were using ‘identity’ in the same sense or using it in different senses and different respects.

but by necessity. The instrument works, and works according to its make, and according to its component parts. How can it work otherwise? The function is the only action of which the instrument is capable, and therefore is an unavoidable derivation for the instrument. But though, this point of view granted, design is excluded, what right has St. Hilaire to impose this point of view? On what ground does he assert that the instrument works according to its construction, and that *that is all*? We say there is something besides the instrument working according to its construction, viz., that the instrument is constructed for its work; we assert this on the ground of the plain agreement and coincidence of the two. St. Hilaire says, you have no right to see coincidence and correspondence; you have only the right to see the work proceeding from the instrument, you have no right to see the adaptation of the instrument for the work; you are at liberty to perceive the motion derived from the oars and sails, you are forbidden to discern the aptitudes of the oars and sails to produce the motion of the boat. But if there are two relations to be seen, why should we only see one of them?

Some turn round a corner in order that they may not see the evidence of that which they do not care to admit; the Encyclopædist looks it full in the face, and gives it the cut direct. There is in the whole history of philosophy no rougher and more violent despatch of great questions to be found, than the Encyclopædist's method of dealing with design. There is a piece of the Chinese puzzle that will project beyond the figure: abscission is his remedy. There is something in Nature which is not included in his physical plan, and he cuts it off as a workman would cut off an angle of a mass of rough stone that he had to fit into a place. Of two aspects of Nature he simply expunges one. The prospective look of Nature, the aim in her, is set aside as a fictitious idea of the human mind, obtained by a false reflexion of the result, and the transposition of effect and cause; according to the explanation of Lucretius:—

‘ Illud in his rebus vitium vehementer, et istum  
Effugere errorem, vitareque præmeditator,  
Lumina ne facias Oculorum clara creata,  
Prospicere ut possimus; . . . .  
Nil adeo quoniam natum'st in corpore, ut uti  
Possemus, sed quod natum'st, id procreat usum.’

But now—and this is the next step in this *verata quæstio*—if it is once admitted that design is the *primâ facie* interpretation of Nature, that *facts* bear the impress of design; this  
verdict

verdict of facts can never be subsequently reversed by causes. Upon the great question of design in Nature facts are masters of the position; the actualities of machinery are what must rule the decision. Take any part of the human body where there is a group or system of matter-of-fact functions, *e. g.*, about the eye, where there is the eye itself with its component humours, coats, membranes, muscles, fibres, lubricating fluid, socket, bed of the socket, retina, pigment, the eyelashes, eyelids, eyebrows;—suppose there is a physical cause for every one of these facts, or that each of these facts could be traced farther back to some fact anterior to it: the eyebrows, *e. g.*, to the texture of the flesh upon which they grew, the eyelashes in the same way to their membranous basis, the eyelids to the extension of the skin of the forehead; if even the humours of the eye itself, the muscles, the fibres, could be traced all to some further facts of tissue or fluid—we should still have the *collocation* of these further facts to account for. It is the collocation which is evidence of design in the original facts; but the same collocation meets us in the physical antecedents. And however much farther back we could trace definitely the physical causes, we should have the same collocation to account for. The primary patent facts are represented in the successive stages backward by a corresponding group or system of physical antecedents; and the last traceable physical antecedents can no more explain their own collocation than the original facts could. The resort to design, therefore, if it is necessary in the case of the first facts, is equally necessary at every step of the retrogression; the claim of reason is only pushed further back, and that which had to be explained in the facts has to be explained in the causes. There is co-existence, there is coincidence, there is concurrence to be accounted for at the very close and vanishing point of physical analysis, just as much as there was upon the threshold of the simple phenomenon.

But when we say that the search for physical causes can only push the collocation we see in Nature further back, the reply is that we do not take into account the simplification which physical analysis accomplishes; that the further back it penetrates the greater unity it discovers in Nature, and that in proportion as it discovers physical causes it also reduces or resolves them, till at length it brings us to a unit—to a cause in which there is no collocation because there is no plurality. It is of course true, then, that in pursuing the chain of physical causation we come at last to causes which lie entirely beyond the cognizance of our senses, and in which the powers and the forces by which the mature structure in which they issue is produced

produced, are wholly hidden from us. But then, it must be remembered, if we do not see the cause, if we do not see anything at all, we do not see a unit; this professed simplification of causes or reduction of them to a unit is not proved, and does not appear; and therefore the argument rests exactly on the basis on which it rested before this simplification was attempted or pretended; there is the original fact of collocation, and design cleaves to that fact. When we come to such causes as these, we can only argue as to what they contain from what they produce; and we must, as the only course left to us, conclude that, if the result which they produce is a fabric or a machine, there are, however subtle and latent, methodical forces in them which correspond to such a methodical effect. So far as we can trace Nature visibly there is arrangement; if we come to a point where we can trace her no further, we then see the cause simply as represented in the result, and therefore as in turn reflecting the harmony and system of that result. The elementary leaf-organ, we are told, 'expands into a leaf upon the stem, contracts to make the calyx, expands again to make the petal, to contract once more into sexual organs, and expand for the last time into fruit.'\* Be it so; but this elementary leaf-organ must be a cause adequate to produce this manifold system of the flower and fruit which actually comes out of it. Is it then a sensible thing which can be depicted and its composition brought to light? In that case it must show some arrangement and method in its composition, whereby it is enabled to produce what it does. It must exhibit the system of the flower in tendency, in seed. Is it an invisible first element of vegetable life? We must then reason on what it is and contains, from what it produces; and if a systematic production is the result, infer systematic forces in the cause. The phenomenal actualities of the plant, then, are masters of the position. We do not see the concurrent forces in any ordinary seed, but we collect them from the structure of the mature plant.

The Argument of Design is completed, indeed, within the sphere of tangible Nature; its validity is, therefore, not affected by any pursuit of Nature into the intangible: arrangement on the visible side indicates design on the invisible; and there we stop. You say this ultimate invisible cause is a unit, but within the sphere of intangible physics this unit has just as much right to be considered a coalition of a thousand causes as one. When we get to the ultimate forces of Nature we get to something which is so absolutely spiritual, that we cannot impose

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\* *Lewes's 'Life of Goethe,'* vol. ii. p. 145.



material conditions on it. Can anything be conceived more absolutely immaterial than the primary forces in a grain of wheat? Are heaven or hell, angel or archangel, all the hierarchy of the Empyrean, all the Powers of light or of darkness, more invisible than the productive powers of an acorn? If ten thousand angels, then, according to the scholastic saying, could dance upon the point of a needle, a system of ten thousand invisible physical causes could act in an invisible physical unit.

If we pass from unity of root to unity of plan of Nature—to the theory of unity of composition, according to which the structures of the several species are not separate plans, but all developments, according to circumstances, of one—this distinction is of no relevance as regards the question of design. It can only in the nature of the case affect the number of plans, not the argument from plan. With reference to this argument, one universal plan, which embraces all special plans, is an exact equivalent to all the special plans it embraces; and it matters not whether all specific organs are homologous and radically correspond or not with each other, so long as each shows arrangement in its relation to its own proper frame. St. Hilaire did not reject design because he started the theory of unity of plan, but because he rejected *in limine* the argument for plan. Professor Owen maintains the same unity of plan, and infers from it design.

Upon the question of design, then, in Nature, facts are masters of the position; results, those arrangements which meet the eye, are the tests. Causes cannot reverse the argument from facts; they are either sensible causes and correspond to the facts, or invisible ones and reflect them. The argument is thus independent of all theories of elementary formation—Evolution,\* Epigenesis, Nomogeny, Thaumato-geny—because facts hold the key, and they are the same, however rudimental theories may conflict. Design once seated in Nature by facts, can thus never be unseated; once in, it can never be out again. If the argument of design is a bad one, as drawn from phenomena, let it be dismissed; but if good from them, it is good for ever.

We come now to some great hypotheses of the origin of the existing system of Nature, constructed by philosophical naturalists, and we find that these theories require, for simply being started and set going, some principle of design in Nature. Take Lamarck's theory that the animal organs are developed by circumstances—new circumstances creating new needs—new needs

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\* Upon the theory of Pangenesis, indeed, according to which the whole body reproduces itself, all the component parts of the reproduced body exist ticketed and numbered from the very commencement; and their destination is as marked at the fountain head as it is at the result.

new instinctive efforts to satisfy them, and these new efforts new bodily adaptations: that some short-necked bird, by trying to catch fish without wetting itself, converted itself into a heron; that some land-bird, urged to the water by want of food, in its efforts to swim, extended, by repeated separation of the toes, the connecting skin at their roots, and changed itself into a duck. The physiological law, then, that use and exercise strengthen and expand an organ, while disease atrophies it, was the foundation of this theory; the instinct by moving the animal to the exertion of the organ, called this law into operation, and the physical need excited the instinct. The theory, then, at its foundation assumes the existence of organs—of something antecedent to this law of use and exercise to which this law is applied—something which, by the very hypothesis, has the innate capacity of being developed harmoniously and serviceably. A rudimental plan, therefore, pre-exists, which the Lamarckian law causes to develop in concurrence with the variety in the outward constitution in Nature. And the instinctive efforts of the animal are determined in every stage by a pre-existing structure, and only act at the openings and in the channels laid down for them in that structure.

But of the position which we have laid down, viz., that if the facts of Nature are admitted *primâ facie* to show design, no subsequent physical explanation can undo the original verdict of the facts, the Theory of Natural Selection will furnish the most remarkable instance. It is not Mr. Darwin's storehouse of facts chiefly, enormous as that is; it is his searching and elaborate power of reasoning which he applies to these facts, which constitutes his greatness as a naturalist. Mr. Grove is a great physical mathematician; Mr. Darwin is a great probable reasoner—in details. His accumulative arguments might be studied indeed with advantage, simply as specimens. But while he applies this power so strikingly to details, his great conclusion fails remarkably upon this very head. One of his most recent antagonists\* is, 'A Graduate of the University of Cambridge,' whose criticism of the theory displays much acute reasoning as well as command of language; though he must allow us to say that his argument would have gained much by compression. We have only to do, however, with Mr. Darwin's theory with reference to the special purpose before us. For this purpose we need not

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\* Professor Phillips, in his inaugural address to the British Association in 1865, adopts an attitude of suspense. He asks 'what range of variation is indicated' by some classes of facts which he mentions; and adds, 'Specific questions of this kind must be answered before the general proposition that the forms of life are indefinitely variable with time and circumstance can be even examined by the light of adequate evidence.'



say that we do or do not adopt the theory of the Transmutation of Species. Let us assume it to be true; it cannot be worked without a principle of design. And first, what is the place which natural selection has in it? Does it do everything? If it does, then the theory is as a theory complete without the principle of design. But if natural selection, according as Mr. Darwin himself defines its functions, does not do everything, but leaves a void and chasm in the theory which must be filled up by some other principle, what is this other principle, when we come to examine it, but design?

We know Mr. Darwin's own account of natural selection; and from this very account it follows that natural selection is not an agent at all, but a result. It is the effect which proceeds from a favourable modification, or development of structure in one animal in the struggle for existence with another animal not thus additionally endowed, viz., his survivorship and continuance on the field while the other perishes. There is an unknown reservoir and spring of productiveness in Nature; and some improvement or augmentation is supposed to have come out of it, and some animal to have been the recipient of it; this is the *productive* agency in the case. This productive agency having operated then, there is a result, in the particular condition of scarcity of food under which animal life labours, which proceeds from it, which result is the preservation of one animal and the death of another, or natural selection. Natural selection, then, is not an agent, but a result; and it is moreover only a negative or privative result. The favoured party in this struggle, the party that lives, would have lived all the same had there been no struggle for existence, and no natural selection; and he does not owe his existence and continuance to natural selection, he only owes his *sole* existence to it, as distinguished from the fate of a rival who perishes. The difference, therefore, which natural selection makes is not that one of these animals is preserved, but that the other is destroyed, and that is the one sole result in natural selection. Had the supply of food in the world been infinite and inexhaustible, both of these animals would have lived; for both would have had enough to live upon; but the supply being limited, one of them dies. Natural selection, then, has nothing to do with the creation of any favourable addition to Nature; it is only the removal of those who do not possess the addition. They perish, and the scene of creation thus becomes a very different one from what it would have been had there been no natural selection. Could we suppose an innumerable and inexhaustible supply of nutriment in the world, and consequently no struggle for existence, the area of Nature would have been a crowded

crowded field of irregular as well as regular forms of animal life; all those wide interstices which now separate species from species would have been filled up, and the earth would have teemed with a chaotic rabble of animal structures, lower forms and higher, perfect species and imperfect; the ascents of Nature being almost merged and lost in the gradational multitude; all would have survived, because there was food for all. Natural selection clears this ground, interposes intervals, and arranges Nature into groups and masses. But it does this work not as an agent, but only as an effect—the destructive effect of the scarcity of food. Without the struggle for existence regular forms would not have monopolised the ground; Nature would not have been seen upon the unencumbered pedestal upon which she is now, or presented her present structural appearance. But natural selection only weeds, and does not plant; it is the drain of Nature carrying off the irregularities, the monstrosities, the abortions; it comes in after and upon the active developments of Nature to prune and thin them; but it does not create a species; it does not possess one productive or generative function.\*

Natural selection figures in language, indeed, as an active and creative power. It 'effects improvement;' it 'checks deviations;' it 'develops structure;' it has 'accumulative action;' it 'works silently and insensibly wherever opportunity offers;' it has made, indeed, every organ and limb of every existing animal. The species are its workmanship; they come out of the hands of this great artificer, who is described as fashioning the clay of life. Natural selection is not only an agent even, it is a designing agent; it 'acts for the good of each creature;' it is 'always trying to economise;' it has always an object before it, and acts with an aim. But all this is only the phraseology of metaphor, summing up and condensing consequences under the figure and impersonation of a cause. We meet an effect under the form of a cause, as we meet our own figure in a shop mirror in the street, departing from the very place at which we are going to arrive. Upon this very account natural selection designs perfectly, because it is, in fact, itself the successful result; it always hits,

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\* Professor Owen justly calls attention to the distinction between his own suggestion in the volumes of Transactions of the Zoological Society, 1850, of (to anticipate terms) Natural Selection as the 'cause of *extinction* of species,' and Mr. Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, 'which he applies not only to the extinction, but also to the *origin* of species.' Professor Owen's statement in 1850 was that one cause of extinction 'was the contest which each species had to maintain against the surrounding agencies which might militate against its existence.' This, though no adoption—as understood by some Reviewers recently who spoke in ignorance of the date of this statement—of the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection, is a curious anticipation of Natural Selection in that which appears to us its only true function.—*Comparative Anatomy*, vol. iii. p. 798.

because the aim is, in truth, the mark; its intention is only metamorphosed fact. We have to carry on this interpretation of the action and design of natural selection as we read Mr. Darwin; and though we by no means grudge him the liberty of metaphor, we are sometimes conscious of an exegetical task in extracting the real fact out of the language of figure. Natural selection is superior to human selection. What does this mean? That one is a better exercise of choice than the other? No; it means that whereas human selection is choice, trial, and experiment, and may therefore fail, natural selection is secure because it is the favourable result to begin with. In human selection the choice aims at the event; in natural selection the event makes the choice. Natural selection endows the woodpecker with its instrument—‘a striking instance of adaptation’—i. e., it does not give *one* woodpecker its instrument; it has nothing to do with that; it only kills off another woodpecker who has not got it. Natural selection forms the flying squirrel with its parachute; i. e., it makes away with another squirrel who has not got a parachute, and is at a disadvantage in the locality. Natural selection has ‘reduced the wings’ of some species of beetles in Madeira. That means that those species which *had* reduced or shortened wings were naturally selected or survived, whereas others with full wings, by reason of this very completeness of them, perished, because they flew, and flying, they flew over the sea, and, flying over the sea, got carried away by winds, and could not get back again to land. We have thus to commute the language of natural selection as fast as we receive it, to drive metaphorically forward and really backward at the same time, and at every moment to transpose, by an understanding and arrangement with ourselves, the cart before the horse, into the natural order of the horse first.

If natural selection, then, has nothing to do with the production of favourable variations, but only adopts them when they arise; in the absence of any principle or law to dictate or direct in any way the course of such variations, nothing of which kind is as yet supplied to us; whence does Mr. Darwin get that succession of favourable variations which is necessary for the ultimate formation of a regular and highly organised species? It is obvious that not one or two which chance might give him are enough for this purpose, but that a succession is wanted, and a long succession. The gradual development of an organ or limb implies in the very process a gradual succession of slight advances in its structure, each taking up the work at the point at which the other left off, each fitting in to the different respective stage of the developing organ or limb which preceded.

preceded. This has to be accounted for; more than this, a continuous development in several organs, and several limbs, all expanding in harmony, and growing into a composite and perfect animal whole, has to be accounted for. Natural selection is no account of it, because this assumes the variations, and does not make them. What does account for it?

Now we will take Mr. Darwin as he is popularly understood, and according to this general interpretation of him, we understand him to account for this succession by two agencies—Chance Variation and Time. A rudimentary animal gets, by simply waiting, all the successive additions from this great fund of Nature which it wants for a high organisation. No principle of order or guidance in the efflux from this latent reservoir is needed; there comes out an infinite quantity of augmentations and modifications from it; and among the rest the fitting ones. Why should not they come as well as the rest? They will come, though at the intervals of thousands, of hundreds of thousands, of millions of years. Only let us command an infinity of time, and the proper modification which meets a given stage of development will arrive; and upon the same terms the next will, and the next, till a high species is completed. There is only wanted in addition the preliminary condition that the animal should continue long enough upon the ground to reap the advantage of these successive favours from Nature, and incomings from the stock of variability; and this natural selection provides for. Because each successive favourable variation gives him the advantage in the struggle for existence with his unfavoured rival. He therefore survives, and a complete physical development accumulates and descends by a law of tontine upon the surviving party.

We must observe, then, that such an explanation of species by chance variability is an explanation which violates moral possibility. We do not see how chance, however long a time it had to work in, could possibly account for this succession of steps in Nature, all fitting in with preceding steps; this train of developments of, and additions to, a rudimental organic stock, all respectively joining on to the last one, and at length collectively forming an harmonious whole. Undoubtedly chance variability will give you in an infinity of time certain given variations, but in what character do these variations come? Do they come as fixed and permanent modifications of the structure upon which they light, as the stable and settled acquisitions of a lasting formation? No, they come as passing stages in a perpetual fluctuation of organic form, as vanishing lines in an unceasing tide of change.

change. They come, but they do not stay; they are off again, and others come in their place;—for we must keep faithfully to the hypothesis of a real infinite chance variation as the law of nature. If amid this crowd of changing forms of life, in this ocean of fluctuation and metamorphosis, some structural points stand permanently out as insulations in the scene; if these have a correspondence with each other, and form an harmonious animal fabric; if those arrivals, we say, which are fixed also cohere and agree;—this is not included within the hypothesis, and must be accounted for in some other way. The chances then that you get by the mere infinity of variation, do not construct a species. You only regard your infinite variability on one side, viz., as furnishing your required chance; you do not regard it on the other as taking it away, when it has given it; you do not see that what is gained by chance is also lost by chance. Out of an infinite storehouse of variations you may command a certain number of favourable ones; what you cannot command is that amid universal transition and mutation, those favourable variations should be fixed as well as coinciding, so as to form harmoniously developed structures, i.e. species.

Take another point of view, which only contains the same reasoning in another shape. An infinite chance variability will give you by waiting for it, a certain given variation or development which would *in itself* be a fit; that is to say, would be such a development as would join on to the pre-existing growth or section of the unfinished organ, supposing the stage of imperfection in the organ itself continued exactly the same throughout this long waiting interval, and met the supplementary addition at the close of the period, just in the shape in which it desiderated it, at the commencement; but how is this interval to be kept wholly clear, and the organ wholly stationary? We have, by the hypothesis, an infinite chance variability, working in all modes and directions, pulling matter about in every way conceivable or inconceivable, agitating and twisting promiscuously the whole universe of body, and keeping the vast framework of the animal world in one perpetual change and fluctuation. How do you keep this chaotic power off for this whole period, which is of course long in proportion to the security of your own advantageous chance at the end of it? How do you keep an oasis of rest immediately around your own organ, while all the world is moving, and guarantee a vacant interval to it, which is counter to the general law of disturbance? It must be remembered that pure chance is the wildest thing possible; for one turn or motion  
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of matter that chimes in with a given stage of an organ, there are millions that clash with it, and that are destructive of it.\* How do you keep all *these* chances at arm's length, and secure a monopoly of the ground preparatory to the arrival of the other chance, *i.e.* needed variation? But suppose one period of waiting thus kept clear, with the coinciding addition at the end of it, how, according to any laws of probability could you repeat it? Or if you repeated it once, how would you go on repeating it, an indefinite number of times, *i.e.* all the times that were wanted for the structure to be completed? A succession of given variations, *in themselves* making up an order and chain, would be nothing, unless you could also keep the intervals in the succession vacant and clear; but this upon your own hypothesis you cannot do. You cannot keep your organ quiet. It has the constant liabilities resulting from a wild basis of Nature. It is threatened at any time by eccentricity and distortion. Of what use, then, is the guarantee of time for a chance variation coming, if you cannot secure your organ from metamorphose or from actual destruction before the required variation arrives?

The way in which a man conceives and represents to himself the working of chance, when he gets the result now spoken of out of it, seems to be this: he first puts to himself one period of waiting only, and decides that there is nothing counter to moral possibility in supposing that a favourable accretion to an organ or structure may come by chance in that time. Having constituted, then, a first period of waiting with a happy coincidence at the end of it, he proceeds to repeat the same period with the same coincidence, thus, as it were, forcing chance, converting it into an accommodating material, arranging it, and bringing it into harness. But such a negotiation and compact with this wild power is impossible. Is not the advocate of natural selection deceived by the enormous intervals of time which he interposes between the successive steps of the progress, so that he forgets every time the succeeding step comes that it is a coincidence with a preceding one? These successive coinciding developments equally require to be accounted for, whether the intervals between them are minutes or ages. Suppose I throw, in regular series, from one to fifty, the chances against those fifty throws in succession are the same, whether there is a second of time between each two or a million of years. But the advocate of natural selection seems to think that, because he throws with ages between

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\* 'Si donc vous supposez l'œil se formant par une addition infinie de phénomènes, il y a infiniment plus de chances pour qu'il soit altéré ou détruit que perfectionné.' — *Matérialisme Contemporain. Par Paul Janet, Membre de l'Institut.*



instead of seconds, the coincidence in his successive throws has not to be accounted for.

It is impossible, then, that promiscuous variability could construct the existing species; because under it no fit, no adaptation could be other than a chance coincidence, and this cannot be repeated to the extent of the formation of a species without an absurdity. The theory of natural selection, indeed, would fain make existence itself a ladder of ascent, and constitute a perpetual rise by the perpetual extinction of an inferior. But though natural selection guarantees a superiority in the structure of the surviving party in any given struggle, it cannot guarantee a succession of struggles upon a succession of ascending points in the animal structure. Take an intricate organ, such as the lungs or heart, and the succession of acts of Nature in forming the elaborate existing structure of it out of the asserted original rudiment becomes an insuperable difficulty.

‘I can hardly doubt,’ says Mr. Darwin, ‘that all vertebrate animals having true lungs have descended by ordinary generation from an ancient prototype, of which we know nothing, furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder.’

But the transmutation of a mere air-bladder, which contracts and expands, into the full system of the lungs, with the bifurcation of the trachea on the one part, conveying the air first into the large and next into the minute bronchial tubes and cells, and the bifurcation of the pulmonary artery on the other, conveying the blood by a ramification of the finest channels into juxtaposition with those tubes and air-cells; this is a process the successful completion of which, by chance variation, is an accumulated impossibility. The necessity of accounting for such a work of construction is exactly the same upon the theory of transition and the ordinary theory of creation; and some other principle than chance is as much called for upon one hypothesis as upon the other.

Or to take again the crucial test of the eye. Mr. Darwin himself says:—

‘To suppose that the eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest possible degree.’

But if he thinks the facts of Nature so strong for design—if he thinks there is such an enormous difficulty in accounting for them on any other understanding—if he says any account which dispenses with such an understanding ‘seems absurd in the highest possible degree’—why does he gratuitously expose himself to this difficulty?



difficulty? why does he volunteer to dispense with this understanding? The progress of Nature which he supposes may be held just as well *with* an inner law of design as *without* it. Why, then, when Mr. Darwin can hold this progress as designed, does he hold it as undesigned, as he appears to do by this confession of the apparent absurdity and shock to reason which his position contains? He does not, of course, see any absurdity—any apparent shock to reason—in the mere theory of development, as such; that to which the apparent absurdity and shock to reason attach is development without design. The apparent absurdity he sees in the growth of the eye, is its growth by a mere accumulation of chance variations. But why in that case does he hold it as a growth by a mere accumulation of chance variations? Why does Mr. Darwin voluntarily dispense with a rationale by which the execution of his theory is not hindered, and without which his theory does, as he himself admits, ‘seem absurd’? \* He must remember that he is, as Dr. Acland opportunely hints, under a greater difficulty on this head than M. Comte is. Mr. Darwin is an optimist with respect to Nature; he thinks the result perfectly admirable and unimpeachable: M. Comte does not think so; he criticises and censures Nature. Mr. Darwin’s estimate of facts, then, adds to the difficulty of the omission of a providence in the explanation of them: and M. Comte’s blame of Nature, if a worse judgment of results, is better fitted to, and corresponds more with, his rationale of the cause.

A pure variability which issues in organisation is in truth nothing but the natural philosophy of Lucretius.

‘Primordia rerum

Ex infinito jam tempore percita plagis  
Ponderibusque suis consuerunt concita ferri,  
Omnimodisque coire, atque omnia pertentare,  
Quæcunque inter se possint congressa creare,  
Ut non sit mirum si in tales disposituras  
Deciderunt.’

Lucretius had not indeed any physical theory to account for the disappearance of intermediate and anomalous forms; but his fount of development is the same as Mr. Darwin’s: Time—*ex infinito jam tempore*, &c. In the Epicurean philosophy, time exhausted chance, and inserted a period of organisation in the universal chaos, on the ground that disorder could not upon

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\* ‘Or, je le demande,’ says M. Janet, ‘à M. Darwin lui-même, quel intérêt a-t-il à soutenir que l’élection naturelle n’est pas guidée, n’est pas dirigée? Quel intérêt a-t-il à remplacer toute cause finale par des causes accidentelles? On ne le voit pas. Qu’il admette que, dans l’élection naturelle aussi bien que dans l’élection artificielle, il peut y avoir un choix et une direction, et son principe devient aussitôt bien autrement fécond.’

the mere principle of chance go on always, but wore itself out ; and allowed order to have its day. This school thus really thought that it made a complete Eureka when it promulgated as the explanation of the physical world—chance. It congratulated itself on being the first discoverer of this great power, and expressed the utmost surprise that it had never occurred before to anybody to see what a vast fund of causation lay hid in it. For, they argued, chance in *time* can do anything—only give it an infinity of time : things must have some form or other ; they have in the infinite past gone through every phase of monstrosity \* that was possible ; of which state of the world, in the very nature of the case, we know nothing ; but now that things have gone through all conceivable eccentric forms, a stage of organisation comes about by the doctrine of chance, and such an insertion in the infinite duration of the world, is a happy coincidence that must take place sooner or later. Such a position is of course absurd, because no time can really exhaust chance. Chance is as infinite as time. Chance, therefore, could never bring the Epicurean his oasis of universal order in any extent of time. Nor could a simple undirected variability, a variability without scope or aim, ever produce the existing world of species ; it could never exhaust its stock of incongruities and imperfections.

There is an evident chasm, therefore, in the theory of Natural Selection which we must fill up before it can work ; there is something to be accounted for which is not accounted for—the mode in which the variability of Nature, in fact, operates, the succession with which its gifts come out, the adaptation and agreement kept up in a long series of separate additions to and modifications of organs from their rudimental to their final form, the accumulation of the resources of Nature in particular directions, so as to make up at last harmonious structures. The external check of natural selection which comes *after* variation, cannot possibly account for this succession in it ; there must be a guiding principle within variability itself, by virtue of which, its additions come out congruously, follow up a line begun, and form a connected string of operations. The contents of the great reservoir (here for the purpose of argument assumed),

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\* ‘ Multaque tum Tellus etiam portenta creare  
Conata est, mira facie, membrisque coorta ;  
Orba pedum partim, manuum viduata vicissim,  
Muta sine ore etiam, sine voltu cæca reperta,  
Vinctaque membrorum per totum corpus adhæsn ;  
Nec facere ut possent quicquam, nec cedere quoquam,  
Nec vitare malum, nec sumere quod foret usus.  
Cætera de genere hoc monstra ac portenta creabat ;  
Nequicquam ; quoniam Natura absterruit auctum.’

as a matter of fact, come out upon, or so as to make up, a plan, the pieces set together however gradually and at intervals. We ask why? It is slow work indeed, ages are consumed in the progress; one piece comes in ever so long a time after another; but as a matter of fact they have all composed into one plan, which we see. How has all this been going on? As natural selection does not by its very function construct, there must be some prior principle which does; the hypothesis requires another hypothesis to work it; it needs complementing by a scope in Nature, a working toward an end, or a principle of design. 'Nous ne sommes ni pour ni contre la transmutation des espèces,' says M. Janet, 'ni pour ni contre le principe de l'élection naturelle. La seule conclusion positive de notre discussion est celle-ci: aucun principe jusqu'ici, ni l'action des milieux, ni l'habitude, ni l'élection naturelle, ne peut expliquer les appropriations organiques sans l'intervention du principe de finalité.'\*

Does not, indeed, the advocate of natural selection, while he thinks he gets everything out of it, unconsciously manipulate his material, and supply by an insensible understanding with himself a sort of gradation and method to the issues from variability? Does he not provide out of his own mind, without thinking of it, by reason of the familiarity which he has with order in Nature, a succession and order for these outgoings from the reservoir of Nature?

The parallel which Mr. Darwin institutes between the process of variation and development as an artificial system, and the process in Nature, is not one certainly which goes against this conclusion. In artificial breeding we see a process of variation tending to the improvement and perfection of the species; but it is a process which goes on distinctly by design.

'Le véritable écueil, à notre avis,' says M. Janet, 'de la théorie de M. Darwin, le point périlleux et glissant, c'est le passage de l'élection artificielle à l'élection naturelle: c'est d'établir qu'une Nature aveugle et sans dessein a pu atteindre, par la rencontre des circonstances, le même résultat qu'obtient l'homme par une industrie réfléchie et calculée.'

Natural selection is indeed that result in the field of Nature, which answers to the success of an article in trade. The field of

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\* 'Un botaniste distingué, M. Naudin (récemment appelé à l'Institut) qui, avant même M. Darwin, a comparé l'action plastique de la Nature dans la formation des espèces végétales à l'élection systématique de l'homme, reconnaît que l'élection naturelle est insuffisante sans le principe de finalité. "Puissance mystérieuse," dit-il, "indéterminée, fatalité pour les uns, pour les autres volonté providentielle, dont l'action incessante sur les êtres vivants détermine à toutes les époques de l'existence du monde la forme, le volume et la durée de chacun d'eux en raison de sa destinée dans l'ordre de choses dont il fait partie!"'—*Matérialisme Contemporain*, p. 180.  
trade

trade exhibits a struggle between different goods and pieces of workmanship for existence: the old article goes on being sold till the improved article makes its appearance, when the better production beats the old one out of the market, which consequently disappears and is no more heard of. But it would be absurd to say that the new and improved article was made *by* the old one being beaten out of the market. The natural selection of trade assumes the previous construction of the successful production by contrivance. In the history of the steam engine a hundred improved engines have successively driven a hundred unimproved ones off the field. Civilisation is made up from first to last of conquests of improved methods, arts, manufactures over unimproved ones. Science is a constant progress from defective hypotheses to sounder and more correct ones; and as the correcter ones are discovered, the defective ones are sent to the wall and disappear. But it would be absurd to say that this disappearance of old contrivances *accounted* for human progress; because it is human progress which accounts for that. The perfect steam engine owes to the natural selection of trade the destruction of the imperfect steam engine; and the Copernican hypothesis owes to the natural selection of philosophy the withdrawal of the Ptolemaic one; but both improvements owe *themselves* to constructive power. In civilisation there has been an intelligence taking advantage of each successive stage in the progress to rise to a higher one; the succeeding mind has known the discovery of the preceding one, has fitted on his own to it, and has risen by starting upon its platform; and a unity of design, though the current has used generations as its channels, thus appears in the construction of the work. So on the field of Nature natural selection, supposing Mr. Darwin's theory of Progress to be true, cannot relieve us from the need of some prior principle, some intelligence, however mysterious, which has worked for an end in Nature, and under whose guidance this progress has proceeded.

We have hitherto taken variability in a simple way, without reference to *laws*. But variability, we are told, is governed by laws—laws at present almost wholly unknown to us, and belonging to a region of utter physical mystery, but which nevertheless exist and are laws which produce as their results the whole of the fifth and sixth days of the Mosaic creation; *i.e.*, are the laws by the operation of which the whole existing animal creation has been formed.

Upon which basis, then, do these occult laws, when they produce this result, work—Chance or Design? That is the question. To say that they are laws simply, does not decide that question.

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To say that they are *laws* simply, does not in the least imply that their issue may not be an utter medley. Laws may be irregular, blind, unmeaning, promiscuous laws, without concurrence or understanding with each other, without consistency or scope, and still be laws, as being each uniform sets of occurrences; they may be mere capricious laws, such as that cats with blue eyes are deaf, and still be laws; they may tend to no structural result whatever, and they may still be laws; they may be a chaos collectively, and laws separately. Law is indeed a midway position between chance and design, at which many minds find it convenient to stop. Chance is an absurdity; design is a mystery; law has, or appears to have, the great advantage of a neutral ground. Stop then at laws, says the Comtist, says the Secularist; acknowledge uniform facts, but do not ask a single question beyond this. It is in vain. Reason cannot be suppressed. Laws are simply facts—only uniform facts. The question then has to be asked about laws, just as it has to be asked about facts—have they issued in what they have issued in, by chance or by design?

To the question, then, whether the existing species can be referred to chance *laws* of variability, the same answer may be given that has been given to the question, put simply, whether they can be referred to chance variability. The insertion of *laws*, in the form of putting the question, does not in fact make the slightest difference; and all the reasons which have been given why chance variability could not have produced the existing animal creation, apply to chance-working laws of variability. If I see an harmonious structure as the result, and you suppose as the cause a quantity of blind unsystematic laws, do you think I can be satisfied with that cause simply because it is law—a number of laws? It cannot be. Then I must suppose something different. I must suppose a system of co-operating laws. If we know nothing about those laws in particular, we know that they must stand in some relation to that which they produce, that they must correspond to that which they produce, and that they must coincide to produce results that coincide. We know that there must be inter-correspondence, that there must be relationship to each other in such laws: but, if there is, then such laws show design; for there can no more be a fortuitous concurrence of laws than a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Let us throw aside for a moment the philosophical fiction and conventionality of laws, and think only of movements of matter going on, if you will, for ages and countless ages, but going on with a growing and expanding arrangement—a rudimental world disposing itself gradually into intricate system, and  
separating,

separating, by different directions, into multitudinous forms and shapes of mechanism ; this is nothing but the actual fact which Mr. Darwin places before us. But if we could suppose ourselves witnessing this spectacle, and endowed with those extended faculties which would bring the work of ages within a spectator's view and grasp, annihilating the intervals of time between the successive steps of the formation, what would be the effect ? Could we possibly suppress the interpretation that there was a mind working behind and underneath such a process ?

When we look, indeed, at the two or three fragments of the code of variability which have emerged out of the dark abyss into Mr. Darwin's notice, we cannot but make the observation that, though mere outer laws not concerned with the inner structure of the animal, on the rule of *ex pede Herculem*, they certainly glance significantly in this direction. The law that specific characters are more variable than generic, and extraordinary developed parts than ordinarily developed ones, and the law of reversion, directly minister to the stability of Nature ; they supply an invisible anchorage and mooring. The law of 'compensation or balancement of growth,' by which Nature, in order to spend on one side economises on the other, carries, on the face of it, something of the nature of a purpose, because it prevents the vital resources from consuming themselves in the attempt to supply too large a demand. The law of correlation of growth has so obviously the look of an arrangement that it figures in Paley's theology as one of the proofs of design. For correlation of growth in the animal body is a different fact from the correlation of the sides of a crystal ; it is correlation in a structure formed for use, and whose use stops half way and waits for correlation to complete it ; it is correlation *concurring* and chiming in with another fact, viz., an organic body, and joining in attaining the purpose of that body, and not simple symmetrical correlation. The Duke of Argyle well observes :—

'Two growths might be correlated as regards each other, and might yet be wanting in any corresponding correlation of fitness and of function towards outward things. But the first of these two kinds of correlation would be useless without the last. And this last is obviously the higher and more complex correlation of the two. It is higher, not only in the sense of being more complex, but as involving an idea which lifts us at once from a lower to a higher region of thought, . . . . from the work of Forces with inherent Polarity of action, to the operation of Forces working under adjustment with a view to purpose.'

Are we then at liberty to interpret Mr. Darwin as maintaining  
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the existence of these unknown laws of variability in this *sense*, viz., as constituting collectively a system of laws indicating design? Such an interpretation of himself by Mr. Darwin would be no more than a legitimate consequence of an admission which he makes upon the very threshold of his theory. He admits that the first life-germ was a creation; and if there is design in *his* first organism, that primary design must be credited with the whole of the final issue. It is impossible to suppose that the Creator of the rudimental germ which was to produce as its issue this existing world, could after myriads of years awake out of sleep, and be astonished at the actual result of His own creation-seed:—that it was so much more than He had expected; to conceive this would be to suppose not even the Supreme Being of philosophy, but the idol of the pagan; it would be to imagine a Deity such as that which Elijah mocked at, a Deity like the Zeus of Homer, who could not hear the grievance of Achilles because he had gone to sup with the Ethiopians. But if we cannot suppose a God who is genuinely surprised at His own universe, and startled at the sound which He himself hath made, then, if Mr. Darwin supposes one true original creative act, the universal result must be included in that act. If design has once operated in *rerum natura*, how can it stop operating, and undesigned formation succeed it? It cannot; and intention in Nature having once existed, the test of the amount of that intention is not the commencement but the end, not the first low organism but the climax and consummation of the whole.

We are not at liberty however to interpret Mr. Darwin. *We* say that these laws of variability, if they issue in, if they collectively account for, an elaborate system, as by the hypothesis they do, must contain system themselves, and, therefore, contain design; but we have not the right to say that Mr. Darwin thinks so, and are therefore unable to do more than fall back upon an alternative in treating with him. He must take the choice of two alternatives for his hypothesis to work with—Chance or Design. The intermediate position of laws is no resting place. Does he allow that these *de facto* concurring and co-operating laws of variability contain design? In that case his hypothesis is worked by means of a design in Nature. Does he *not* allow that they contain design? In that case his hypothesis is worked by chance. It is worked by the extraordinary coincidence of these laws or movements of matter *happening* to meet together, so as to have a plastic operation. The laws are laws in respect of the separate uniformity of each; but their concurrence in a constructive effect, not being due to any purpose, not being attributed to any cause, is chance; and the fashioning of animals

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nature which is conducted by laws which are altogether chance *with respect to* that fashioning process, is as much by chance, as if there were no laws in the case. He must either make his theory rational, then, by the admission of design; or by the omission of design he must leave it a substantially epicurean hypothesis, accounting for the formation of the animal world by chance.

And so we come round to Paley again. Paley had some great wants: he wanted religious imagination; he wanted the sense of mystery; he almost wanted the sense of wonder; he treated the world too much like an instance of ordinary manufacture; but one thing he did do—he brought out with an incomparable perspicacity, and with a power with which no one had done before, the verdict of facts for Design. We append to his great statement the observation that, if the verdict of facts is once given, physical causes can never reverse it—can never extort from those facts a retractation of their sentence. We do not in this article either adopt or reject the principal physical hypothesis with which we have dealt, viz., that of the Transmutation of Species; we have only required for our purpose the supposition of its truth in order to extort from it the confession that Design alone can supply an imperative need in its structure, and fill up a chasm at its very foundation which otherwise paralyses and incapacitates it at the very outset as a working hypothesis.

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ART. VI.—*Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les XVI<sup>e</sup> et XVII<sup>e</sup> Siècles.* Par M. le Duc D'Aumale. Tome I; II. Paris, 1863.

THE national poet of Ireland has strikingly depicted her transport when—

‘She saw history write, with a pencil of light  
That illumined whole pages, her Wellington’s name.’

The name of Condé must always come fraught with yet richer associations to France. It does more than revive one great and glorious memory. It typifies a long line of heroes. It calls up a brilliant throng of warriors, statesmen, and beauties, who stamped their impress on successive ages; and it will certainly not shine with diminished lustre when the pencil of light that inscribes it anew on the book of Fame is held by one to whom the best qualities of the race have been transmitted with their blood. The first of the great Condés, the prisoner of Dreux, was not more distinguished than the exile of Twickenham by the

the lofty spirit, the proud self-reliance, the magnanimity, the constancy of purpose and the chivalrous courage, that never shone more brightly than in their days of trial—when their banner was temporarily borne down, or ‘torn but flying, streamed like a thundercloud against the wind.’ Nor is there one of them, including the young victor of Rocroy, who, reascending from the tomb, would not hail a congenial annalist or biographer in that descendant of Henry of Navarre who led the fiery onslaught of the Chasseurs d’Afrique at Taquin, and was conspicuous amongst the bravest in the deadly and decisive assault of Constantine.

The extraordinary extent and variety of the Duc d’Aumale’s acquirements and accomplishments render him equally at home in the cabinet and the field; and the studies of his maturer years no less than the active service of his youth, pre-eminently fit him for the composition of a series of lives so inextricably mixed up with European wars and politics, with courts and camps, with dark schemes of ambition to be unravelled and well-contested battles to be described.

The title page bears the date of 1863. The publication of the two volumes before us, which were printed off six or seven years ago, has been delayed through the arbitrary intervention of authority. They do not bring the narrative lower down than 1610; and we have failed, after the nicest research, to discover the remotest allusion to contemporary personages or events. Repudiating, therefore, all suspicion of a pettier motive, we must suppose that some insuperable objection prevailed in the very highest quarter to any renewal of popular interest in royal races, traditional celebrities, or historic names: the wonder being that the tendency of the means to counteract instead of forwarding the end should have escaped the proved sagacity of the imperial censor. It surely stood to reason that the public curiosity would be stimulated by prohibition or temporary suppression: that any want of inherent attraction in the book would be more than compensated by the exciting difficulties through which it had to struggle into light.

The Preface, dated Palermo, March 20, 1869, begins with this paragraph:

‘In submitting to the judgment of the public pages which have already perhaps been yellowed by time, and which I have not even before me as I write these lines, I might be tempted to give some explanations; for seven years separate me from the day when the printing of these two volumes began, and it is distressing for an author to appear before a public *désheuré*, as was said by Cardinal de Retz. But the circumstances which have brought about this long delay are sufficiently known; I will not revert to them.’

We shall imitate this laudable reserve, and proceed at once to the consideration of the work with exclusive reference to its design and execution. It begins with the origin of the Bourbons; which Gibbon pronounced 'the most ancient and the most illustrious of all the families now extant;' having (he adds) occupied the same throne above a thousand years, and descended in a clear and lineal descent of males from the middle of the ninth century. For the present purpose, we are content to take it up in the sixteenth, in the person of the Duc de Vendome, who, on the death of his brother, the Constable Duc de Bourbon, killed at the assault of Rome, became first prince of the blood. He had five sons, two of whom founded families: Anthony, King of Navarre, father of Henry IV. and ancestor of all the Bourbons living at this hour; and Louis, the stock or root of the house of Condé and all its branches. He was the first who assumed the title of Prince of Condé, and (strange to say) the precise time and occasion of his assuming it are involved in obscurity; the first official act in which it is given him being a procès-verbal of 1557. He was born in 1530, and, losing his father in his ninth year, began life with few of the advantages and none of the distinctions that might have been anticipated from his birth. It is even matter of speculation under or from which members of his family he received the training or instruction a widowed mother living in strict retirement was unable to bestow, or imbibed the doctrine which exercised so marked an influence on his life. The earliest recorded notice of him is in the household book of Henry II., where (in his nineteenth or twentieth year) he figures as 'Louis, M<sup>r</sup> de Vendome, gentleman of the chamber, at a salary of 1200 livres.' Some personal details, however, have been collected from the memoirs, songs, and scandalous chronicles of the period. He was slightly formed, low of stature, and is represented by more than one anecdote-monger as deformed. Admitting that he may have been a little round-shouldered or bent (*voûté*), the Duc d'Aumale justly remarks that the imputation of actual deformity is irreconcilable with the popular song made upon him:

Ce petit homme tant jolly  
 Qui toujours cause et toujours ry,  
 Et toujours baise sa mignonne,  
 Dieu gard' de mal le petit homme.

Moreover, he confessedly excelled in all bodily exercises; no one played better at tennis; no one was more master of his weapons, or managed a restive horse more gracefully. 'His mental powers were brilliant and well cultivated; his conversation easy and flowing, carrying the listener along with him, with a touch of  
 raillery

raillery that was forgotten in his good humour ; nothing assuredly of the Puritan ; much gaiety and eagerness ; the desire and the gift of pleasing, the character resolute, the soul haughty, the heart great and generous.' Despite these qualifications and accomplishments, he remained confounded amongst the crowd of courtiers until his marriage (June, 1551) with Eléonore de Roze, which connected him with the two great families of Montmorency and Chatillon ; and those were days when France bore a strong resemblance to the England of the preceding century, the England of the Last of the Barons. The great nobles were little more than nominally subject to the crown ; the notion of what we call treason seems never to have crossed their minds when, leagued together, they took up arms for some common object, public or private ; and so soon as that object was attained by arrangement or compulsion, they fell back into their ordinary relations with the sovereign, very much as independent princes might have done. This position of the aristocracy explains the widely different circumstances in which the reformed religion first took root and spread in the two countries ; swayed backwards and forwards by royal caprice in England ; boldly, openly, and consistently upheld with varying fortunes by three generations of princes at the head of armies in France.

When Condé's marriage took place, the reigning monarch, Henry II., was little better than a puppet in the hands of his old mistress, the Duchesse de Valentinois, and his old friend, Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France. As they were rivals, and the royal favour was constantly fluctuating between them, the Court was pretty equally divided into two parties. The Guises sided with the Duchesse, whilst Condé naturally took part with the Constable ; but his branch of the Bourbons, impoverished by confiscations, then stood so low, that the marriage of Jeanne d'Albret with his elder brother, Antoine, afterwards King of Navarre, was opposed by her mother as a *mésalliance*.

Matrimony appears to have had no immediate effect either in brightening young Condé's prospects or in altering his mode of life, which continued gay, careless and (it is to be feared) somewhat dissolute. Indeed, Brantôme's naive remarks remained true of him till his dying day : ' This prince was reputed more ambitious than religious ; for the good prince was as worldly as his neighbours, and loved other people's wives as much as his own ; partaking largely of the nature of the Bourbons, who have always been of a very amorous complexion.' It was, therefore, fortunate that he was summoned to more active scenes and a more bracing atmosphere before the tone of his mind was irretrievably lost or impaired. On the recommencement of the Italian w

the peace of Crespy, he joined, as a volunteer, the army commanded by the Marshal de Brissac, who was driven to a formal remonstrance with the young nobility on their undue eagerness to come to blows, to the utter confusion of his plans. They deputed Condé to be their spokesman, and assure the Marshal, in their joint names, of their future obedience to orders and self-restraint; a duty which he performed to admiration, and, by way of reward, they were permitted to carry a fortified position by assault. Although foremost in this and similar enterprises, he omitted no opportunity of obtaining solid instruction from the able and experienced officers in the camp, and he is described by Montluc hard at work mounting guns before Lantz during two successive nights in winter. At the conclusion of his first campaign, he reappeared for only a brief interval at the Court, and then joined the army on the Rhine. In the course of the same year (1552) Charles V. laid siege to Metz. The defence of this important place, a recent and highly-prized acquisition of France, was entrusted to the famous Duc de Guise, whose energy, promptitude, and military skill completely frustrated all the efforts of his imperial antagonist during an obstinately protracted struggle. Under the spell of this great name, or from a still more generous and patriotic motive, Condé and his brother, the Count d'Enghien, hastened to place themselves under the orders of the recognised enemy or rival of their house, and were charged with the defence of a distinct portion of the works. Besides maintaining their allotted post with vigilance, they were foremost in the sallies which the impatience of the French princes and nobles rendered so frequent, that Guise had actually no alternative at times but to shut the gates and hide the keys.

The high road to military promotion was opened to Condé by his services at Metz; and in the case of a man of his rank, who emerged by personal qualities from the crowd of princely and noble candidates for fame, there were no inferior grades to pass through. Accordingly, in the next campaign, we find him joint-leader with the Duc de Nemours of the light cavalry, which, supported by a body of gendarmes under Saint-André, were engaged with the advanced guard of the imperial army before Doulens. 'They have speedily all the imperial cavalry on their hands, which forces them back on their reserves. The gendarmes of Saint-André come to the rescue. The enemy are checked, but not yet shaken by this unexpected check, when Condé, moving out on their flanks with four squadrons, charges them furiously, and puts them completely to the rout.' He had all the honours of the day, which cost the imperialists seven standards, and thirteen hundred killed, besides prisoners; and the King, on rejoining the army  
soon

soon afterwards, gave him for recompense a *compagnie d'ordonnance*; the nearest equivalent to which in modern times would be the colonelcy of a cavalry regiment. In three ensuing campaigns, including one pitched battle (Rentz), he kept constantly adding to his reputation without any corresponding advance, indeed, without any perceptible advance at all, in the good graces of the King. '

The royal historian, who has sketched these campaigns with his wonted clearness of language and mastery of the subject, here pauses to reflect:—

'Thus, at twenty-six years of age, Condé found himself gentleman of the chamber and captain of gendarmes, without having obtained any of the charges and dignities which he saw lavished round him on the relatives of the favourite. This situation was the more painfully felt, because in the opinion of many the war was terminated, or at least suspended, for a long time to come. Charles V. had quitted the crown and the world, and the eagerness with which his successor had just concluded the treaty at Vaucelles (1556) seemed the prelude of a general peace.'

It may startle the moralist or philanthropist to have his sympathy invoked for a young colonel or captain condemned to inactivity by an European peace, but we must learn to subdue the weaker feelings of humanity in following the career of greatness, and we shall affect no regret at learning that Condé's ardent longings were speedily gratified by the reappearance of opposing armies in the field. The truce having been broken foolishly and treacherously on the part of the French by Coligny, early in June, 1557, the Spaniards crossed the frontier and invested St. Quentin. Their advance was so rapid, that Coligny, who, at his own special solicitation, was entrusted with the defence, was only just in time to throw himself into the place with some cavalry; his infantry having lost their way and been shut out. The French army, under Montmorency, not being strong enough to hazard a battle, advanced, with the view of occupying the attention of the besiegers whilst a large reinforcement was conveyed into the town across the river. But the movement was executed in a manner to precipitate the very crisis it was deemed prudent to avoid. Between them and the Spaniards lay some marshy ground, traversed by a causeway; so that they were in a position closely resembling that of the Covenanters at Bothwell Brigg, who could only be reached over a long and narrow bridge. Montmorency, instead of occupying the head of the causeway in force, had entrusted the defence to a few hussars. 'Condé, posted at some distance, saw the storm about to break. Too weak, and unprovided with means to arrest its progress, he could only report  
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and demand support. The Constable, too confident at first, told those who betrayed uneasiness to be of good heart, vowing that he would give the enemy a lesson in the old-fashioned mode of making war: then, growing anxious, and giving way to his natural irascibility, he treated rudely all who brought him intelligence or asked for orders.' At length he determined to support Condé with three companies under Nevers; and a considerable number of the enemy having now cleared the causeway and begun to form on the open ground, Condé proposed to Nevers to charge them before they could get into order or be joined by the rest. This was the sole remaining chance for the French; but the proposal was resisted by Nevers, who had received peremptory orders from the Constable not to charge. The inevitable result was that the Spaniards, crossing the morass and forming unmolested, overwhelmed Condé and Nevers, and cut them off from the main body under Montmorency, who had no alternative but to fall back under the cover of some woods. He was not allowed time. The approach of the Spanish cavalry, driving before them the terrified crowd of camp followers, carried terror and confusion into his ranks. The panic spread, the retreat became a rout, and it was in vain that a few brave men bore up against the torrent. Condé's elder brother, Count d'Enghien, presented the exact counterpart of Argentine at Bannockburn:

In yonder field a gage I left,  
I must not live of fame bereft,  
I needs must turn again.

Crying out that he would not be struck from behind, he turned his horse's head, dashed into the middle of the victorious squadrons and (to adopt the words of the chronicler) 'replied with his sword to those who called on him to surrender, and died like a true Bourbon in heart and race.' The Constable, also, did all that could be done by courage to redeem his manifold mistakes. He fought on in the thickest of the *mêlée* till he was wounded, overpowered by numbers, and made prisoner. The disaster was immense; the French has suffered no such defeat since Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; their army was annihilated. Their only remaining troops capable of making head against an invader were in Italy; and it is said that the imperial recluse of Yuste, hearing in his retirement of this crowning success, exclaimed, 'My son ought to be in Paris by this time.' The leading Spanish generals gave their voices for an instant advance on the capital; but the cold and cautious character of Philip II. rendered him habitually averse from bold counsels, and he rightly concluded that it would be hazardous in  
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the extreme to count on the failing resources or depressed energies of a high-spirited and gallant people. He resolved on prosecuting the siege of St. Quentin in the first instance, and this was prolonged by the heroic efforts of Coligny and his garrison, till the French had recovered from the shock, and were again in a condition to make head. It was in critical conjunctures of this kind that Condé's best qualities were uniformly displayed. He and Nevers managed to keep together most of the light cavalry, with which they hovered round the Spanish army, attacking its detached parties, intercepting its convoys, and harassing it unceasingly.

The Duc d'Aumale pronounces this to be one of the brightest pages of the Prince's military history, and attributes the diminished results of the victory, with the tame conclusion of the campaign, mainly to his well-timed and well-directed exertions. These, however, were hardly brilliant enough, or on a sufficiently large scale, to attract the public eye or compel the reluctant recognition of royalty; and the return of the Duc de Guise, with the Italian army, was an event that caused everything and everybody else to be thrown into the shade. He was received as a saviour by the nation, and was invested with almost unlimited powers, with the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, by the King. His military talents were of the highest order, and he rather exceeded than fell short of the public expectations; for not content with arresting the progress of the Spaniards, he retook Calais by an admirably planned *coup de main*, after it had been more than two hundred years in the possession of the English. The star of Condé paled before the clustering glories of the Guise. He was even refused the colonelcy-general of the light cavalry, which he had led so gallantly; and the colonelcy of infantry, which he accepted, was regarded by his family as a humiliation and an affront. The peace of Cateau-Cambresis prevented him from acquiring any additional military distinction in the service of his country; and whatever future laurels fell to his share, were in fields where Frenchmen were pitted against Frenchmen. The civil war in which he was speedily to be engaged, although commonly attributed to religious differences, was quite as much owing to political rivalry and personal ambition. The reformers had grown into a formidable political combination, with whom it was the interest of party leaders to make common cause without partaking of their enthusiasm; and Condé eventually became their chief by accident, or the force of circumstances, rather than by conviction, principle, or faith. When the option was first presented to him, he is described as too sceptical to take part in the religious quarrel. 'He had neither  
hesitation



secure basis. He and his brother, therefore, were guilty of an act of downright folly when trusting to the solemn word of the King, pledged for their safe conduct, they entered Orleans to attend the meeting of the States General, on the 30th October, 1560. They were received without any of the ceremonies due to their rank and conducted at once to the royal chamber, where they found the King supported by the Guises, who had now thrown off the mask and did not so much as recognise the presence of the Princes by look or word. After a chilling salute, his Majesty led the way to the apartment of the Queen-mother, where he roughly interrogated Condé; 'but this Prince, endowed with great courage, and who spoke as well as any prince or gentleman that ever lived, was not taken by surprise: he defended his cause with many good and strong reasons, protesting his innocence, accusing the Guises of calumny; and as he was haughtily recalling the royal word pledged to him, the King, interrupting him, made a sign, whereupon the captains of the guard entered and took his sword.' He was subjected to solitary confinement of the strictest sort, not a follower or servant, not even his wife, being allowed access to him; and the well-known adage, that there is small interval between the imprisonment and the death of princes, was within an ace of being verified anew at his expense. Although princes of the blood were privileged to be tried by the high Court of Parliament, he was brought before the Council, presided over by the King in person, whose competency he denied, appealing '*du Roi mal conseillé au Roi mieux conseillé*;' and when an officious meddler whispered that an appointment with the Duc de Guise was not impossible, he exclaimed, 'An appointment between him and me! It can only take place at the lance's point.'

He unluckily consented to discuss the charges brought against him in the presence of two advocates of the Parliament allowed to him as counsel, and thus gave a semblance of legality to the proceedings, which were pushed on with such indecent haste that, appeals and protests being successively overruled, within less than a month after the day of his arrest he was solemnly condemned 'to lose his head on a scaffold.' He was patiently awaiting his fate, and actually playing at cards with the officers of the guard, when an attendant coming close, as if to pick up a card, whispered to him, '*Notre homme est croqué.*' Mastering his emotion, he finished his game; and then, taking the man aside, learned that Francis II. was dead. He died on the 5th December, 1560. The fate of Condé was still trembling in the balance. He was saved by Catherine's growing jealousy of the Guises, adroitly and opportunely fostered by

by L'Hopital, who persuaded her that the independence of the crown, of the quasi-royal power that had just devolved upon her, would be hazarded by the destruction of the Bourbons. 'A common policy united these widely-differing spirits, and this concert between cunning and virtue saved the Prince.'

When told that he was free, he refused at first to leave his prison, desiring to wait, he said, until his accusers were shut up in it. On being informed that all had been done by the express command of his late Majesty, he at length agreed to depart to La Fère, a place belonging to Navarre, refusing to make his reappearance at court except with all the *éclat* of a solemn rehabilitation. This took place at Fontainebleau, in the following March, when, being admitted to the Privy Council, and the Chancellor l'Hopital having affirmed on his demand that no proof had been found against him, the King recognised his innocence by a declaration signed by all the members present. This was afterwards confirmed by a judgment of the Parliament of Paris, sitting as a Court of Peers, amongst whom was Guise; but his tacit adhesion was not deemed a sufficient reparation by Condé, who insisted that their reconciliation, if it was to take place at all, should be prefaced by a distinct disavowal of the Duc. It was so arranged accordingly, and took place in presence of the King and the whole Court. The King spoke first; then Guise protested that he never advanced, or wished to have advanced, anything contrary to the honour of the Prince, and that he had been neither the author nor the cause of his imprisonment. *Condé*: 'Monsieur, je tiens pour méchant et malheureux celui ou ceux qui en ont été cause.' *Guise*: 'Je le crois ainsy, Monsieur, et cela ne me touche en rien.' Thereupon they embraced, and parted on much the same terms as the two ladies in one of Le Sage's novels, who embraced, vowed eternal friendship, and hated each other ever afterwards.

The farces of this sort which the great people of those days, and haply of some subsequent days, were in the habit of enacting, would be amusing if they were not depressing by their hollowness and their frequency. The death of Francis II. had broken up all the old combinations, and the commencement of the new reign was signalled by the formation of one called the Triumvirate, headed by Guise, Montmorency, and Saint-André, representing between them the warlike nobility, the jealous Catholics, and the courtiers. This alarmed although it did not embarrass Catherine. 'Without affections, without principles, and without scruples, this princess successively extended the hand to the weakest party to escape from the domination of the strongest. She returned to the Bourbons.' The chief of the family,

family, Antony of Navarre, having sided with the Triumvirate, she had nothing for it but to throw herself upon Condé and the Protestants, whose fellest persecutor she was speedily destined to become; and under her auspices the heretics became the fashion amongst the fine ladies and gentlemen of her suite. 'The Bishop of Valence preached before her a sermon of more than doubtful orthodoxy, Bèze was received at Court, and whilst the Catholic service was chanted in a nearly deserted chapel, the crowd of young women and courtiers was passing into the apartment of the Prince or the Admiral (Coligny) to hear a Huguenot preacher.'

The crisis was now close at hand. Compelled to leave Paris, where the Catholics were in an overwhelming majority, Condé established his head-quarters at Orleans; and there, in concert with Coligny, he proceeded to calculate his resources and muster his troops. These were, at starting, lamentably disproportioned to his enterprise. He had only from two to three thousand men and 1600 crowns in money; but the Protestant churches or congregations in France, on whose co-operation he could count, were computed at 2150. He was assured of effective aid from England, Switzerland, and Germany: his appeals met with a ready response in most quarters, and in less than three months he was in a condition to begin the campaign at the head of 8000 men, including some veteran troops and many gallant gentlemen trained to arms. It was his obvious policy not to give time for their zeal to cool, or for his opponents to recover from the confusion of surprise. Still a certain degree of hesitation was natural and excusable. 'In all ages, even the rudest, whether men's minds were ruled by fanaticism or agitated by doubt, it is never without hesitation that a man of a noble spirit takes the decisive step in this fatal path of civil war. He has meditated and resolved everything beforehand: he is convinced of the goodness of his cause or he is blinded by ambition and anger, yet he cannot stifle the voice within him: he has before his eyes that image of his country in tears which the poet calls up to confront Cæsar on the banks of the Rubicon:—

" *Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago.*" '

Condé, too, had his visions and his prognostics of ill. We are told of strange apparitions that he encountered, of terrible dreams that broke his sleep. If we may believe D'Aubigné, he had also his Rubicon:—

'At the passage of a brook, an old woman up to her middle in the water and seeming to emerge from it, wrinkled and horrible of aspect, walked straight up to the Prince, stopped his horse by the bridle to  
contemplate

contemplate him at her leisure, then letting him go, exclaimed, "Prince, you will suffer, but God will be with you and deliver you." He replied, "Pray for me, my good woman," and continued marvellously pensive.'

He had afterwards, continues D'Aubigné, 'a dream which he narrated to many, amongst others to Béze and my father ; it was that he thought himself engaged in three combats on the same day, and that at the fourth he remained on a heap of dead bodies.'

It is no part of our plan to show in detail how far these presages were fulfilled. Having recently (No. 252) devoted an article to 'The Religious Wars of France,' we shall refer only to a few of their episodes in which the personal qualifications of the Condés were most strikingly displayed. The chief military merits of the first were chivalrous courage and never-failing presence of mind. He never paused to count his enemies ; he never lost heart ; he never seemed to know when he was beaten ; he resembled Rupert in headlong uncalculating dash, and he also resembled him in being rather a brilliant cavalry officer than a good general. The Duc de Guise had much the advantage of him in this respect, and the contrast told fatally against the Huguenots in the best-contested battle of the war, the battle of Dreux :

'It was past mid-day ; impetuous and boiling over, Condé cannot wait for Coligny to get into line ; he briefly addresses his gendarmes, "My friends, I prefer the first share of the blows to be given or received ; I pray God to make you all follow the example I am about to set in going resolutely to the charge." He threw himself upon the Swiss, whom he broke, and then brought up his German cavalry to complete their defeat. Coligny was equally successful in his charges against the troops under the immediate command of the Constable Montmorency, who was wounded, surrounded, and taken prisoner. The centre of the Catholics was routed and pushed off the field, with the exception of the Swiss battalion, which, decimated and disordered, held its ground.'

'All honour, *en passant* (exclaims the historian) to these heroic soldiers, these models of military honour and fidelity, who, during more than three hundred years have mingled their blood with ours on every field of battle. A good number of those who fought at Dreux for the Catholics were Protestants ; none deserted or hesitated, any more than when, at a later period, their sons laid down their lives for the monarchy they served. A terrible shock has overthrown their ranks torn by bullets ; seventeen of their captains are struck down ; all are flying round them ; not a man of them thinks of flight.'

Nothing could be finer or nobler in a purely military point of view,

view, but *point d'argent*, *point de Suisse*, and a Dugald Dalgetty can hardly take rank with a Sydney or a Bayard. At all events they richly earned their wages at Dreux, for, whilst their gallant resistance wasted the strength of their assailants, it gave time for the preparation of the decisive blow meditated by Guise. When Coligny, after his own and Condé's success, was congratulated on his victory, he stretched out his arm towards the right wing of the Catholics and said, 'You make no account, then, of that black cloud which is about to burst upon us.' This wing was not strictly under the command of Guise, but he was the soul of it. Saint-André was wholly inspired and guided by him. Silent and impassive, he watched all the details of the action without replying to the appeals, without even taking notice of the sarcasms, of those around him. They murmured that he willingly left the Constable to be crushed. When Damville (the Constable's son), who had seen his brother killed by his side, and witnessed helplessly the disaster of his father, urged and supplicated Guise to charge, he coldly replied: 'My son, the time has not yet come.' At last, when he saw the lansquenets beaten, the German horse and the gendarmes exhausted by the resistance of the Swiss, a flash of joy lighted up his face, and he exclaimed, 'Now, friends, charge home: those people there are in our power.' He had got what he was watching for, like Cromwell at Dunbar, or Wellington at Salamanca, or Napoleon at Austerlitz; and his well-timed advance proved decisive, although gallantly met by Coligny and Condé, who, wounded and on a tired horse, tried in vain to stem the torrent. The few men he had with him were hurled back and swept away with the rest, until stopped by a wood, where he rolled over horse and man, and was overpowered by the troopers of Damville, to whom he gave up his sword.

The animated description of this battle is followed by some critical remarks which military readers will appreciate at their just value. We pass them over to follow Condé, who was conducted to the quarters of Guise, and received with the same ceremonial politeness and deference which had been displayed by the Black Prince towards his royal prisoner at Poitiers. It was only at the repeated invitation of Condé that Guise could be persuaded to share with him the moderate accommodation of the place, a peasant's cottage. They sate down to a coarse meal at the same table, and the same bundle of straw served them for a bed. This generous treatment did not last long. According to the usages of the time, a prisoner was the property of his captor, and the next day but one after the battle Condé was delivered to Damville, who was nominated his keeper



keeper by the Queen-regent. After being some time carried in her train, she caused him to be confined in the Château d'Ouzain, an old feudal fortress in which the Comte de la Rochefoucauld had imprisoned Lord Grey de Wilton.\* Matters were likely to go hard with him, and he was even threatened with the revival of the sentence of Orleans, when the face of affairs was suddenly changed by the assassination of Guise. This speedily led to a peaceful arrangement between the contending factions, to which Condé readily lent himself, so readily indeed that the violent Huguenots, dissatisfied with the terms, accused him of having yielded to the seductions of Catherine, and, with peculiar reference to his gallantries, of having *haléné* her maids of honour, who went by the name of her flying squadron and did good service in their peculiar way. The treaty, it was said, was that of a man who had left half of his courage in prison.

It is not surprising that, with his pleasure-loving tendencies, he sought to drown care in dissipation. His days and nights were devoted to the chace, the tennis court, the ball-room, and the boudoir. He was at everything in the ring in the most corrupt Court in Europe. The Protestants became seriously alarmed for the salvation of his soul, and still more for his position and influence as the champion of their cause. A joint letter was addressed to him by Calvin and Bêze, in which they solemnly adjure him to attend more to the common interest of his brethren in the faith, and to be more sedulous in testifying its strengthening and edifying powers by his way of life:—

‘You cannot doubt, sire, that we love your honour as we desire your salvation; and we should be traitors were we to conceal from you the reports in circulation. We do not suppose that there is any direct offence to God; but when we are told that you make love to ladies (*faites l’amour aux dames*) this is to derogate much from your authority and reputation. The good will be scandalised, the malicious will laugh. It involves a distraction which hinders and retards you in attending to your duty; there must even be some mundane vanity in it; and you should, beyond all things, be on your guard lest the light that God has placed in you be quenched or grow dim. We hope, sire, that this warning will be agreeable to you, when you shall consider how useful to you it is. Geneva, September 13, 1563. Your very humble brothers, John Calvin and Theodore de Besze.’

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\* This nobleman was made prisoner of war at Guinès after a brave defence of that place. He was set at liberty on parole to carry overtures to Elizabeth. Returning loyally on the termination of his mission, he remained in captivity after the peace of Cateau-Cambresis, being unable to pay the enormous ransom exacted by the Comte de la Rochefoucauld, whose prisoner he was, and who treated him very harshly. He eventually obtained his freedom by the sacrifice of his entire fortune.

This letter produced no perceptible effect. His life grew looser and looser, and great was the scandal, even for those scandalous times, when (May, 1564) during a royal progress and in the Queen's closet, one of her maids of honour, Isabelle de Limeuil, gave birth to a child, of which she openly attributed the paternity to Condé. Catherine de Medicis, who had certainly sanctioned this intrigue, if (as was confidently asserted) she had not commanded the young lady to sacrifice her honour with the view of gaining Condé, affected to be terribly shocked and ordered the erring damsel into strict confinement. The pretext subsequently discovered for this unusual act of severity was that M<sup>lle</sup>. de Limeuil had tried to poison one of her rejected suitors, the Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon. It was even insinuated, though without gaining credence, that old Montmorency was to be got rid of by the same means, and that Condé was privy to the plot. She gave out that her brave lover would free her at any risk; but though he wrote her many tender letters and promised publicly to acknowledge the child, he hesitated and procrastinated till sundry doubts touching the rival paternity of a Sieur de Fresne should be cleared up; and in the mean time the child died.\*

He was, also, engaged in another intrigue with the widow of the Maréchal de Saint-André, who fell violently in love with him. Such, we are told, was the prevalent disorder in ideas as in morals, that a prince of Condé's rank, a prince who with good right had credit for carrying the point of honour so high, was seen without surprise, and almost without scandal, to accept an almost royal present from one of his avowed mistresses. This lady made over to him the estate and magnificent Château of Valéry, which continued one of the finest possessions of his family till the middle of the eighteenth century. In the midst of his irregularities (July, 1564) he was summoned to the deathbed of his wife. If the close of her life was embittered by his neglect and notorious infidelities, he can hardly be accused of shortening it; for after long suffering from the effects of an accident, she died of the small-pox. As is not uncommon in such cases, his best feelings were reawakened and his pristine tenderness par-

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\* The Duc d'Anmale has printed three of Condé's letters to this lady in an Appendix. In one of them he says:—'You need not resort to others to make me believe that your son is mine, for I have no more doubt of him than of those of my wife. But prevent others from doubting, and reflect that whoever sees him will say with reason he is my son and yours, for our two faces are to be recognised in his.' In another:—'Je vous anvoye une de mes robes de nuyt qui m'a servy et à vous avecque moi, supliant de crère que plustost je vous soueste vostre cœur que votre robe.' Again:—'Je vous anvoie une robe de nuyt fourré pour vous servyr. Je vouldrès estre auprès de vous an sa plasse.'

tially revived. 'If he could not repair the evil he had done, at least the sincere emotion which he showed, the assiduous and affectionate care which he lavished on her when dying, must have consoled her last moments.' Her death was deeply regretted by the Protestants; the depth of her religious convictions had largely contributed to bind her husband to their cause; and they hardly knew which to dread most, a continuance of his licentious mode of life without the semblance of a check, or his forming a matrimonial alliance with their adversaries. They were not alarmed without a cause; for he renewed his liaison with Mdlle. de la Limeuil, and the Guises made overtures for a marriage with a member of their house. Mary Queen of Scots was talked of for him amongst the rest. Fortunately, tired of his mistresses or overcome by the importunities of his friends, he suddenly broke with Mdlle. de Limeuil and Madame de Saint-André (both of whom, it is said, were easily consoled), and married Françoise Marie d'Orléans Longueville. Despite of varied and renewed attempts to win him over to the Court, he remained true to the Protestants, and when they next took up arms, he reappeared as one of their most trusted leaders. Indeed he is described as commanding in chief during the operations which led to the battle of St. Denis, where he showed more dash than generalship:—

'In the centre the Constable had formed his cavalry in two lines; the first was under his eldest son; he led the second, and was advancing in this order against the Prince de Condé, when the Prince, leaving a third of his people to make head against the first line of the Catholics, passes it with the *élite* of them, and falling suddenly on the left flank of the second line, charges it with such fury that in an instant the squadron is broken. The Constable's horse is thrown down; the Scotch Stuart calls to him to surrender, but for sole answer, Montmorency, abandoned by his men but not by his valour, breaks Stuart's jaw with the pommel of his sword: at the same moment the old man falls mortally wounded by a ball through the body.'

Condé's charge, Rupert like, was not followed up; the main body of the Catholics were unbroken: the shattered squadron rallied; and nothing but the confusion caused by the death of Montmorency enabled the Huguenots to retire in tolerable order, leaving the Catholics masters of the field. Condé's horse was killed under him by the stroke of a lance, and he was extricated whilst the Catholics were busy about their dying leader.

The terms of the next peace, settled by Condé, proved as usual unsatisfactory to the zealots amongst his friends. Another war broke out, and in August, 1568, we find him on his hurried flight to Rochelle, with his wife (*enceinte*) and family, the families  
of

of Coligny and D'Andelot, and an escort of a hundred horse. The grand difficulty for the fugitives was the passage of the Loire. In order to prevent a junction between the Protestants of the north and those of the *Midi*, the Catholics had divided the kingdom by a line of posts resting on the river.

'But there is always some mesh open in these sorts of network. The drought had lowered the river; some peasants had discovered a ford near Sancerre. They pointed it out to the Prince, who was wandering uneasily on the banks. The little troop passed over, and the capricious waters, rising as by a miracle behind them, stopped the pursuers, at the moment when they thought themselves sure of reaching their prey. Condé fell on his knees, and his eyes full of tears, sang with his troop the psalm: *Israël au sortir d'Égypte*.'

Soon after his arrival in Rochelle, he was in a condition to encounter his enemies in the field, but no decisive action took place until the year following, 1569, the year of the battle of Jarnac and his death. He commanded in chief in this battle, which was forced on him when in full retreat by the want of vigilance in the rear-guard, and by the obstinate valour of Coligny, who persisted in holding his ground instead of falling back on the main body. Condé, too, was guilty of the capital error on the part of a commander-in-chief of hurrying into personal conflict when he ought to have concentrated his scattered army and to have remained the guiding spirit of the whole. When, at the call of Coligny, he was approaching the spot where his rear-guard were engaged, he was met by a second messenger announcing that all hope was over, and praying him not to incur a useless risk. 'God forbid,' was his reply, 'that Louis de Bourbon should turn his back to the enemy,' and he went on. But a shade of sadness came over his face, habitually so radiant on such occasions; a secret presentiment agitated him; he gave directions that the young princes (his sons) were to retire to Saintes. Several times as he rode forward, he said to his brother-in-law, La Rochefoucauld, who was near him: '*Mon oncle a fait un pas de clerc; enfin, le vin est tiré, il faut le boire*.' When he came in sight of the enemy the prospect was dispiriting enough:—

'He finds Coligny's force diminished by one half and thrown back on the last and weakest of the three positions it might have held. The royal army was rapidly closing up, and on the point of being joined by its artillery. Condé had not brought with him a foot soldier or a cannon; he was followed only by one or two companies and some gentlemen, making about three hundred horse. He had no time either to wait for other troops or to retire; a few minutes more, and he must be surrounded on all sides. Accordingly, scarcely arrived, he

directs Coligny to press the Duc de Guise with all his cavalry. For himself, he proceeds to disengage his right and attack the deep column of the Duc d'Anjou. He calls for his arms. As they were giving him his helmet, a bone of his leg was broken by a kick from La Rochefoucauld's charger; he had already sprained his arm by a fall. Subduing the pain, he turns towards the men-at-arms, and showing one while his disabled limbs, one while his device which his pennon floated in the wind, *Doux le péril pour Christ*, "Behold," he shouted, "nobles of France, behold the desired moment! Remember in what condition Louis de Bourbon goes to battle for Christ and country." Then, lowering his head, he charges with his three hundred horse the eight hundred lances of Monsieur.'

His charge, as usual, was irresistible: he carried all before him, and such was the disorder amongst the Catholics that many thought the battle lost. But the effort was spasmodic, and the effect momentary. It was like Blount's onslaught in 'Marmion':

'The fiery youth, with desperate charge  
Made for a space an opening large,  
The rescued banner rose.  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground  
It sank among the foes.'

And so sank Condé's pennon, with its pious and patriotic devise. His slender troop was speedily hemmed in and overwhelmed. He had his horse killed under him, and he was unable to mount another. In vain did the bravest of his followers die in his defence. Left almost alone, with his back to a tree, kneeling on one knee, he still stood on his defence; but his strength was failing fast, when he saw two Catholic gentlemen whom he had laid under obligation. On his calling to them, raising his vizor, and tendering his gauntlets, they alighted, and swore to save him at the risk of their lives. They were joined by others similarly disposed, till the guards of Monsieur (the Duc d'Anjou) came up, whom Condé knew by their scarlet cloaks:—

'He points to them with his finger; d'Argence understands him. "Hide your face," he exclaims. "Ah, d'Argence, d'Argence!" replied the Prince, "you will not be able to save me." Then, like Cæsar, covering his face, he waited for death. The unhappy man knew too well the perfidious character of the Duc d'Anjou, the hatred with which he pursued him, and his sanguinary 'recommendations.' The guards had passed the spot, when their captain, Montesquiou, learned the name of the prisoner thus surrounded. "*Tue, tue, mordieux*," was his cry; then, turning his horse, he came back at a gallop, and by a pistol shot, fired from behind, shatters the head of the hero.

'Singular destiny of this illustrious family. The chief of the race, the  
first

first of the Condés, falls, by a foul blow, in a civil war, fighting against his King. And the last of his descendants, after having, he too, served under a standard which unhappily was not that of France, was doomed to die in the ditches of Vincennes, victim of an outrage that history has justly stigmatised.'

Was it in pursuance of this same destiny that the last of the name, gifted with all the qualities that could enhance its lustre, was doomed to a premature death in an English colony at the antipodes, far away from the fond relatives and admiring friends whose glowing anticipations of his matured years were amply justified by the brilliant promise of his youth :—

'Ah, miserande puer, si quâ fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis :  
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis  
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani  
Munere . . . .'

Brantome states that the Duc d'Anjou had especially 'recommended' Condé to several of his minions or favourites, so that Montesquiou was simply carrying out the wishes of his master by what sounds to us like an atrocious and dastardly act. It was not so deemed at the time, and this is one amongst many proofs that the days of chivalry—at least the days when its customs and observances were in full force—tolerated things which ensuing ages have visited with unmitigated reprobation and disgust. After the battle of Bosworth (1485) the body of Richard, perfectly naked, with a rope round the neck, was flung across a horse, like the carcass of a calf, behind a pursuivant-at-arms bearing a silver boar upon his coat, and was thus carried in triumph to Leicester, where it was exposed two days in the Town Hall. After the battle of Jarnac, nearly a century later (1569), the body of the Protestant champion, who had done nothing to merit or provoke an indignity, was thrown across an old she ass, with his legs and arms hanging down, and was thus conveyed to the head-quarters of Monsieur, where it was flung down in the presence of some Protestant prisoners who gave vent to their grief by sobs and (two of them) by kissing the inanimate remains of their chief. This touching spectacle, it is recorded, did not check the gross jokes of Monsieur and his minions, who fully reciprocated the Borgia sentiment, that no smell is sweeter than that of a dead enemy. The body lay exposed two days, after which it was delivered to the Duc de Longueville for burial; but Monsieur was with difficulty persuaded from building a chapel on the spot where Condé met his death. That the choice of the she-ass was not accidental is attested by Brantome,



tome, who says it was 'plus par dérision que pour autre sujet ;' and in his 'Discourse on Duels,' speaking of Jarnac's right to carry off his wounded adversary, la Châteigneraye, on an ass, he says, 'The same has been witnessed in one of our wars, I will not say where.'

The royal historian has drawn an admirable character of the first Condé, and by no means a flattering one ; for, after dwelling on his courage, humanity, courtesy, magnanimity, &c., it proceeds :

'He was dissolute and scandalous in his morals ; he agitated his country, whose gates he opened to the foreigner ; he fought against his King, and he had the misfortune to abandon the religion of his fathers. We do not pretend to justify him, but we will say that in his vices and his faults, as in his virtues or his noble actions, he partook largely of his country and his time.'

Henry de Bourbon, the second Prince of Condé, not quite seventeen at his father's death, was immediately proclaimed chief of the Protestants, jointly and co-equally with his cousin Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., then sixteen ; both being placed under the tutelage of Coligny, who retained the real leadership till his death. The second Condé, if inferior to the first in most parts of character, was decidedly superior in religious earnestness, and showed a readiness to suffer for the truth under circumstances which broke the spirit and overcame the constancy of the wisest and the best. When all Paris was terror-struck by the massacre of St. Bartholomew ; when the magistracy, headed by their President, were thanking the King for sanctioning it ; when Henry of Navarre was passive and resigned, Condé held out :

'On the very night of the tragedy (Aug. 24, 1572), conducted before the King and violently questioned, he replied with such haughtiness, that Charles IX., quite beside himself with rage, dismissed him with these words : "Seditious madman, rebel, son of a rebel, if in three days you do not change your tone, I will have you strangled." A longer time was allowed. A minister, converted by the sound of arquebusades, Des Rozières, was charged to instruct in his new creed the King of Navarre and Catherine of Bourbon, the Prince and Princess de Condé, so as to give them a more honourable cover for change. Already all the abjurations had taken place : it was the month of September. Alone of his family, Condé persisted in his refusal. The king sent for him again, and, as soon as he appeared, ran up to him, blaspheming and gesticulating. "The mass, death, or the Bastille, choose." "God forbids me, my king and lord, to choose the first, the two others are at your discretion, which may God moderate by his providence." The King, in a fury it is said, called for arms to kill him, but the Queen threw herself at her spouse's feet, and Condé was removed.'

So



So far, so good ; but bad example is contagious, and considering the laxity with which modes of religion were adopted or laid aside when the faith of the whole of Europe was vacillating or in a transition state, it was too much to expect of a prince under twenty that he should persevere in provoking martyrdom, when the first flush of excitement had passed away :

‘ On his return from the last interview with the King, he had a long conference with Des Roziers, at the end of which he gave in, and (to borrow the expressions of a contemporary) “ placing his damnation to the account of the minister,” saved himself from the prepared Bastille. On the 29th September, rather more than a month after the massacre, Condé and Henry of Navarre attended a solemn mass, and on the 3rd October the new converts wrote to the Pope to deplore their errors and offer a complete submission.’

The famous saying of Henry, ‘ Paris is well worth a mass,’ loses somewhat of its point when we bear in mind that the occasion of its utterance was his second conversion, or re-conversion, from expediency.\* As regards Condé, the cup of humiliation was filled to overflowing. He and his young wife, Marie de Cleves, were obliged to express or simulate remorse at having married (July, 1572) without the blessing of the Church, and were actually married over again by the Cardinal of Bourbon. Immediately after this second ceremony, Monsieur fell in love with her, and took every opportunity of giving an insulting publicity to his passion. Condé’s uneasiness on her account only terminated with her death in childbed in 1574, after a union of little more than two years. Monsieur, who prior to this event had become King of Poland, and was accustomed to write to her from Warsaw with his blood, manifested his regret in the most extravagant fashion. Amongst other follies, he wore death’s-heads attached to his aiguillettes, and afterwards made the Cardinal de Bourbon remove her body from Saint-Germain-des-Prés, vowing that he could never enter the abbey whilst those precious remains were lying in it.

One of the most romantic passages in the life of the second Condé was his marriage with his second wife, Charlotte de la Tremouille, in 1586, two years before his death. She was the daughter of the Duc de Thouars, a zealous member of the League, and had fallen in love with Condé at an accidental meeting. She was his affianced bride when he was obliged to take refuge in Guernsey after the unsuccessful attempt on Angers ; instead of

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\* M. Fournier (‘ *L’Esprit dans l’Histoire*,’ p. 211) doubts whether Henry ever gave utterance to such a phrase, and traces it to a book of slight authority in which Sully is made to say to the king, ‘ *Sire, Sire, la couronne vaut bien une masse.*’

losing heart, she gave up possession of the family stronghold to the Protestants, started for Rochelle, fitted out two ships at her own expense, despatched them to Guernsey for her lover, married him and turned Protestant, made her brother the young Duc de Thouars do the same, and so enabled Condé to take the field with fresh resources and renovated hopes. His and Henry of Navarre's change of faith and submission were mere matters of necessity dependent on time and circumstances. After a wonderfully brief interval the Protestants had recovered from the shock of the massacre, and were again in arms under their old leaders; but even whilst these continued nominally co-equal, the superiority of Henry of Navarre speedily became so incontestible, that Condé was thrown into the shade, and sank reluctantly into the position of a subordinate. After twenty-five years of civil war, Henry was the first Protestant general who had gained a pitched battle, the battle of Coutras (1587), which is justly stated to be due 'to his valour, his decision, his *coup-d'œil*, his enlightened tactics, to that creative instinct which he applied equally to politics and war.' The advantage at the beginning was with the Catholics. An exulting shout rose from their ranks, and Condé, seeing the squadron on his right overthrown, was about to fall upon those who had broken it, when an old captain, named Des Ageaux, who was near him, grasping the bridle of his horse, exclaimed, 'That is not your quarry; here it comes!' and showed him the strong squadron of Joyeuse, which was about to charge. Henry's eagle eye had already taken in the whole situation, and the battle was won by the dispositions which he made for encountering this very squadron, which formed the centre and main body of the foe.

Towards the end of the day, during the pursuit, Saint-Luc, one of the bravest soldiers of the routed army, feeling that his horse could not carry him clear off and unwilling to surrender without having done something to signalise himself, descried Condé insulated in the middle of the plain, rode at him lance in rest, and charged him so roughly that horse and man went down. Saint-Luc instantly dismounted, raised him, and presented his gauntlet, saying, 'Monseigneur, Saint-Luc surrenders to you; do not reject him.' Condé, covered with bruises, made shift to receive and embrace the prisoner who had taken this disagreeable mode of surrender, and was then carried to the royal quarters:—

'There was witnessed a scene similar to that which had followed the battle of Jarnac, the body of Joyeuse was extended on a table in the very room where the supper of his conqueror had been prepared; but Navarre, very different from the Duc d'Anjou, gave directions

directions that all should leave the room, and that his cover should be laid elsewhere.'

The longing desire of the Protestant volunteers to return home and enjoy their victory, would have prevented Henry from pursuing it had he been so minded, which, it is shrewdly suspected, he was not. 'He yielded to their wishes; and the eagerness with which he hurried to present in person the colours taken at Coutras to the beautiful Corisandre (Madame de Guiche) has given plausibility to the thought that a light motive was not alien to this resolution.' Condé wished to carry on the war on his own account, but his troops disbanded like the rest, and the effects of the injuries he had received in the encounter with Saint-Luc began to be seriously felt. He was obliged to take to his bed, but so soon as he got a little better he resumed the violent exercises of which he was passionately fond, and produced a relapse. The result is told in a letter from Henry IV. to Corisandre, dated March 10, 1588:—

'Thursday, after running at the ring, he supped, feeling well. At midnight, he was seized with a very violent vomiting, which lasted till morning. All Friday he kept his bed. In the evening he supped, and, having slept well, he rose Saturday morning, dined at table, and then played at chess. He rose from his chair, began walking up and down the room, chatting with one or the other. All of a sudden he said, "Bring me my chair, I feel a great weakness." He was hardly seated when he lost his speech, and suddenly breathed his last. The marks of poison broke out at once.'

Suspicion fell on a page of sixteen named Belcastel, a valet-de-chambre named Corbais, and an ex-procureur named Brilland, all three in the service of the Princess de Condé, who was supposed to have instigated the crime, the alleged motive being to escape the detection of her intrigue with Belcastel, by whom she was said to be with child. The confession of Brilland under torture implicated the widow, who was brought to trial and underwent a seven years' imprisonment. Henry of Navarre's opinion of her case was thus quaintly repeated to Corisandre:— 'Remember what I have told you at other times: I am hardly ever wrong in my judgments; a bad woman is a dangerous animal (*une dangereuse beste*).'

Six months after the death of her husband she gave birth to a son, Henry de Bourbon, third prince of Condé, whose assumption of the name was not contested, although grave doubts prevailed as to his legitimacy. These were not definitely set at rest until the formal acquittal of his mother, in the seventh year of his age, which was more owing to the influence of the President De Thou, and considerations of expediency, than to any sense of justice,

justice, or any well-founded conviction of her innocence. In 1595, when her release and restoration to society took place, he was taken out of the hands of his Protestant instructors to be brought up in the Catholic faith, and was virtually recognised as heir-presumptive to the throne, but a complete change in his fortunes was produced by the marriage of the King with Marie de Medicis, although he retained the rank and honours that had been conceded to him as heir-presumptive until the birth of a Dauphin. The resulting difference in his position was pointedly expressed by the King, when, on the death of his governor, the Marquis of Pisani (October, 1599), the appointment was given to the Comte de Belin, a man of slight esteem for loyalty or bravery, and possessing no one proved qualification for the post. Henry drily justified the choice: 'When I intended to make a king of my nephew, I gave him Pisani; when I intended to make him a subject, I gave him Belin.' The dowager princess acquired an influence through Belin which had been resisted by Pisani, and the Duc d'Aumale thinks that Condé's character, tone of mind, and manner of life were deteriorated by the change.

One of her plans for restoring her forfeited credit with the King was to supply him with a mistress of her own choosing and training, through whom she hoped to control and distribute the favours of the Court. The object of her choice was Jacqueline de Bueil, an orphan brought up in the Hotel de Condé, who was formally installed in the royal favour, having been first duly qualified by marriage with a complacent courtier, the Comte de Moret; on which auspicious event the following congratulatory letter was addressed to her by the Princess:

'Madame la Comtesse: Being obliged by duty, and still more by inclination, to honour all that the King loves, I have desired, in performing this agreeable duty towards you, to be recognised by you as the woman in the world who is most rejoiced at your glorious fortune, and who, by so many most devout prayers, demands continually of Heaven to continue to his Majesty this contentment, and to you this happiness, for many long years, without ever this unworthy one (Madame de Verneuil)—from whose *forcenerie* your beauty has delivered their Majesties, this kingdom, and myself—being able to recover from her fall. God, who, for the good of the King, has been the author of this so desiderated result, granting my prayers, accompanied by those of all good people, will be the guardian of it, and will give me the means, which I ask of Him, of showing myself by some worthy deed, yours, &c., &c.'

It would seem that these pious and virtuous prayers were not granted; for Madame de Moret lost no time in kicking down the ladder

ladder by which she had mounted, and, by a refinement of female malice, a royal order forbidding the Princess to appear at Court was forthwith transmitted through the Prince.

Considering the power and influence attached to the preferment temporarily held by Madame de Moret, and the envy excited by it, the wonder is that any difficulty was ever experienced in filling it. More than one lady received the King's addresses like Madame de Guercheville, who made answer, 'Sire, I will accept a husband from your Majesty, but not dishonour;' and when his passions were not violently engaged, he took a refusal in good part. But there were occasions when he was utterly unable to master his feelings, when policy, prudence, delicacy, justice, and even the natural generosity of his character, were forgotten or laid aside. There is a French novel in which the hero, a renowned duellist, resolves on marrying a young and beautiful widow, who repeatedly refuses him. 'Very well, Madame; then you shall never marry any one else, for I will shoot every man whose proposals you accept.' He shoots five suitors in succession, and she marries him. Henry made love in much the same fashion. He wooed the women he had set his heart upon as the lion woos his bride. He proved that there was a royal road in courtship. Gabrielle d'Estrées was engaged and tenderly attached to the Duc de Bellegarde, one of the handsomest and most accomplished of the high nobility. She was compelled to give him up, and protesting to the last, had no alternative but to submit to the splendid and envied, if uncertain and equivocal, position forced upon her. It could only be filled by a married woman without outraging conventional observances. Her exemplary father, therefore, selected a suitable husband, the Baron de Liancour, a widower, with nine children, illiterate, feeble in mind, and repulsive in person: a rejected suitor, who was perfectly aware why the sentence of rejection was reversed. To her increased disgust, she had to pass a short honeymoon with her spouse, at the end of which he was ordered to bring her to the camp at Chauny. He obeyed, and the day after their arrival he received a second mandate, exiling him from Court, and commanding him to repair to one of his country houses, leaving his beautiful wife behind. This was early in 1591, and she continued the reigning favourite till her death, in April, 1599.\*

Eight years later, when Henry was of the mature age of fifty-four, it was his Majesty's gracious pleasure or intention to confer

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\* The curious details of this affair are collected in Miss Freer's 'History of Henry the Fourth.' The chief contemporary authority is 'Histoire des Amours de Henri IV.' Par Louise Marguerite de Lorraine Guise.



layed till the arrival of letters of dispensation from Rome, April, 1609, when it was celebrated at Chantilly 'with little expense and much gaiety.' The Duc d'Aumale gives the King credit for sincerity in his resolve not to ask anything beyond affection from the bride. But his Majesty was surely too old and practised a sinner to be under any self-delusion in such matters. At all events, it did not last long. He forgot how many years had elapsed since he had pointedly alluded to his *barbe grise*—what was due to himself, to a prince of his race, to so near a relative who was almost young enough to be his grandson, as well as to religion, morals, and propriety. He not only scandalised the least scrupulous by the open display of an illicit passion; he fairly made a fool of himself in his declining years, and laying aside his soldierlike simplicity of dress, pushed to negligence, he came out, to the surprise of his old companions in arms, in the guise of a *petit-maitre*. His Majesty must have been very far gone indeed when he condescended to this description of rivalry; and his experience of the sex might have taught him that, if a woman's imagination is not caught by the homage of a hero, nor her heart touched by his devotedness, she is not likely to be won by embroidery and perfumery.

The person most interested, the husband, is not unfrequently the last to be informed of the intrigue, real or reported, which is the talk of the town. But Condé was wide awake from the beginning, and his defensive measures were marked by a wise promptitude. He at once requested permission to retire to one of his country houses. The request was refused and a warm altercation ensued, in the course of which the Prince, happening to drop the word 'tyranny,' the King lost all command of temper, and replied that he had committed only one act of tyranny in his life, and this was when he had caused the Prince to be acknowledged for what he was not. To twit a man with illegitimacy because he wished to keep his wife to himself, was a strong step even for right divine to venture on; but Henry went further. He wrote to the Constable to complain that his son-in-law was playing the devil (*faisoit le diable*), and forbade Sully to continue the payment of his pension or his debts. Condé stood firm, and despite of threats and remonstrances, carried off the Princess to his Château of Valéry. A few months later we find them on a visit to M. de Taigny, the Governor of Amiens, at his hunting-seat, near Breteuil. 'One morning when the Prince was out hunting, the glance of the Princess, as she was going out for a drive, happening to fall on a falconer who was waiting in the court, bird on wrist, she threw herself back in the coach with a cry. The Princess Dowager, who was with her,



her, instantly ordered the coachman to drive on. On their return, at the corner of a wood, the same person appeared in the costume of a gamekeeper, leading a hound. It was the King. On a hint from M. Taigny he had quitted Paris, disguised, with two or three attendants, and had just arrived on the gallop at Breteuil.' It is charitably suggested that his expedition had no object beyond the puerile pleasure of gazing on his beloved. At all events, so soon as he saw himself recognised, he disappeared. The Prince, to whom the ladies told what they had seen, took alarm and hastened to return to his château, not knowing where to look for safety, or whom to depend upon, when his best friends were plotting with his anointed sovereign against his peace. The course he took, with the incidents to which it led, belong to the genuine romance of history; they are admirably told in the work before us; and it is difficult to abridge the illustrious author's animated narrative without lessening its interest and point. We can only find room for a few passages.

The cool assurance of the King in trying to put Condé in the wrong is beyond all praise. He writes to him with his own hand: 'You ought to know enough of me to be aware that I am not to be turned from my course by clamour. I take for judges of our difference my female cousin, your mother, and my male cousin, your father-in-law. If they condemn me, I will satisfy you to your heart's desire.' How the cousins, male and female, would decide the difference, was well known. What was meant by satisfying may be inferred from a subsequent passage, when, falsely accusing Condé of having ill-treated his wife, his Majesty told Virey that, if he was only King of Navarre, he would declare himself her knight, and challenge his nephew to mortal combat for her sake. It is laid down by Captain MacTurk that 'there should be no fighting, as there is no marriage, within the forbidden degrees.' The great King had no petty scruples on this head. Virey was the secretary and confidential adviser of Condé, and was commissioned to tell him that, if he persevered in thwarting the royal inclinations, he must take the consequences and should be made to repent of it. Four days after the delivery of this message, about eleven in the evening, when the King was playing cards, the captain of the watch suddenly entered and whispered something in his ear. He changed colour, rose, and withdrew into his cabinet. He had just been informed that the Prince had quitted his château on that very morning, carrying his wife with him, professedly to a boar hunt, but in reality taking the road to Flanders, his entire suite consisting of Virey, a gentleman named Rochefort, two ladies, and three servants.

'The

‘The king sent in haste for all who could give information or advice. His servants and councillors found him walking rapidly up and down his chamber, his head bent down and his hands behind his back. They silently ranged themselves along the wall, watching anxiously, and not daring to speak. From time to time he raised his head ; if he saw a fresh face, he instantly asked what was to be done, and insisted on an answer without allowing time for reflection ; then, without reflection, without discussion, he adopted the last opinion thus given at random. He was no longer the same man : it would have been said that a sort of vertigo troubled this reason always so calm, this mind always so lucid.’

Contradictory or ridiculous orders followed one another. He wrote to the governors of Marle and Guise to take the field with their garrisons and arrest the fugitive wherever he might be. He dispatched La Chaussée, an officer of the guards, with directions to follow the Prince across the frontier, and on finding him in a town out of the kingdom, to require the governor and magistrates to arrest him with his suite, assuring them in his Majesty’s name that they will thereby do what is highly agreeable to the Archdukes.\* La Chaussée had hardly started when the captain of the watch received similar instructions and started also within the hour. Several others were dispatched on the same errand during the night, when Sully, who had been summoned from his bed much to his discomfort, came in. His advice was to do nothing ; ‘it was the only reasonable advice that had yet been offered, and the only advice which was not followed.’

Nothing can mark more strongly the extent to which Henry was blinded by passion than that he should have taken upon himself to demand obedience from Spanish authorities upon a guarantee which he was not justified in giving, and that, prior to Sully’s appearance on the scene, no one ventured on a remonstrance or a check. So soon as he became calmer, he addressed an explanatory letter to the Archdukes along with a formal claim for the delivery of his refractory relative and subject. Condé in the mean time had made the best of his way towards the frontier, hardly pausing to give the Princess a few minutes’ rest till it was reached. She was obliged to quit her coach on the banks of the Somme, and when they arrived at Landrecies, the nearest attainable point out of French territory, she had ridden fifteen hours on a pillion behind Rochefort, wet to the skin, and was utterly unable to proceed further without repose. Condé, thinking himself safe, consented to a twenty-four-hours’ halt ;

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\* Philip II. of Spain had ceded the Low Countries as a reversible fief to his daughter Isabella, who was married to the Archduke Albert. They governed as his vice-regents or representatives and were popularly called The Archdukes.

but the day following, when he wished to proceed, the gates were closed against him. La Chaussée had arrived and made a requisition to the governor and magistrates, who were embarrassed what course to pursue in such an emergency. On the one hand, they could not allow a French officer of police to exercise his ministry within Spanish jurisdiction; on the other hand, they shrank from the responsibility of engaging the King of Spain or the Archdukes in a fresh quarrel with their powerful neighbour. So they determined to submit the whole question to their superiors, and detain Condé till fresh instructions should arrive. The superiors were as much at a loss as the subordinates. The Archdukes referred the matter to the Duc d'Arschcot, governor of the province, who forthwith referred it back to them. At the end of three days they came to a decision which they hoped would meet the emergency without compromising the rights of hospitality or coming to a downright breach with Henry. The Princess received permission to repair to her sister-in-law, the Princess of Orange, at Brussels; and Condé, who had requested leave to kiss the hands of their Imperial Highnesses, was ordered to quit the Low Countries within three days.

This decision was strongly condemned at Madrid as degrading to Spain; and the adoption of a more elevated tone was vehemently pressed by Spinola, the celebrated general, who exercised great influence at Madrid and Brussels. 'Another motive was attributed to him: it was supposed, and Henry pretended to believe, that, having fallen in love with the Princess of Condé, the valiant Genoese was disposed to do everything to detain her at Brussels. The contemporary chroniclers allow the Princess's attractions to be so irresistible that all who came within their sphere were caught by them. Cardinal Bentivoglio describes the charms of that fair and lovely face\* with a complacency justifying a suspicion that this somewhat mundane prelate had not escaped the common peril; as to the timid Archduke, he never raised his eyes when he spoke of this dangerous beauty.' It was at length decided that Condé, who had taken refuge at Cologne, should be invited to Brussels:

'He was received with the respect due to his rank by the Archdukes, with affection by his sister and brother-in-law, with coldness by his wife. The couple had never shown much tenderness for each other; they had married from a sense of duty. Condé was not of a very loving disposition; he was jealous, and if the Princess had done nothing to encourage the King's passion, at least it may be believed that she was not insensible to the homage of so great a prince. Long afterwards,

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\* 'Era bianchissima, piena di gratia negli occhi e nel volto,' &c. (*Bentivoglio*).  
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in her old age, in her retirement at Chantilly during the captivity of her son, she evoked this reminiscence, and spoke of it to Lenet with pride and emotion.'

Her father, we have seen, openly took the King's part, and was in constant communication with her through a relative whom he had sent to Brussels for the purpose. The wife of the French Ambassador, De Berny, was also a frequent visitor at the Orange Palace, and lost no opportunity of carrying out the formal instructions of the King, which enjoined him 'to aid the Princess and give her everything she might want, but (above all) so as neither the Prince nor her women might know anything of it.' Nearly two months had been wasted in proposals and counter-proposals, remonstrances, requisitions, and negotiations, when Henry, finding Condé as distrustful as ever, and the Spaniards bent on supporting him in his contumacy, resolved on a *coup-de-main*.

Towards the end of January, 1610, the Marquis de Cœuvres arrived in Brussels, in the character of Ambassador Extraordinary from France. His ostensible mission was to bring about an arrangement, but his real mission was to carry off the Princess, who was suspected of rather favouring than discouraging the plot. The execution was fixed for the night of the 13th February, and on the morning of that day the wearing apparel of the Princess was conveyed to the French Embassy by one of her women, which could hardly have been done without her knowledge and concurrence. But the ever-watchful Virey and Spinola were on the alert, and this time they held back nothing from Condé, whom they had hitherto kept partially in the dark to avoid needless scandal and publicity. He acted as they had anticipated, giving the loudest expression to his feelings, filling the palace with his complaints, running all over the town to implore assistance from every one he met. The Prince of Orange, little less exasperated, called his friends to arms, and talked of taking and killing right and left—'*tout prendre et tout tuer*.' Guards were set at the palaces; fires were lighted in the streets; piquets of cavalry made their rounds, preceded by torches; all Brussels was in commotion, and an alarm was spread that the King of France was at the gates. M. de Cœuvres had only just time to escape from the Princess's apartment, in which he was, when the tumult began. But in the assurance that no positive proof of his designs would be forthcoming, he put a bold face on the matter, gave a flat denial to the charge, and sought an audience of the Archduke to complain of the implied affront offered to the King, his master, and the calumnies circulated about him. He next repaired to the Orange Palace, accompanied

accompanied by the rest of Henry's emissaries, and formally served Condé with a summons and *procès-verbal*, declaring him guilty of *lèse-majesté* unless he immediately made his full submission to his liege lord.

After this scene, Condé fearing, or pretending to fear, that he was no longer safe in Brussels, started for Milan, leaving his wife under the protection of the Archdukes, who swore that she should not quit their palace without his consent. They were not sorry to get rid of him, for his position was confessedly ridiculous, and the perverted sympathies of mankind and womankind are rarely with the innocent sufferer in such cases. The hero in one of Paul de Koch's novels gave utterance to a common, however reprehensible, sentiment, when he exclaimed, '*Je suis toujours du parti des garçons contre les maris.*' It was the sense of honour or self-respect, not morality, that influenced the Courts of Brussels and Madrid. Nor perhaps were the kings and princes who had been overshadowed by the great name of Henry sorry to see him trifling with it in this fashion.

If outward and glaring tokens of all sorts, oral and written declarations, instructions to ambassadors and conferences with confidential advisers, may be trusted, Henry remained absorbed in this passion till his death, and was actually prepared to go to war for the gratification of it. His demands acquired some semblance of right from the line taken by the Princess; when backed by her father, she addressed a formal application to the Archdukes for liberty to return to France for the purpose of prosecuting a divorce. The despatches of the Flemish and Spanish Ambassadors from Paris turn principally on the same topic. The Spaniard writes as if Henry was on the eve of marching on Brussels, painting him as utterly beside himself, ready to risk his crown for his mistress, invoking her image by night, and passing whole days in talking of her.

His own language was calculated to strengthen this impression. 'I am falling off so much from my sufferings,' he wrote to Preaulx, 'that I am reduced to skin and bone. Everything is distasteful to me; I avoid all companies; and if, out of regard to people's rights, I allow myself to be conducted to any assemblies, instead of gladdening me, they complete my prostration.' But Preaulx was the legal agent and representative of the Constable at Brussels, through whom Henry corresponded with the Princess; and this doleful description was written for the express purpose of being shown to her. In point of fact, he was never more robust, more active, more fit for work, than when he complained of being reduced to a skeleton; and without palliating the folly and criminal weakness of which the King  
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was guilty in this affair, the Duc d'Aumale justly argues that it never warped his policy, never diverted him from the crowning project of his reign, that of humbling the House of Austria, by whose exorbitant power and pretensions the equilibrium of Europe was upset. The moment the time for action had arrived, he threw off the mask; when, on the approach of his army, the Archdukes offered to send back the Princess, they were informed that this was no longer the matter immediately in hand; and when the Pope's nuncio remonstrated with him against going to war from the supposed motive, he replied that he meditated a war in good earnest, but a war of policy, not a war of religion or of love.

Condé was still at Milan, and the Princess at Brussels, when Henry was assassinated, May 14, 1610. The Duc d'Aumale suggests that there was as much policy as generosity in the support given by the Spanish Court to the Prince, whose importance they greatly exaggerated; and states that, incredible as it may be thought, it is certain that the ministers of Philip III. thought seriously of starting Condé as a candidate for the throne of France. D'Estrées relates that the Ambassador of his Catholic Majesty at Rome made overtures on this subject to the Pope; and Virey affirms that Fuentes, Governor of the Milanese, waited with his retinue on the Prince to hail him as '*juste héritier*' of Henry IV. Condé pretended not to understand him, and to believe that these marks of homage were addressed to him as Regent of the kingdom; a title which, according to the same authority, he accepted solely to throw dust in the eyes of the Spaniards and induce them to favour his return. He left Milan in disguise, and by a circuitous route through Switzerland, Franche-Comté, and Lorraine, reached Brussels, whence he despatched his faithful Secretary to Paris with letters for the King and Queen-regent, declaring his submission. These came in good time to quiet a prevalent apprehension that the public peace might be disturbed in his name or on his account; and they were answered in a manner to place him completely at his ease. His mother wrote to him at the same time, advising him to be on a good footing with Mary de Medicis, and cautioning him not to see his wife, but to leave her where she was, 'since up to the last moment she had lent herself to the wishes of her royal admirer.' Condé acted on this advice. He refused to see his wife; and when, in a parting interview in the gardens of Marimont, the Archduke begged him to listen to a prayer, 'the Prince, guessing what was coming, entreated his illustrious host not to ask of him what he could not grant; then, perceiving the Princess in the distance, and shunning an improvised reconciliation, he hastily withdrew.' On his entry into Paris, he



was preceded by an escort of *grandeess* and nobility, exceeding 1300 horse. 'Arrived at the Louvre, Condé saluted the Regent with the most marked respect, and assured her of his submission and fidelity. Then he returned to his residence, through streets filled with an immense crowd, but sad and silent, for the people were not yet consoled for the irreparable loss just sustained by France.'

The History is discontinued with these words, at a point which we cannot help thinking rather unfair to the third Prince of Condé. He is thus left in a position strongly resembling that of the actor in the 'Rosciad,' of whom the author could find little to commemorate beyond what is comprised in the well-known lines—

' Upon my life,  
That Davies has a very pretty wife.'

It must be admitted, however, that this Prince's life was marked by no achievement in war or statesmanship, by no display of genius or valour, entitling him to rank high among the illustrations of his house; and possibly the most appropriate inscription for his tombstone would be: 'Here lies the husband of Charlotte, Princess of Condé, and the father of Louis, Prince of Condé, commonly called The Great.'

Assuming the elevation of the name to be the special purpose of this book, we might also question whether a sound discretion has been exercised in relying, for the first impression, on an historic group which includes neither the hero of Rocroy, nor the heroine of the Fronde—

' Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,  
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux Dieux.'

It is true that the exploits and character of the hero have been made familiar to both French and English readers by one of the most accurate, accomplished, and attractive of living historians, Earl Stanhope; whilst M. Cousin has left a portrait of the heroine so glowing and life-like, as to raise a suspicion that he had fallen in love with the image of his own creation, or become (as it were) the posthumous victim of her charms.\* But the desired and contemplated effect is obviously unattainable, unless the picture, or series of pictures, is completed by the same masterly hand.

It was said of Mirabeau's brother that he would have passed

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\* 'Madame de Longueville: Nouvelles Etudes sur les Femmes illustres et la Société du XVII.<sup>e</sup> Siècle.' Par M. Victor Cousin. Seconde édition. ('La Jeunesse de Madame de Longueville'): Paris, 1853; and 'Madame de Longueville: Etudes. &c.' ('Madame de Longueville pendant la Fronde, 1651-1653') Paris, 1859. 'The Life of Louis, Prince of Condé, surnamed The Great,' by Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), published by Mr. Murray, is translated from a Life, by the same author, originally written in French, and printed for private circulation.



for a *roué* and a wit in any family but his own. The descendants of the great Condé have been similarly overshadowed by his renown. Without instituting an especial search, we only occasionally catch glimpses of them in courts or camps for nearly a century after his death; but when the name does occur, it is almost always in connection with some anecdote or incident characteristic of the race. It was a Prince de Condé who, when his son on his return from a tour produced the savings of his allowance, flung the purse contemptuously into the courtyard amongst the menials. It was a Princess de Condé who gave the memorable warning to a faithless husband that, if he persevered in the game, he might have the worst of it: '*Moi, je ferai des princes; et vous, vous ne ferez que des bâtards.*' The following tribute to the reviving glories of the family is paid by Delille:—

‘Condé, Bourbon, Enghien, se font d’autres Rocrois,  
Et prodigues d’un sang chéri de la victoire,  
Trois générations vont ensemble à la gloire.’

These verses allude to the affair of Berstheim, during the revolutionary war in Germany in which the French emigrants, led by Condé, whose son and grandson were serving under him, did excellent service and displayed the most brilliant courage. At Biberach, again (October, 1796), they covered the Austrian retreat so effectively that Moreau exclaimed, ‘But for that handful of emigrants, I should have been master of the Austrian army.’ When it was asked in the British Parliament of what use was this ‘little army’ of Condé, Windham, then Secretary for War, replied, ‘Go and put that question to the great armies of Austria, which this little army has saved more than once from total destruction.’

This Prince de Condé, fourth in descent from the great Condé, could wield the pen as well as the sword, and has left a creditable memoir of his famous ancestor.\* He was in his eighty-second year when he died, but the decay of memory or intellect of which he gave signs was suspected to be occasionally assumed or exaggerated. At the Restoration he re-entered Paris in the royal carriage with the King, and, on arriving at the Tuileries, was informed that rooms had been prepared for him at the Luxembourg. ‘*Mais je vais descendre chez moi.*’ ‘*Chez vous? mais où ça?*’ ‘*Au Palais Bourbon, diable: qu’est ce qui m’empêche?*’ In vain was it explained to him that the Palais Bourbon had been appropriated to public uses. He insisted on immediate possession, and the official occupants were summarily ejected to make room for him.

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\* ‘*Mémoires pour servir à l’Histoire de la Maison de Condé.*’ Paris, 1820.

When Talleyrand was presented to him as Prince of Benevento, he affected to believe him a native-born Italian, and said, '*Si par hasard, de retour en votre pays, vous voyez le Pape, dites lui de se défier bien d'un vieux coquin nommé Talleyrand, autrefois évêque d'Autun.*'

His son was the Duc de Bourbon, whose death by murder or self-murder in 1830 is still wrapped in mystery: his grandson, the Duc d'Enghien, who was shot and buried in the moat of Vincennes. Their lives are lost or forgotten in their deaths; and the sun of their house, which, breaking through clouds, shone so gloriously at its rising and in its meridian, has set in darkness and in blood.

ART. VII.—1. *The Royal Engineer.* By the Right Hon. Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. London, 1869.

2. *Reports of the Commissioners appointed to consider the Defences of the United Kingdom, 1860, 1861, and 1862.*

3. *Report of Committee appointed to Enquire into the Construction, Condition, and Cost of the Fortifications erected under 30th and 31st Vict. and previous Statutes.* 1869.

4. *Lectures on Coast Defences and the Application of Iron to Fortification, delivered at the United Service Institution and the Royal Institution, 1868 and 1869.* By Colonel W. F. D. Jervois, C.B., R.E.

IT was the custom of the valorous Gustavus Adolphus—so Captain Dalgetty informs us—to fight as much by the spade and shovel, as by sword, pike, and musket; and the wisdom of his practice was shown by the results of his campaigns. The necessity of following in his footsteps has increased with the development of the art of war. If cover proved of such service in his days, and contributed mainly to secure the victory for his troops when assailed with field-guns that were of little use at a thousand yards range, and muskets that did not carry a bullet a tenth part of that distance, of how much greater value will it be in the campaigns of the future, when, as appears probable, an army will only have to show itself in the open plain to be exterminated; when its ranks can be ploughed with huge shot and shell fired with unerring precision from guns several miles distant, and its commanders picked off by concealed riflemen as soon as they can be distinguished from their men? The results of the American war have fully proved that the day has gone by for hurling battalion against battalion, and that in future warfare, natural or artificial cover must be sought for much more than heretofore.

heretofore. They have proved also the superiority of the system of independent loose skirmishing order, and subsequent rapid concentration, at first introduced by the French, and now slowly making way in our army, over the stolid, steady movements characteristic of British troops, to which, as shown in the battles of the Peninsula, General Trochu recently paid so high a compliment. But these were the days of 'Brown Bess.' The continuance of such tactics now, much as all admirers of the immovable steadiness of English soldiers must regret the fact, would serve no good purpose, and would, in action, inevitably lead to carnage and disaster.

Strange though it may appear, it was not till the year 1812, and in consequence of the urgent representations of Lord Wellington, that an establishment was formed for instructing the corps of Royal Engineers in military field-works. Previous to that date, the men of the corps were really artificers; for in the year 1809 the entire Engineer force in Portugal consisted of 29 men, principally carpenters, masons, and blacksmiths. There was not a single sapper or miner. During the French siege of Badajoz, the besiegers had a force of 100 miners, 483 sappers, and 60 artificers; but, on the English side, the recapture of Olivença, the attack on Fort Christoval, the sieges of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, the escalade and capture of Almaraz, the reduction of the French posts at Salamanca, the capture of the Retiro at Madrid, and the siege of Burgos,

'Were one and all undertaken and conducted by a British army unattended by a single sapper or miner; the inadequate number of engineer officers being supplied by infantry officers, who in lieu of sappers and miners selected from 100 to 200 private soldiers, although they literally had never seen a military gabion, fascine sap, or mine, to superintend under fire, by night as well as day, in darkness and in all weathers, the formation of trenches, parapets, and batteries, constructed by working parties of their fellow soldiers amounting to from 1000 to 2000 men.'—*Royal Engineer*, p. 28.

The consequences of this lamentable state of things need not be described. Lord Wellington wrote home stating that 'it is inconceivable with what disadvantage we undertake anything like a siege for want of assistance of this description,' and lamented the casualties which, of necessity, constantly occurred amongst brave men, to say nothing of the valuable time often lost at the critical period of the siege; while Colonel (now Field Marshal Sir John) Burgoyne stated that occasionally there was the greatest difficulty in preventing the men of the line actually burying themselves.

Again, though the sappers of the army numbered nearly 1000  
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in the Duke of Wellington's march on Paris in 1815, amongst the entire force there was not a single firearm; and these men had charge of a train of eighty pontoon and other carriages, the whole of which could have been destroyed by a few resolute men, armed with fire-arms, in five minutes!

These instances of how things were done fifty years ago may raise a smile, particularly as it is in all quarters asserted that the British army never was in better order as regards efficiency and discipline than at present; but it behoves every one who takes an interest in the subject to look closely into the details of our present system and see, no matter how well we manage in time of peace, if we are really keeping up with other nations in army science—not only in mere drill and discipline, but in making preparations for the engineering operations that must be required in every campaign, and without which none can be carried on—for the siege-attacks, field-works, military bridges, reconnaissances, well-sinking, field-telegraphy and signalling by day and night, and such like. Sir Francis Head, himself an old officer of Engineers, who smelt powder at Waterloo, has set himself resolutely to investigate this question. Having recently published a memorandum on the Abyssinian campaign, in which he had stated—

‘I had ventured to demonstrate that our army—especially for defence—must henceforward submit to be directed by a man of science’—

He adds:—

‘but as the English public—generally speaking—really do not know what military science is, I resolved to apply for official permission to ascertain and make known as accurately as I could measure it, how much or how little of that article we possess.’—*Royal Engineer*, p. vi.

The permission having been readily granted, Sir Francis proceeded to Chatham and made a thorough inspection of the Royal Engineer establishment there, and the results of his enquiries are embodied in the pages of his book. While justly praising the organisation and management of the Engineer School—perhaps the best special school in the kingdom—it must be confessed that he brings a heavy indictment against ‘what are impersonally termed the “War Authorities” of England.’ Nothing is, of course, easier than fault-finding, and there are few institutions in which one cannot pick some holes; but the gravity of Sir Francis's indictment is fully supported by the evidence adduced. It may appear incredible to the non-military reader that—

‘it is impossible for any competent military authority summoned before the New House of Commons to deny—

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1st. That of the armies of Europe, that of England is at this moment by a long interval the most ignorant in the art of self defence against the desolating fire of the breech-loading rifle.

2nd. That in its present wilful state of ignorance, it is incompetent to contend against any one of those highly educated armies above referred to in equal numbers.'—*Royal Engineer*, p. 352.

But it is impossible to question the facts, for although the latest edition of the 'Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army' contains a paragraph recommending the instruction of the men in field-works and the art of throwing up field-defences, nothing has been done to carry the recommendation into effect, and there is no likelihood of any step being taken, unless the voice of Parliament or of the public is raised to insist on it. Will it be believed that although by the untiring energy of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne an 'Engineer Train' has been established for the conveyance of the intrenching tools of the army—the spades, shovels, pickaxes, and the like—and that although part of this train invariably forms a portion of the troops at our greatest camp of instruction, Aldershot, and takes a share in all the sham-fights and reviews, the intrenching tools are *never unpacked*, but are reserved, like the surgeon's tourniquets, bandages, and plasters, for the grim reality when it comes? It amounts to this, that—

'The army is perseveringly adhering to the ignorant obsolete old English bull-dog system of open fighting as introduced by Napoleon. Its system, in direct opposition to that of all other nations, and especially of the United States of North America, is as follows:—At our Camps of Instruction—the largest, the most costly, and among the soldiers the least popular of which is Aldershot—a certain number of "field days" commanded by a "General and brilliant Staff" afford, it is readily admitted, opportunities to commanding officers of seeing combinations of the different arms of the service, thereby teaching them to become familiar with the movements of large bodies of men. These field days, however, are simply huge drill parades. . . . There is never any attempt on the part of the General, as in the great camps of Austria, Prussia, France, and Belgium, to select (which would no doubt be the case if his Assistant Quartermaster General was an Engineer officer) a position capable of being strengthened, or when selected, to render it in any way defensible either by throwing up slight field works, by the construction of obstacles to the approach of an enemy, such as palisades, abattis, &c., or by the careful posting and protecting of the different arms. There is no attempt to amuse the men by teaching them how, by simply driving Norton's American tubes, to supply themselves with water, or by the latest improvement in camp kitchens to avail themselves of the readiest mode of cooking their own food.

'And lastly, while divisional battalions, and regiments of all the armies of Europe, some standing, some stooping, and some prostrate  
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on the ground, are learning by the use of the pick and shovel to protect themselves from the murderous fire of the breech-loading rifle, while the "savages" of North America by ingenious forest devices are still keeping, as for forty years they have kept the United States regular army at bay; and while the Maories of New Zealand are literally repelling and capturing Anglo Saxon troops by the use of their rude field works, so determined in the British service is the opposition to military science, in whatever form she may appear, that although the "B." Troop of the Royal Engineer Train has for several seasons formed part and parcel of these great Aldershot reviews, it has never yet been allowed an opportunity of distributing to the troops the entrenching tools which packed in waggons, commanded by engineer officers, guarded by sappers, and followed by pack horses, at considerable cost to the country, have been collected and organised expressly for the rapid "Conveyance of Entrenching tools for an Army in the Field."

'In short, not only the apparent but the real object of our camp reviews has been, and is, by the main strength and power of our war authorities to repudiate protection from the breech-loader, and in lieu thereof to enforce the continuance in the British army of the obsolete Brown-Bess system of "fair stand-up fighting" in an open field of battle!'—*Royal Engineer*, p. 345-8.

It is this very over-confidence in our superiority in the 'fair stand-up fighting,' which has brought us out of so many difficulties, that blinds our eyes to the inevitable consequences which must result from the state of things described above. Though it is strictly true, as constantly asserted by the 'War Authorities' in their public speeches, that the British army was never in a more efficient state than at present—in other words, that it is no worse now than it ever was before—there is too much reason to fear a repetition of what has taken place in every one of our wars, viz., the hurried despatch to the field of an army of brave men, utterly destitute of the ordinary requirements of war.

It is well to bear in mind the persistent neglect with which military science has been, and still is, treated by our 'War Authorities,' when following Sir Francis into his description of the training-school at Chatham, that a juster estimate may be formed of the responsibility of those who refuse to avail themselves of the practical skill and knowledge imparted there to the officers and men of the Royal Engineers. Every officer in the corps receives really three educations—that is, the first general training which all boys go through; the second general military education at Woolwich Academy; and the third professional course at the Royal Engineer Establishment after entering the corps. The admission to the Royal Military Academy being now thrown open to public competition, and the standard of knowledge  
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required of the candidates being a very high one—perhaps unnecessarily so, considering that the competition is merely for admission into an academy where they are to commence the study for their profession—none but young men, possessing a large amount of knowledge and blessed with quick active minds, need attempt to enter either of the two scientific branches of the service, the Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers. The course of study at the Royal Military Academy is purely a military one, mathematics, fortification, and artillery being the principal subjects, combined with modern languages, natural sciences, and drawing. The cadets are thoroughly instructed in drill of all kinds, and are kept under military discipline. After a course of two years and a half, the knowledge acquired by them is tested by a very close and searching public examination, conducted by special Examiners appointed by the Council of Military Education, and the names of the cadets are classed according to the number of marks they obtain. They are then allowed to choose for themselves, those at the top of the list having the first choice, whether they will enter the Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers, no distinction having been made during the course of education between those who wish to enter the one service or the other; but it generally happens that those at the top of the list apply for and receive commissions in the corps of Royal Engineers. Having won their way so far, the young officers are transferred to the Royal Engineer Establishment at Chatham, founded by Royal Warrant in 1812, and which ‘be it always proclaimed and remembered owes its present character to the abilities and untiring energy of the late General Sir Charles Pasley.’ Here they learn practically all the duties of their profession along with a number of non-commissioned officers and men, either volunteers from the main body of the corps, or specially selected on account of their superior intelligence and activity. To the description of the Establishment and the studies pursued there, the greater part of Sir Francis Head’s book is devoted. Feeling the difficulty of giving anything like a clear and succinct account of the many branches of knowledge imparted there, he applied to Captain Conolly, the historian of the Royal Sappers and Miners, for a definition of the duties of a sapper, from whom he received the following:—

‘ Well may it be asked, what is a sapper? This remarkable genius is as Shakspeare has already answered—

‘ Not one, but all mankind’s epitome.’

‘ Condensing the whole system of military engineering and all that is useful and practical under one red jacket. He is the man of all work



work of the army and the public—astronomer, geologist, surveyor, draughtsman, artist, architect, traveller, explorer, antiquary, mechanic, diver, soldier, or sailor, ready to do anything, or go anywhere; in short he is a *sapper*.'—*Royal Engineer*, p. 384.

The Directors of the Establishment, however, act wisely in not attempting to impart all the branches of learning requisite to form such a versatile genius to all the officers and men under training. Some of the classes are compulsory, others voluntary. All officers and men are thoroughly instructed in the construction of field-works. The course for the former lasts for four and a half months, for the latter nine, and includes modelling various works in sand; spar-bridging; field-works of attack and defence; mining; floating bridges; railways; sundry practices, such as escalading with ladders and grapnels; the construction of field kitchens; and projects, that is, schemes for the attack or defence of some neighbouring height, for the bridging of some river or canal, for the obstruction of some road or railway against an imaginary foe. In addition to these studies, each officer must go through courses in drill and military duties; surveying and military reconnaissance; architecture; chemistry; telegraphy; and submarine mining. There are volunteer and special schools for the non-commissioned officers and men, where they can study architecture; printing; surveying; topographical drawing (the two latter to qualify them for employment on the Ordnance survey); photography; telegraphy; and chemistry. By this arrangement of studies not only is provision made for introducing and perfecting, during peace, everything in the way of science that may be useful to an army in time of war, but care is taken that there should be no excess of supply over demand, for *all* engineers, whether officers or men, are thoroughly trained in those arts which an army is entitled to demand of them, viz. siege and field works, military bridging, road-making, &c.; while numerous volunteers are sent forth trained in those other branches, which, though it would be unfair to expect from all sappers, might yet be of immense assistance in a campaign, such as surveying, telegraphy, printing, photography, &c.

Of the course of instruction in drill and military duties it is unnecessary to speak, save that care is taken to maintain strict military discipline throughout every branch of the establishment, and to impress on the men that, no matter how clever and expert they become with head or hands, they are still soldiers. The course of field-works is certainly the most important and the most necessary; and the principal operations of a siege, both in attack and defence, are actually executed by the men under instruction. Many of the larger works, which would entail a  
vast

vast expenditure of time and money if constructed full size, are made in sand, on a reduced scale, in the modelling shed. To assist the students in this latter practice, a large theatre in the barracks has been set apart as a model-room, in which can be seen and studied models of field-works of all kinds, and in the centre of which is a large table, 20 feet by 15 feet, containing a model of some square miles of country, in the centre of which stands a fortified town, round which are shown, in all their details, the parallels, batteries, and approaches of a besieging army. The fortifications round Chatham afford good training ground for the actual construction of field-works: those which both officers and men are most carefully trained to execute both by day and at night being the parallels and zigzag approaches of a regular siege, containing the requisite batteries, gun and mortar platforms, and magazines. The first process of an army which has marched almost within range of the guns of a doomed fortress is,

‘ During the night to draw up—with their feet touching a white cord laid down by an engineer officer—a line of soldiers, who with spades in their hands, and well protected in their front, set vigorously to work in darkness to dig a trench, the earth of which, thrown into a bank or line of gabions (empty circular baskets standing with their mouths open and on their ends) forms a *parallel*, which at daybreak is a good deal too visible to the besieged. . . . As soon as this first foothold (defensive as well as offensive) has been firmly established, the next process is to construct for the very same purpose a second and similar parallel about half way between it and the doomed fortress. But as this second parallel, within musketry range, is too close to the enemy to be laid again by the white-line process, which even if it could be attempted would isolate it from protection as well as from siege and all other supplies, the advance to its locality is effected by a continuation of short zigzag trenches each directed by the engineer, to point a little to the right or left of the fort so as to prevent the enemy’s artillery raking or enfilading it.’—*Royal Engineer*, p. 78-9.

When the parallels have approached so near the ditch of the fortress that approaches by the short zigzag trenches are no longer practicable, sapping proper begins. The leading sapper, who is followed by others, and afterwards by working parties of infantry, whose duty it is to deepen and widen the excavation commenced, kneeling on the ground and pushing before him a ‘sap-roller,’ or large stuffed basket, to protect him from the musketry fire of the besieged, excavates a narrow trench, the earth from which he throws into a gabion placed on one side of him. This is obviously a work of great danger, as the besieged are closely watching the process of the sap, and the exposure of any part of  
a sapper’s

a sapper's body would bring down a volley of bullets. The steady onward progress is occasionally arrested by the sounds of pick and shovel proceeding from the bowels of the earth underneath the sap, showing that the besieged are driving a mine to blow their foes into the air. This necessitates a recourse to counter-mining, and the sap being temporarily stopped, the sappers sink shafts and drive horizontal galleries to enable them to destroy the enemy's mines before he has an opportunity of springing them. Instances are recorded of miners and counter-miners working resolutely towards each other, guided by the sounds of each others' pickaxes, which can be heard at a considerable distance through the solid ground. The difficulties and dangers of this subterranean warfare are heightened by the risk of suffocation by foul air in the galleries; and no small share of cool courage is required of those who labour in them, knowing that it is entirely a matter of chance which party is the first to charge and explode their mine, and thus bury their opponents in an instant.

The officers and men undergoing instruction at Chatham are thoroughly trained in tracing and digging parallels both by day and night, in making fascines and gabions, in the single and double sap, in constructing the different kinds of batteries and magazines required for the trenches of a regular siege attack, and in sinking the shafts and driving the galleries of a mine. All these works are executed on full scale. Among recent inventions, which will probably prove of great service in future siege operations, is a trench railway, that is, an adaptation of an ordinary railway to the parallels and approaches of a siege, by means of which the heaviest guns and mortars can be quickly and easily conveyed to their destination in the trenches, instead of requiring to be dragged, often for miles as at Balaklava, over miry roads by gangs of over-worked men and animals, which often ended in no better result than in sticking fast in the mud and being abandoned. The amount of time, labour, and expense that a simple tramway in the trenches will save in future sieges, particularly if connected by a branch railway to the base of operations, is incalculable. The facility with which one can be laid down has been repeatedly tested in the Royal Engineer Establishment, 400 yards having on one occasion been laid down in twenty-five minutes, after the materials had been prepared and brought up, by fifty men. Another simple invention, calculated to save much loss of life on service, is a steel sap shield, on small trucks, which a sapper can push along the edge of the sap he is constructing until he succeeds in filling a gabion and throwing earth enough over it to render the protection of the shield unnecessary.

Necessary

Necessary as a thorough knowledge of all the works required in a regular siege is to a Royal Engineer, it is of even greater consequence now that he should be a master of the art of converting quickly any building, wall, hollow road, steep bank, hedge-row, or natural obstacle of any kind, into a cover for troops, behind which an enemy's bullet cannot reach them, and from behind which they can level their rifles to check an attack. In these days of breech-loading rifles, an officer of Engineers must not only be able to plan such extemporised defences, but must be able to instruct others. Not that any officer or man of our army should require such instruction, but as long as the Aldershot system hitherto described is maintained, as long as the entrenching tools now carried with each army corps are left strapped together in their boxes, it will assuredly be the first duty our Engineers will be called on to perform in the next campaign, to teach all ranks to throw up temporary parapets and breastworks, to make loopholes in walls and fences, to construct palisades, abattis, and rifle-pits. The extent to which these field-defences were constructed in the last American war is little known in this country, but may be studied in the 'Report of the Chief Engineer of the United States Army,' quoted by Sir Francis Head. Combined with a practical knowledge of rendering natural obstacles defensive, an Engineer must have a good eye for the strong points of a line of country through which the army is advancing, so as to be able to seize at once on the best spot for a field fort, or other similar defence.

This entails a knowledge of field-surveying, in other words, of the art of making a military reconnaissance, which is nothing more than a rapid survey of a portion of country, the base line being measured by pacing and the angles being laid down with a box sextant or prismatic compass. Thanks to the institution of the Staff College, all officers who serve on the Staff are now qualified to do this, and to sketch on paper, by means of contoured lines, the salient features of a landscape for the use of the general in command, but officers of Engineers are more fully instructed in this practice.

The study of military bridging is very interesting and important to an engineer officer. From the time of Cæsar downwards, the necessity of providing a manœuvring army with means to convey it without delay over rivers, canals, or other inland waters, has been fully recognised by all military authorities. Under the general term are included a number of subjects, all of which must be mastered before the actual construction of bridges is attempted ; such as the nature of the different kinds of streams and rivers ; where to look for fords ; what kinds of bottom will  
bear

bear the passage of men and horses, or temporary bridge foundations; how to push over a lodgment of troops to protect the formation of a bridge by means of flying bridges, rafts, or row-boats. All these points must be thoroughly understood; and, in addition, a bridging-party must be expert in driving piles with extemporized pile-engines, in scarfing and splicing timber of all kinds, and in knotting and handling ropes and cables. A great deal of the latter can be taught by means of models; and in another establishment, which bids fair to rival that at Chatham in the excellent practical training which it imparts to the students—the School of Gunnery for the Royal Artillery at Shoeburyness—officers and men are practised at constructing model bridges with miniature spars, cords, &c., and are afterwards called on to execute the various works on full scale in the field. Temporary bridges, as made for the passage of an army, are of two kinds: fixed bridges on piles or trestles, and floating bridges on boats, pontoons, or casks. Suspension bridges of ropes have occasionally been constructed over narrow chasms of great depth, where no other means of bridging could be applied; and when capstans or other appliances are at hand for stretching the suspending cables tightly, they may be safely used; but a suspension bridge, unless constructed in a very perfect manner, always acquires a dangerous amount of oscillation when a continuous column of men passes over it. Fixed bridges, supported on piles or trestles, are applicable for rapid, shallow, or muddy rivers, where boats or floating bridges cannot be used. One of the most memorable bridges of this kind was that constructed by Napoleon across the Danube in 1809, before the battle of Wagram, which was 700 yards long. Trestle bridges are very useful for establishing communication quickly across shallow rivers with sound and firm bottoms. The only objection to both these descriptions of bridge is that they are liable to be destroyed by a sudden rise of the water, and for this reason they are not adapted for tidal rivers. The Belgians make use of a very excellent bridge, combining fixed supports with a floating substructure as complement; the latter being used in deep water to carry the supports. There is no provision made in the British service for carrying materials for fixed bridges in time of war; but a pontoon troop always forms part of the Engineer Corps, and the men of the troop are constantly practised at the construction of floating bridges. With the appliances of the troop, a bridge can be constructed very quickly. The pontoons—huge hollow tubes of tin with rounded ends and air-tight compartments—are carried down to the river, launched into the water, and secured in position by anchors. On each pontoon is  
lashed

lashed a wooden saddle, having recesses in which rest the baulks of timber which form the ground-work of the bridge, and over which are laid transversely the planking which forms the floor-way. The baulks are pinned to the wooden saddle, so that each pair of pontoons connected together by them forms a separate portion of the bridge, which can be put together at the edge of the water and then launched out into the stream, carrying a sufficient number of men to guide it to its place in the structure. A simpler and almost equally efficient bridge, which however takes a somewhat longer time to construct, can be made out of the ordinary barrels used by the Commissariat for provisions, rum, &c. Though a very simple operation when understood, it would probably puzzle a good many heads that had never seen one made, to construct, what Sir Francis witnessed, out of seventy empty flour-barrels and some planks and cord, a bridge sufficient to transport an army corps, with its cavalry, field artillery, and infantry, over a deep river fifty yards broad. The entire structure is put together without a single nail, and can be dismantled in a tenth part of the time taken to put it together. It is satisfactory to know that all officers, non-commissioned officers, and sappers of the whole corps are practised at this. Why all soldiers of all regiments should not also be drilled to construct such bridges, on which the fate of a campaign might depend, does not appear. Models enough to instruct an entire regiment might be purchased for a few pounds; and the materials for constructing the bridges are to be found in every camp and garrison. An apparent want, at present, is a handy book of instruction in military bridging generally. Without any disparagement to Sir Howard Douglas' exhaustive and excellent work on the subject, there is no concise book of instructions available. A small portable volume would be a great boon to officers of all arms.

The branches of knowledge pursued at the Chatham Engineer Establishment are so numerous and varied that one may well wonder how it has been developed out of the original school of instruction, the express object of which was merely to train men to execute siege operations:—

‘General Sir Charles Pasley, who commenced the establishment, and the Directors who one after another succeeded him, have however successively taken a wider view, and accordingly it has gradually become and is now a well understood, a well established, and a welcomed axiom in the corps of Royal Engineers, that, as regards both its officers and men, the word *education* means making themselves by means of science, in every way their ingenuity can invent, generally useful to any and every army in the field to which they may be attached.’—*Royal Engineer*, p. 173.

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The credit of the present state of the establishment is therefore due to the members of the corps, and its progressive advancement has not been due to any pressure from without. On the contrary, the officers and men of the corps have imposed on themselves a long series of volunteer duties not ordered by the Queen's Regulations, the Commander-in-Chief, nor by the Secretary of State for War. Thus, at Chatham there are classes for photography and photo-lithography, and for printing of all kinds, letterpress, copperplate, and lithographic. At first sight it may not appear that any of these arts can be of much practical use in a campaign. Photography, however, appears to have been of no small utility to the Federal army, for in the report of their chief engineer it is stated that accurate topographical sketches of the country being urgently required, the surveys of the Engineer officers were at once photographed in the field and distributed for use amongst the officers of all arms. If the Prussian system, as described by a military correspondent of the 'Times' in September, 1868, in which every officer taking a part in manœuvres in the field 'has his map conspicuous under his sword-belt,' and constantly refers to it, be worth imitation, a field photographic train will constitute a decided advantage on the side of the army which employs it. In the American campaign maps comprising surveys of 730 square miles of country were photographed and issued to the troops, more than 1200 different maps being issued before the passage of the Rapidan, and more than 1600 photographic sketches between that date and the 30th of July, 1864. The necessity of a travelling printing press, by means of which the orders of the day may be promptly distributed to an army in the field, does not require to be insisted on.

Perhaps the latest branch of instruction which has been introduced is in fixing and driving the American tube wells, by means of which the army in Abyssinia was for certain periods abundantly supplied with water. Their use is of course limited to those situations where water can be reached within the depth from which it could be drawn by a common suction-pump, and their success depends on the nature of the water-bearing stratum, which if gravel or chalk will yield the water readily, but if sandy loam, quicksand, or stiff clay, slowly or not at all.

The course of instruction in electricity includes telegraphy and the springing of submarine or other mines by means of the electric current. All officers are instructed how to construct and use telegraphic lines, and how to apply the tests for the detection of defects. A number of volunteers from the sappers are moreover carefully trained to be expert telegraphers, and to have a thorough



thorough knowledge of the various instruments at present in use. At the present day sappers are working the telegraphs at Aldershot, Portsmouth, Gibraltar, Malta, St. Helena, Bermuda, and at all the stations in Persia. A field electric telegraph train has also been recently established at Chatham, consisting of a number of waggons each conveying coils of four miles in length of insulated telegraph wire, besides pickaxes, shovels, &c.; and travelling office-waggon containing the instruments and batteries, a desk, and writing materials. In the actual laying and use of this telegraph the men are frequently exercised, the wire being merely laid on the surface of the ground, and raised over road-crossings on light iron poles, a supply of which is carried on the waggons.

Though the electric telegraph has been used in warfare for some time—witness the line from Varna to the Monastery of St. Georgia and thence to Lord Raglan's head-quarters—it was not till 1866 that a military travelling field telegraph was used by the Prussians, and the perfect manner in which the commanders of their various army corps were kept in intercommunication tended mainly to insure the success of their combined action against the Austrian forces.

The art of signalling, otherwise visual telegraphy, is also regularly practised at Chatham. Thanks to the untiring and persistent efforts of Major Bolton and Captain Colomb, the British army now possesses an admirably simple and effective system of signals which can be taught to any intelligent soldier in a few minutes, and can be worked at short distances, to which the eye can easily reach, in the day time, without any apparatus whatever. At longer distances a hand-flag or a circular disc on the end of a rod is required; for still greater ranges, a shutter apparatus or collapsing drum or cone; and at night flashing lamps are necessary; but the signals with one and all are the same, and consist merely in an arrangement of long and short 'flashes,' if they may be so called—the flashes being waves of a hat or handkerchief, of a flag or disc, openings of the shutter, or expansions of the drum, or actual flashes from a lamp. Nay, the signals can be made just as easily in a dense fog or total darkness by alternate long and short sounds from a fog-horn or steam-whistle. By means of each of these appliances, any number of long or short flashes, pauses, or sounds can be communicated at once from one station to another, each short flash or sound representing on paper a 'dot,' each long one a 'dash,' and by means of permutations and combinations of these dots and dashes, the numerals and letters of the alphabet can be at once represented. A code-book has been drawn up, in which a

great many words and phrases likely to be often employed in transmitting messages are represented by numbers, the book being arranged in a very simple and ingenious way for reference; but supposing the code-book to be lost a message can be spelt out letter by letter by means of the dot and dash alphabet, which is nothing more than that invented by Professor Morse for transmitting messages by a single electric wire. The use of the code-book, however, effects a great saving of time. A description of the flashing system, as it is now called, 'really,' as Sir Francis observes, 'breaks down altogether from its sheer simplicity;' the only remark that can be made on it, is—How is it no one ever thought of it before? Simple though it is, it promises to be of great service in future campaigns, nay, it has been already tested in the field and found to work perfectly:—

'In the advance on Magdala, a few days before the attack, our army had to traverse a precipitous ravine, at the bottom of which was a river of great depth. A small armed party, accompanied by armed Royal Engineer signallers, were sent into the ravine with orders to discover if possible a way out of it on the opposite side which should be practicable for the passage of the army. After several hours of toilsome investigation and suspense, a sapper from a perch on the opposite side signalled to the army, "*passable for infantry*," and very shortly after further investigation had been made, his intelligent flag signalled, "*passable for cavalry*." Now if the exploring party had not been accompanied by the Royal Engineer signallers, the army instead of at once proceeding would have had to wait the safe arrival of a messenger, who on attempting to return with his information might have been shot, and who at any rate would have had several hours' toil to scale the sides of the ravine to communicate his intelligence, thereby retarding it perhaps a day in its advance to Magdala.'—*Royal Engineer*, p. 235.

But it is needless to point out the superiority of the present system of signalling over the old plan of transmitting messages by mounted aide-de-camps or orderlies, for the accuracy of a message is of even greater consequence than the rapidity with which it can be transmitted, and there have been many instances of fatal blunders having been committed from mistakes in the delivery of messages. In the old plan a general had no certainty that his message would ever reach the commander to whom it was addressed, and unless written carefully and deliberately—not often possible in the field—no certainty that it would be rightly delivered or rightly understood. Had it not been for a mistaken message, the light brigade would not have been sacrificed at Balaklava. Fortunately the action taken by the military authorities as regards the new system of military signalling, though tardy, is energetic; and all officers of Engineers and a proportion of

of officers and men from *every regiment* are ordered to be instructed in it at Chatham. It is to be hoped that this is only a beginning of a wiser system, in which the knowledge acquired at the Royal Engineer Establishment will be made of more general use, and that before long officers and men of every regiment in the service will be instructed in each and all of the many useful arts and sciences taught there.

The 'Floating Electric School,' as it is termed, is also a comparatively recent addition to the establishment. In it is pursued the study of submarine mining, practical instruction being given in fixing and exploding torpedoes, in applying them in varying circumstances of tide, depth of water, and force of current; and in the readiest and quickest methods of placing them for the defence of a seaport or harbour, either fixed on the bottom or suspended half way down. The torpedo or submarine mine will doubtless play an important part in future naval warfare. Submerged charges of gunpowder are said to have been successfully exploded as early as 1583, by the Duke of Parma at the siege of Antwerp, and were used by our own countrymen against the French ships at Rochelle in 1628; and many instances are recorded at later dates of contrivances for igniting sunken or floating cases filled with powder, by mechanical action. Those used by the Russians in the Baltic only failed to damage the ships which came in contact with them in consequence of the smallness of the charges. The Confederates, driven by necessity, the mother of invention, to devise some effectual means of checking the raids of the Federal gun-boats in their rivers, were the first who made successful practical use of torpedoes. They established a submarine mining establishment on the James River, consisting of two large tugs, a store-vessel, six torpedo-boats, with waggons, ambulances, &c., for transporting the mining-staff, with their tools, from point to point. A mixed staff of officers and civilians was appointed to carry out the system. The scientific organisation of the establishment was not long in producing results. Twenty-five vessels of the Federal navy were totally destroyed and nine others injured by the explosion of torpedoes. The destruction of the 'Commodore Jones' Federal gun-boat of 800 tons, which was sent up the James River in 1864 to reconnoitre and drag for torpedoes, is one of the most memorable instances of the destructive power of these engines. On crossing the point beneath which the submarine mines were moored the vessel appeared to those on shore to rise and bend a little in the middle, after which followed the explosion of the boilers, annihilating the ill-fated vessel and killing instantly the greater number of the crew, 151 in number. This single explosion had the effect

of checking the advance of the Federal fleet, and of giving Lee time to throw a garrison into Richmond. Even on one occasion, when a torpedo was exploded before the proper time, the column of water thrown up fell on the advancing ship, completely overwhelming her, overturning her guns, washing overboard everything that was loose, opening her planking and so loosening her timbers that she could scarcely be kept afloat. Perfection in the art of applying these submarine mines was not, however, acquired at once, and they were almost as dangerous to friends as foes; for no less than three of the Confederate vessels were lost by accidentally coming into collision with their own torpedoes. To Baron von Ebner, of the Austrian Engineers, is due the credit of having perfected a system of submarine mines, or electric torpedo defence, which was first applied to the defence of Venice, though it was not put into practical operation, and which was exhibited in detail in the Paris Exhibition of 1867. With his name should be associated that of Mr. Abel, the chemist to the War Department, who has devoted a great deal of attention to the subject, of which he has given a sketch in a paper read before the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the present year, and who is the inventor of the electric fuze, the only one which can be used with safety and certainty for the explosion of charges of powder by means of electricity. The attention of our Government having been drawn by the occurrences in the American war to the importance of torpedoes as cheap, readily applied, and eminently serviceable means of defending harbours, rivers, sea-ports, &c., a Committee was appointed in 1863 to report on the use which might be made of them. The Committee having reported favourably, the working out of the system has been handed over to the Royal Engineer Establishment, where it is zealously carried out. The advantages of the present torpedoes are, that being merely closed cases filled with powder, and fitted with a fuze that can only be ignited by the passage of a current of electricity, they can be handled on board ship or in the water with perfect safety; when submerged they can be rendered active or passive from the shore in a moment, and are therefore no impediment to friendly vessels or the ordinary course of navigation, and not requiring a blow or push to ignite them, which would necessitate their being moored at such a depth as would ensure a ship touching them in passing, they can be at once placed on the bottom, no small advantage in rapid currents or tidal rivers. The torpedoes used by the Americans were almost all intended to be fired by mechanical action, from coming in contact with a ship's side; consequently, when placed, they were objects of equal dread to friend or foe; the navigation of a channel was effectually closed  
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until they were exploded; and any attempt to remove them invariably ended as the attempt of the 'Commodore Jones' gunboat, previously mentioned. And an equally great objection to the employment of mechanical torpedoes is the fact, that the process of laying them is attended with very great danger. Several instances have occurred in America, since the conclusion of the war, of vessels having been destroyed by coming in contact with old torpedoes, which were supposed to have been previously removed, exploded, or rendered harmless.

The mounted men of the Royal Engineer Train are now the only horsemen in the service who regularly practice the lasso-draught, introduced by Sir Francis Head's exertions into the British service in 1831, and for which he received the honour of knighthood. Well may he call this portion of his sketch of the Engineer course of instruction a 'strange history.' Having during his residence in South America noticed the ready manner in which the gauchos of the Pampas make a wild horse draw with a single trace or lasso hooked to a surcingle girth; having frequently seen coaches and carts traversing these vast plains at a gallop, all drawn by horses without collars or harness; having, moreover, learnt that 6-pounder guns, a howitzer, and artillery waggon had been dragged at the rate of nearly 100 miles daily by the Americans in the same region, with horses drawing simply from the saddle, it occurred to him that a system which proved of such ready appliance might be made of immense use in a campaign, and that if unbroken horses could be worked with the lasso, it would be of even more use with the trained horses of our cavalry and artillery. He therefore submitted a proposal to the Duke of Wellington that every saddle horse in the army should be provided with a surcingle and rope, by means of which

'An enormous amount of horse power hitherto latent could be developed—not for the purpose of harassing our cavalry, but simply to enable them to carry off any guns or treasure they might capture, or to give temporary help to our own artillery, &c., in (say) a steep ascent, or in crossing a short space of deep ground.'—*Royal Engineer*, p. 134.

The proposal was taken up, and experiments were made in presence of the King and many distinguished personages at Windsor, and also before the Duke of Wellington and his staff at Croydon. They were perfectly successful: a waggon heavily laden with iron was taken at a fast canter over uneven ground by horses trained and untrained, thorough-bred and half-bred; a body of Lancers galloped off with an ammunition waggon; a heavy car containing a serjeant and fifteen men of the Cold-stream

stream Guards was drawn for a considerable distance by four mounted men of the Life Guards; and after other successful trials, a bull, whose horns had been entangled by the lasso, was dragged forward by two of the cavalry, and carried off at full trot in spite of its struggles.

The practical utility of the invention being thus thoroughly demonstrated, it was forthwith adopted into the service, and a paragraph was inserted in the King's regulations ordering at least ten men of every troop of cavalry to be equipped with the lasso tackle, as, indeed, ten men of every troop are equipped at this day; but with the exception of the mounted men of the Engineer Train, who—thanks to the energy of Sir John Burgoyne—are now regularly practised at the use of the lasso-draught, not a single mounted man in the British army ever sees it used.

'I will,' says Sir Francis, 'merely state as a fact exemplifying the precise rate at which Science marches in the British Army, that the expressed object of the royal regulation for thirty-seven years has remained and still remains unfulfilled. And accordingly, the Royal Engineer Train, whose officers, sappers, and drivers have their own duties to perform, has now restricted its lasso-drill, which by Sir John Burgoyne's desire Captain Siborne had expressly reduced to a system fit for cavalry (in case only they should desire to learn it) to the bare amount of instruction necessary for its own service.'—*Royal Engineer*, pp. 142-3.

It will naturally occur to any one who considers the training of a military Engineer, that it must cost the country a goodly sum; and the questions will at once suggest themselves—Is the money voted annually for the support of the Royal Engineer Establishment well spent? Is the Royal Engineer as effective as he is costly? Now there can be no doubt about the answers to these. The education of a Sapper, unlike that of any other soldier, fits him for the arts of peace as well as for those of war; his time is not spent in acquiring knowledge which, except in face of an enemy, is practically useless. In peace as well as war his acquaintance with surveying, building, drawing, photography, printing, telegraphy, &c., fits him to be a useful public servant. Officers and men are therefore extensively employed in many public undertakings, and thus alone of all soldiers in peace time furnish a good return for the money expended on them. The Ordnance Survey is the principal civil work on which they are employed. The establishment at Southampton, under Sir H. James, carrying on this great undertaking at an annual cost of some 118,345*l.*, and which has divisional stations in all parts of Great Britain, employing 19 officers and 362 non-commissioned officers and



and sappers, all trained at Chatham, is one of which this country may justly feel proud, and which has elicited the warmest praise from the engineers of all nations. It is characterised by the report of the French Military Commission on the Exhibition of 1867 as carrying on an '*œuvre sans précédent et qui devrait servir de modèle à toutes les nations civilisées.*'

Accurate parish and county maps are being prepared at the rate of about 80,000 acres a month, sheets comprising 960 acres being supplied to the public for half-a-crown. During the passing of the Reform Bill last session, accurate maps of the various constituencies being required for the Members of Parliament and others, 530,352, all coloured by hand, were issued in two months' time. The introduction of photography and its branches, photozincography and photolithography, will, it is calculated, save the sum of 35,000*l.* before the survey is completed. By means of these beautiful arts the office at Southampton is performing other work of even more general interest than the survey, viz., the execution of facsimiles of 'Doomsday Book,' and of the most interesting of the national records of England and Scotland, which are supplied to the public at very moderate prices, and which are not only beautifully executed, but possess the highest qualification of a facsimile, the guarantee of absolute fidelity. The exploration of Palestine is another work which is mainly carried on by the Royal Engineers, and is one in which every one is interested; and there are many of the corps scattered over the face of the globe in out of the way places engaged in all sorts of useful works and undertakings, scientific and practical. An examination of the list of the officers' names in the 'Army List' shows that there are about eighty-eight officers, rather more than one-sixth of the entire number, whose names are printed in italics, indicating that they have been withdrawn temporarily from their regimental duties to perform special duties for the Crown, in almost all the departments of her Majesty's government. The expenditure incurred in the maintenance of the Chatham establishment may therefore be fairly credited with the production of adequate scientific results. And lest any one should suppose that overmuch study of the arts of peace has a tendency to spoil the fighting qualities of the men of the corps, Sir Francis shows from the returns of killed and wounded in the sieges in Spain and in the Crimean war, that no fighting corps has suffered more severe losses of its officers than have the Royal Engineers. Two Engineer officers, both of whom were wounded, led the storming party into Magdala. He is even careful to point out from the 'correct card' of the divisional steeple chases at Aldershot last year



year that several winning horses were ridden by officers of the corps, proving thereby that having to make themselves useful with head and hands does not make milksops of them.

Engineer officers, however, are practically excluded from holding commands in our service, *on account of their education*. With the exception of Lord Napier of Magdala (the brilliancy of whose success may and probably will give its death-blow to the older system), no important command in our army has been held by one. They have indeed been *permitted*, on some occasions, to command foreign armies, though excluded from the command of our own, with what results are well known. A Chinese army, under Major Charles Gordon, R.E.—than whom, according to the ‘Times,’

‘Never did soldier of fortune deport himself with a nicer sense of military honour, with more gallantry against the resisting, with more mercy towards the vanquished, and with more disinterested neglect of opportunities of personal advantage—’

in the brief space of fourteen months extinguished the Chinese rebellion. A Turkish army of 20,000 men was placed under the command of Major-General (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Simmons, R.E., in 1855, and by its tactics mainly contributed to the success of Omar Pacha at the passage of the Ingur River. The late Sir W. Reid, R.E., commanded a brigade of Sir De L. Evans’ force in Spain, and proved himself a first-rate commander and staff officer; and Colonel Sir C. F. Smith commanded the allied forces at the bombardment of Beyrout and at the capture of St. Jean d’Acre. In other armies, officers of Engineers have specially distinguished themselves in command. In France, Cavaignac, Niel, and Vaillant; in Turkey, Omar Pacha; in America, Lee, Beauregard, Johnstone, Meade, Warren, Wright, and Wilson.

‘Having,’ says Sir Francis, ‘submitted to the reader data sufficient, I believe, to enable him to judge and decide for himself what are the results of the three educations which English Engineer officers are required to undergo, and what are the positions which they and officers of the same corps in other countries respectively attain, I venture to point out as a remarkable fact that while in foreign countries, Engineer officers, on account of their scientific acquirements, have been openly *selected* to command armies and to hold high staff appointments, English engineers for the very same reason (with the exception of Lord Napier of Magdala), although they have been permitted to command the foreign armies of the Emperor of China and the Sultan of Turkey, &c., yet have virtually been excluded from the direct command of any large British army in Europe or America, or even of any garrison large or small.’—*Royal Engineer*, pp. 307-8.

They are likewise excluded from service in the Quartermaster-General’s

General's department, the officers of which are required on a campaign to have a perfect knowledge of the state of the roads and the features of the country applicable for defence; of the course of rivers, and the power of inundations; of the practical points of landing in coast districts, and the best way of rendering them defensible; and to be able to construct for the General in command maps and plans of the country through which the army is marching; and, as in Abyssinia, to repair and construct roads and bridges for its passage, and, in taking quarters, to ascertain what numbers of men and horses the beams and rafters of buildings can safely sustain. Of these, with the exception of a little field sketching acquired at the Staff College, the officers of the Quartermaster-General's department are necessarily ignorant from sheer want of practice; and thus, on the sudden advent of war, an inevitable breakdown must ensue. And at the same time officers of Engineers, who, at a great cost to the country, are specially trained in all these matters, are not allowed, as we have already said, to serve in the Quartermaster-General's department. In this matter our practice, as compared with that of all other civilised nations, is truly, as Sir Francis describes it, 'an eccentric and serious error.'

But the cause of these anomalies is easily found. It is nothing more, as testified to Sir Francis by officers both of Artillery and Engineers of high standing and European fame, than the 'utter want of any recognition of science by the War Authorities,' who invariably act on the principle of elevating the 'fighting' branches of the service and depressing the scientific root. This he shows to be an ancient and hereditary evil, which was greatly fostered by the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington, the former of whom, depending on the bullets and bayonets of his '*gros bataillons*,' could dispense with field works, and who consequently rarely used them; and the latter of whom, except when he made such admirable use of them at Torres Vedras, did not require them, most of his great battles being of attack. Against this system no commander-in-chief (and to our present popular one Sir Francis, while returning to the charge against the 'War Authorities,' pays deservedly a high compliment), can hope to stand unless strongly supported by Parliament. Though Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard, of the Royal Engineers, led the assault on Magdala, he was the only commanding officer who was denied the decoration of Companion of the Bath for his services on that day, though every officer who received it *followed* him towards its gateway, and although he and another Engineer officer, the late Lieutenant Morgan, were the only officers wounded. A foreign officer coming to this country, and searching the official 'Army List'

List' for information respecting the various branches of the service, might leave England without discovering the existence of the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton, the most costly and extensive military Engineering Establishment on the face of the globe. He might indeed discover the existence of a small branch of it—the Topographical Branch—in Spring Gardens, and would, moreover, have no difficulty in obtaining lists of the Executive at the various Hospitals, Military Schools and Colleges, Paymasters' and Barrackmasters' Departments, &c.; but the 'Scientific' nature of the Southampton Establishment is enough to debar it from official recognition in the 'Army List.'

Sir Francis' object in his book has been, as his Dedication to the British Army declares, to prove to it the necessity of enlisting science both in attack and defence as its future guide to victory. He distinctly disclaims any idea of elevating the Engineer above the officer of the line, but urges the latter to rise, or rather the War Authorities who have depressed him to raise him, by education, to his proper level. He claims—and the success of Lord Napier in organising and bringing to a triumphant conclusion the Abyssinian war without a break down of any kind will probably plead so strongly for him that he will not claim in vain—that Engineer officers should no longer be deemed incapable, on account of their education, to command an army or a garrison; and that the Chief Engineer of our army should be dignified with a somewhat more appropriate title than 'Director of Works.' His remedy for many of the glaring faults and deficiencies of our war administration—not the least of which is its immense cost—would be the appointment of a soldier by profession as permanent War Minister.

'On the opposite side of what we call "the British Channel," the lives and property of the people are at this moment insured or defended against invasion by 600,000 highly instructed regular troops armed with breech-loaders, directed by a personage who from his boyhood has been a student and lately a successful leader in war; his War Minister being an experienced General of Engineers, late the Commander-in-Chief of an army in the field. On this side of the very same channel, the lives and incalculable wealth of the people are protected from invasion by say one-twelfth of that number of semi-instructed regular troops, directed yesterday by Sir John Pakington—to-day by Mr. Cardwell—to-morrow, perhaps, by a Right Hon. Quaker—or by any other powerful orator equally unstained by military science of the smallest description. In fact, the practical rule (which we all well know would ruin the Bank of England, the factories of Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and every trade and tradesman in the United Kingdom) has been, that so soon as the new manager has been found guilty of having acquired knowledge

knowledge of the business, which in the enjoyment of total ignorance he was suddenly called upon to regulate, an immaculate successor is appointed, and

‘ Thus on, ’till Wisdom is pushed out of life.’

—*Royal Engineer*.—pp. 369-70.

Whatever criticism these views of Sir Francis may provoke, of this there can be no doubt, that our military organisation at present is in such a state as to cause the gravest anxiety to all who have given attention to the subject. In no department of the body politic is reform more urgently required; in none may neglect of it prove so disastrous. The conclusion drawn by the American nation from their recent war, which Sir Francis prints in capitals, may be quoted and applied to ourselves—

‘ The experience of the present war has impressed on the national mind not only the advantage, but the absolute necessity, of a military education for officers of our army.’

This military education must not stop short with the course of instruction at our military schools and colleges, but must include practical instruction and training in all the duties of a campaign. Officers and men of all arms must be taught to make themselves masters of the art of defence as well as of attack. That is their first and most pressing duty. If, as avowedly is the case, idleness is a fruitful source of the crime in the army, there appears to be no reason why the system of education at Chatham should not be gradually expanded and adapted for the education of every officer and man in the service; why all ranks should not be taught how to extemporise a military bridge, to communicate by signalling, to throw up forts and breast-works, or, in peace times, to make themselves useful in the arts of peace.

Whilst referring to the necessity for officers possessing a knowledge of the art of defence, we are much struck at the entire omission in Sir Francis Head’s book of any mention of the duties of the Royal Engineers in relation to the construction of permanent fortifications. It was for the designing and execution of such works, and for the construction of works of defence and of attack in the field, that military engineers were originally brought into existence. The ‘Instructions for our Principal Engineer’ in the time of Charles II., which may be seen in the able work lately produced by Mr. Clode (page 464), are an evidence of this. It appears strange that an officer, who, like Sir Francis, once held a commission in the Engineers, should make such an omission in a work entitled ‘The Royal Engineer;’ more especially as, during the last ten years, the most extensive

extensive fortifications that have ever been constructed by this, or perhaps by any other nation, have been carried on by the Royal Engineers for the defence of the great naval arsenals and harbours of the United Kingdom.

The British public and the House of Commons, however, not liking the expense of these works, and not understanding their object, have shown themselves ready to give a willing ear to stories industriously circulated, that the new fortifications were tumbling down, or were being swallowed up; that, at all events, they would crumble at the discharge of their own guns, and that our fortifications are the worst designed of any in the world.

So persistently were these statements made, that Sir John Pakington, when at the War Department last year, appointed a Committee of Enquiry to ascertain whether they were true or not. The President of the Committee was Sir Frederick Grey, one of the most able men either in the Naval or Military Services. We at first thought it strange that an Admiral should be Chairman of a Committee to inquire into the works of the Engineers; but we have no doubt that, in choosing Sir Frederick Grey, Sir John Pakington made a wise selection. The greater part of the fortifications being intended for sea defence, a naval officer must be a good judge of their probable power of resistance to attack by ships, and he would hold the balance justly between the other branches of the service which had to be represented in the constitution of the Committee. Mr. Hawkshaw, who is, probably, the first Civil Engineer of the day, was a Member of the Committee. The other Members were Major-General Simmons and Colonel Harness of the Engineers, Major-General Dickson and Colonel Elwyn of the Artillery.

After examining minutely every work, the Committee report unanimously as follows:—

‘ 1st. That the works have been constructed with a due regard to the conditions necessary to secure their stability and permanency; and although it could not be expected that works of such magnitude could be carried on without occasional failures and mistakes, those failures and mistakes have been much fewer and of less importance than might have been anticipated.

‘ 2nd. That many costly changes from the original designs were rendered absolutely necessary by the great advance in the power of rifled artillery; that great skill has been shown in adapting the original designs of the works to the altered circumstances of the times; that the arrangements for the service of the guns are good; and that the increase of resisting power in the works has kept pace with the increase of the power of the guns.’

Now, in estimating the importance of the first-mentioned clause

clause of this verdict, it must be remembered that some of the works are constructed on shoals, some on marshes, and some on sites presenting other unusual difficulties of construction; and it is to be remarked that in all cases where exceptional difficulties were not met with,—as, for instance, in the case of the fortifications at Plymouth,—the Committee of Enquiry report that there is an almost total absence of structural imperfections.

At paragraph 78, speaking of the works at Plymouth, the Committee state :—

‘ We have examined all these works in detail, and have found them to be well and skilfully constructed so far as regards permanency and stability, and we are of opinion that when their nature and extent are considered their almost total freedom from accident or failure reflects great credit on those who have been employed in their construction.’

Other paragraphs might be quoted to the same effect.

Turning now to the second part of the general verdict of the Committee which we have quoted, as regards the power of the works having kept pace with the increase of the power of artillery, it must be remembered that there never has been a time in which the designing and execution of fortifications presented such difficulties as have existed during the last ten years. The works were commenced in the days of smooth-bore 68-pounders, and after they had advanced to some extent, artillery science made such rapid strides, that we should not have been surprised if our Royal Engineers had said, ‘ Until these changes in artillery are finally developed, we cannot tell what to do,—the conditions on which our forts are to be constructed are unknown,—we ask to be allowed to stop our works, and for the present we give up the game.’ The Engineers knew very well that if they acted thus, the naval arsenals might remain for ever unprotected,—so they determined to continue to act, and in doing so they have exhibited an amount of foresight which reflects great credit upon them.

But it is said that we do not want fortifications in this country, and, granting that our Royal Engineers are good engineers, and that their works are the best in the world, the expenditure upon them is useless. So far from this being the case, it is our opinion that, taking a comprehensive view of our whole system of defence, fortifications tend greatly to economy. If Portsmouth, or Plymouth, the Thames, or the Mersey, and many other harbours, are not protected by fortifications against naval attack, they must be defended by ships. A popular error exists now-a-days that torpedoes may take the place of both, but this is not so. As Colonel Jervois observed in a lecture at the Royal Institution :—

‘ The



‘ The question is sometimes asked,—Whether the application of submarine mines will not render unnecessary the employment of forts and batteries for defence against naval attack ?

‘ Forts and batteries, however, are still required in all important cases to cover the torpedoes and prevent their being tampered with. It must also be remembered that whilst the submarine mine is harmless unless the ship comes near it, the shot from the battery can injure the ship whatever may be her position within effective range.

‘ Further, although probably our harbours might be efficiently obstructed by torpedoes in at from seven to fourteen days’ notice, yet one condition is that the weather should be sufficiently favourable to allow them to be exactly laid. There are, again, certain positions where, even if the torpedoes are laid, they might be disturbed by a violent storm, and, possibly, an attack on the positions in which they were to serve *might* take place before they could be renewed : and though the periods of the year at which these difficulties might arise are short, yet the bare possibility of interference in the application of a complete torpedo system prevents our placing entire reliance on such a defence for the protection of places on which the warlike power of the nation, both for offence and defence, must in a great measure depend. Therefore, although submarine mines are a most important element in the defence of our harbours and coasts, and add greatly to the power of our forts to resist a naval attack, they must not be regarded as substitutes for permanent works of defence at our naval arsenals and harbours, and other important ports.’

We observed that unless we have forts to protect our great naval and commercial ports against attack by sea we must have ships. Let us examine the relative cost of ships and forts.

From Mr. Childers’ statements in the House of Commons, and from the Navy Estimates, it may be gathered that the average cost per gun of the ships now building is 34,162*l.*, as shown in the following table :—

TABLE SHOWING THE COST PER GUN OF SHIPS NOW BUILDING.

Ships’ Names.	How Armed.	Cost.	Cost per Gun.	Remarks.
	Guns.	£.	£.	
Two ships to be built) in 1869–70 .. .. )	4–25 ton	286,000	71,500	{ Mr. Childers’ statement in House of Commons, March 8th, 1869.
Improved Hotspur ..	2–18 ton	195,000	97,500	
Glatton .. ..	2–18 ton	170,500	85,250	{ From the Navy Estimates, and Mr. Childers’ statement. All estimated costs, which include the engines at 50 <i>l.</i> per horse-power.
Monarch .. ..	6–18 ton	355,000	59,166	
Captain .. ..	6–18 ton	315,750	52,625	
Sultan .. ..	13–18 ton	380,000	29,230	
Iron Duke .. ..	14–18 ton	240,000	17,142	
Inconstant .. ..	16–18 ton	210,000	13,125	
9 ships .. ..	63 guns	2,152,250	34,162	

Now



Now let us examine the cost per gun of forts for defence against naval attack. Very voluminous returns are given in the report lately presented to Parliament of the Committee presided over by Sir F. Grey. In these returns we find that the cost of the forts at Spithead, Plymouth, and Portland—whose foundations are in deep water, and which are to have iron superstructures with iron 22½ inches thick—ranges from 8893*l.* to 11,665*l.* per gun. This sum includes the cost of foundations.

Again we find that the cost of forts having guns mounted in granite casemates with iron shields—averaging 21½ inches in thickness, and some of them built on marshes—amounts to 3948*l.* per gun. Further, it is stated in the Committee's returns that earthen batteries, including magazines, barracks, and defensive enclosures connected therewith, cost 2486*l.* per gun. Some addition would be necessary if the Moncrieff system were applied in lieu of ordinary earth batteries; but this does not materially affect the calculation.

We find that 25 forts to mount 595 guns will cost 3,312,478*l.*, or on an average 5567*l.* per gun.

We have not space to give the many details showing how these figures are arrived at, but any one can verify them by reference to the Report of the Committee of Enquiry.

It is shown by the foregoing figures that the first cost of ships is six times as great as that of forts. To make a fair comparison, however, in an economical point of view between the two modes of defence, it is necessary to take into consideration the outlay required for maintenance and renewal in each case, either as an annual charge or as an invested capital. If this is done it will appear that, gun for gun, Ships are twenty times as costly as Forts.

It is to be remarked that the ships are vastly inferior in defensive power to the forts. Their decks cannot be made to resist the fire of artillery; they may be sent to the bottom by torpedoes, their sides are much more vulnerable than the walls of forts; and moreover, an exclusive reliance on ships for the protection of our military ports would materially interfere with the employment of torpedoes and floating obstructions as accessions to the defence.

It is not, however, urged that forts should be employed to the exclusion of ships. The case is well stated in the lectures of Colonel Jervois. He says:—

‘ Irrespective, however, of the question of the *expense* of providing for coast defence by floating-batteries alone, very little consideration is requisite to understand that if there be positions on *land* from whence an effective fire can be brought to bear on the channel, anchorage,

chorage, or shore to be defended, there is no object in placing the guns in vessels afloat.

‘ In positions such as I have referred to, there cannot be any object in substituting an unsteady platform—on which the amount of protection that can be afforded is limited by considerations inherent to floating structures, and which is liable to be taken away or to be sunk—for a fixed and perfectly steady platform on shore, which can be fully protected, either against its fire being silenced, or from capture by an enemy.

‘ In cases, however, where the distance between forts is so great that the intervening space cannot be properly commanded by their fire, or where it may be necessary to have advanced batteries of artillery at a distance from the shore, and where foundations for fixed works cannot be obtained without expense and difficulty disproportioned to the object, it becomes necessary to employ floating defences.

‘ In short, we must, in each case, consider—

‘ 1. Whether we can provide for the defence by forts *without* floating-batteries.

‘ 2. If not, to what extent floating defences should be applied in *conjunction* with forts. And

‘ 3. Whether the circumstances are such as to render it advisable to employ floating-batteries in *substitution* of forts.

‘ The question is not one, as it is often put, of “floating-batteries *versus* forts.” There is no “*versus*” in the matter. Both are required in their proper places.’

The inevitable conclusion is that Forts are very far preferable to Ships on grounds of economy and efficiency; and that, wherever practicable, they should be employed for the defence of our great naval ports in preference to ships.

Next, let us examine the relative cost of defence of our naval arsenals on the land side by means of Troops alone, as compared with defence aided by Fortifications. Supposing this country ever to be invaded, we want, of course, as large and as good an army as we can get together for the defence of London; and we must at the same time provide for the protection of the Naval Arsenals, and other important places. The Duke of Wellington, in his famous letter to Sir J. Burgoyne, recommended that at a time of war being imminent, troops should be placed at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Chatham, Cork, &c. If our regular troops and the best trained of our reserve forces were detached for the garrisons of these places, we should have no regular army, or only a very small one, in the field; so it is necessary, if we are to provide for defence at all, either to add largely to our army or to fortify the naval arsenals and harbours in such a manner that they may be defended by a comparatively small number of our auxiliary forces: and the whole of our regular army set free for the

the defence of the capital. If the naval arsenals were not fortified on the land side, we should require at least 10,000 more regular troops and 40,000 more well-trained militia, beyond what would otherwise be necessary for the defence of the kingdom. We state these figures as low as possible, in order to avoid all possibility of cavil.

Turning to the Army Estimates of this year, we find 125,529 men are provided for, and that the expenditure on Vote 1, comprising general staff and regimental pay, allowances and charges, commissariat, movements of troops, clothing, barracks, divine service, martial law, and hospitals, is estimated at 7,875,700*l.*; being about 63*l.* per man. As an increase or decrease of the effective strength ultimately reacts on the non-effective expenditure, which is estimated at 2,124,400*l.*, or about 17*l.* per man; that sum must be added, making 80*l.* per annum as the cost per man of our regular army.

The militia is nominally 134,000 strong, but about one-third of that number are either not enrolled or are absent from the training. The estimated cost of this force in 1869-70, is 1,075,600*l.*, or about 11*l.* per man of the actual strength. Certain other charges should be added, but as the mode of assessment might be open to objection, and the ultimate increase trifling, they are altogether omitted. It will be seen then that the capital to be invested to maintain one man of the regular army is about 2000*l.*, and to maintain one man of the militia about 300*l.*

The capital cost to the country of providing 10,000 regular troops and 40,000 militia, is, therefore, as follows:—

		£
10,000 regular troops at 2000 <i>l.</i> per man	=	20,000,000
40,000 Militia at 300 <i>l.</i> per man	=	12,000,000
		<hr/>
Capital cost of an additional force of 50,000 men		£ 32,000,000

Now, the whole cost of the fortifications, according to the estimates given by Sir F. Grey's Committee, is somewhat less than eight millions; to this should be added the cost of armaments, which, in order to allow a wide margin, we assume at two millions, making a total of ten millions sterling. Of this, six and a half millions will have been spent on *sea* defences, which have no reference to the point immediately under discussion. The *land* defences will cost three and a half millions, and the annual charge, taken at 5 per cent., amounts to 175,000*l.*—a sum which represents the pay of only 2200 soldiers of our regular army.

The annual charge for 10,000 regular troops and 40,000 militia would be 1,240,000*l.* Thus we have an annual saving of 1,065,000*l.*, and a capital saving of 28,400,000*l.*, consequent

upon the application of fortification for the land defence of the places referred to.

We have purposely taken low figures for the numbers of additional troops and militia required in the absence of the fortifications; but the fact is, that if the fortifications did not exist, an additional force of 100,000 or 150,000 men, could not give the same security.

Enough has been said to show that great economy results from adopting a system of defence by fortification. But it is asked, why go to the expense of permanent works? Did not Sevastopol, with such defences as were thrown up during the war, offer a most effective resistance? We reply, that the allied attack on Sevastopol was wanting in the elements of success. The so-called siege was in reality a battle of entrenched camps; and at no time had we a sufficient numerical superiority over the garrison. The Russian earthworks in themselves offered no obstacle to assault; but we were entirely unable to effect the first step of a siege, viz., silencing the artillery of the fortress. Sevastopol contained an ample supply of artillery and warlike stores, while our guns often remained silent from absolute want of ammunition. Had Sevastopol been fortified with permanent works, we should never have been successful with the forces actually engaged. As it was, the existence of one small permanent work on the north side deterred us from attacking it on that side.

The defence of Richmond by the Confederates during the late war in America offers an instance somewhat similar to that of Sevastopol. Armies readily undertake the attack of entrenched positions; but the siege of a fortress is quite another affair. The Quadrilateral enabled the Austrians to hold Lombardy; the absence of permanent defences compelled them to make terms before Vienna. Fortifications display their value as often by deterring an enemy from attacking them at all, as by the resistance they offer when attacked.

Finally, we conceive that no one who will take the trouble to read and consider the Reports of the Defence Commissioners of 1860, 1861, and 1862, and the lectures of Colonel Jervois on 'Coast Defences,' can entertain a doubt as to the wisdom of the opinion expressed by the Commissioners in 1860, in these words:—

'We are thus led to the conclusion, that by a judicious application of fortifications the means would be afforded of utilising in the highest degree both our fleet and the regular army, and the forces which would be brought in aid of it; and, further, that without fortifications there is no mode of defence which can be proposed, that would give the same amount of security to the country, and at the same time be so economical both in money and in troops.'

And

And no unprejudiced person can examine the Report of the Committee which has lately enquired into the construction and cost of these fortifications without acknowledging that the Royal Engineers have carried them into effect, both as regards efficiency and economy, in a manner that adds greatly to the reputation they have so justly earned in every department of the public service.

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ART. VIII.—*Lucain: la Pharsale*: traduction de Marmontel, revue et complétée avec le plus grand soin par M. H. Durand, &c., &c. Paris, 1865.

**T**HERE was a story current some years ago, at Cambridge, of the pleasant mistake of a German Professor who was enjoying the hospitalities of the most distinguished of the colleges. In the course of the literary conversation which befitted such learned company, some reference being made to a line of Lucan, one of the Fellows, poor Sidney Walker it may be presumed, started off with an illustrative quotation of a hundred or more lines. The Professor complimented him on the power and readiness of his recollection of the verses of a somewhat obscure poet, when, to his surprise, the quotation was at once taken up by another of the company, and carried on to at least an equal extent. The Professor, of course, duly entered it in his notebook, that ‘all the Fellows of Trinity College know all Lucan by heart.’

Now, Lucan is, no doubt, as we have said, one of the obscurer poets of ancient literature. Nevertheless he is, we believe, studied, and appreciated, and remembered, by more classical scholars than are in the habit of much talking him over, or ventilating quotations from him. Lucan has a bad name among poets. Young scholars are taught to avoid him as bad company, and one likely to seduce them into evil courses; and older Latinists have been accustomed to regard the study of him as somewhat of a stolen enjoyment, and to be a little ashamed of disclosing, at least to the uninitiated, what they apprehend will be considered an indication of an impure and vulgar taste. Lucan, every one says, is stilted in language, inflated in sentiment; unreal and unrefined; wanting in nature; at least equally defective in art; in every respect a very foil to the fresh, and chaste, and graceful beauties of Homer and Virgil, the great masters of the heroic Epos, in which he claims to take no mean place himself. It is supposed to be shocking and shameful that scholars should turn from the celestial charms of the eternal masters of the highest poetry so freely offered to them, and feed

on the garbage of a poetaster and a declaimer. Yet scholars, it seems, are to be found, and more perhaps in number than is generally supposed, over whom this indifferent rhetorician does exercise a very powerful influence. They may be a 'latebrosa et lucifugax natio,' as was said of the early Christians; they are not in the habit of parading an intimacy and an interest with which the outside world has so little sympathy; they know very well, and are somewhat ashamed, of the weak points of their favourite's character; nevertheless such a sect does exist, in greater or fewer numbers, in every generation, and one is surprised to hear, from time to time, of modest scholars of Lucanian proclivities who have committed their cherished 'Pharsalia' to memory from end to end, and have solaced a long day's ramble with repeating it, in the secret of their own heart, from 'Bella per Emathios' to 'mœnia Magnum.' We can vouch for more than one such student of Lucan within our own knowledge; but we doubt if the same feats can be predicated with regard to any other of the favourite poets of antiquity. Do any of our classical enthusiasts care to repeat by heart a single book of Homer or of Virgil, or can any of them do so? or a drama of Æschylus or Sophocles? There is undoubtedly a fascination in Lucan for some minds such as is rarely exercised by any of the greater masters of ancient poetry. Let us be allowed to examine the phenomenon closer.

Far be it from us to enter into a formal discussion of the venerable question of the critics, what is an epic poem? a question which, when all is said, seems to resolve itself, in the minds of the critics themselves, into, What is the essential character of the 'Iliad'? What of the 'Odyssey'? What character is there common to these two great original exemplars from which the nature of the epic poem in general may be deduced? As long as the critics are disagreed on these points; as long as it appears to many that the one poem owes its actual form to a combination of accidents, the other to a definite plan and purpose; that in the one the central action bears no proportion in importance, in dignity, and in interest, to the framework of events and interests in which it is set; in the other, the action and the circumstances correspond and harmonise throughout; that in the one the character and position of the central figure are overlaid, outshone, and obscured, so much and so often as to confuse or even to destroy the unity of the design; in the other, the hero from first to last is all in all—as long as these and other vital discrepancies are discerned by many in the two normal exemplars of epic poetry, it will be difficult to discover a common principle in both of sufficient prominence to sustain a definition of the epic in general.

But

But if we may venture to say that the epic is the expression from time to time of the highest human sympathies, appealed to by an action of popular interest, we must admit that that which is common and essential to the two Homeric poems has in fact ceased, almost from the date of those poems themselves, to constitute the true exemplar of the epic of later ages. The interest of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' centres round the personal man; its scope is limited to the passions or adventures of the individual. The sphere of human interests in the primitive times was personal and particular. In the primitive stages of society nothing seizes on the imagination but what appeals to personal sympathies. Accordingly the action of the 'Iliad' revolves round the anger of Achilles; that of the 'Odyssey' relates to the fortunes of Ulysses. The interest in both poems is in the man, and the man only. It is all very well for us to take a wider view, and regard the 'Iliad' as a record or monument of a great international or intercontinental struggle, a duel between two political principles, the decision of the fate of empire between two conflicting civilisations, a foretaste of the secular contest between the Greeks and the Persians, the Christians and the Saracens, Europe and Asia, the West and the East. It is because we, with our enlarged sympathies, cannot help regarding the war of Troy as a great national combat, that we attach such heroic proportions to the action of the 'Iliad.' But it was not so with the author of the poem. It was not so with the early generations to whom the poem was recited. We can only be disappointed—and, whatever theories we may invent to console and reassure ourselves, we are disappointed at the discovery, which is forced upon us, of the triviality of the action of the 'Iliad.' The quarrel of Greece and Troy, we must confess, is but an episode in the unrecorded story of maritime feuds and forays, a trifling incident prodigiously exaggerated in the telling; and the anger of Achilles is only an episode in this episode; the personal quarrel of the two champions retards but for a few days the great result for which we are looking—the great result which is perpetually dangled before our eyes, but to which we are never to be led—the decision of the national conflict.

There is no such vexatious contrast between the central action of the 'Odyssey' and the frame-work in which it is set. It relates the adventures of the hero, and these are all in all. They embrace the whole scope of the poem. Whatever interest attaches to them, and the art and genius of the poet has invested them with surpassing interest, it does not conflict with other and greater interests, and is not dwarfed by them. But this interest  
is



is a merely personal one. It has nothing to do with the general fortunes of the Greek or Trojan people. It has nothing national, nothing political about it. It is purely individual, and even domestic. The 'Odyssey' is an Idyllic poem, dignified with the name of epic, magnified as an incontestable model of the epic; but it has little more in common with the epic, as understood by later ages, except in the characteristic of verse, than the adventures of Sindbad, or of Crusoe, or of Pickwick.

The 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' then stand by themselves. These two great poems, together with the professed imitation of them in later ages which still survive, by a Calaber, an Apollonius, a Statius and a Flaccus, while we habitually refer to them as our normal exemplars of the epic, do in fact differ most essentially from the normal epics of a later civilisation. Generations passed, history was written; reflection succeeded to mere impulse and feeling, and reflection widened more and more, till it embraced the interests of peoples and of ages, not of individuals and of the actual moment only. The Roman epic, the epic of Virgil, while it is strictly imitative in form, and so far follows almost with servility the Homeric or the Grecian type, is essentially of a character entirely different. Under the conventional guise of a record of personal exploits and adventures, it appeals to national sympathies, it symbolises national sentiments, embodies national traditions, prophesies of national development. What steps led to the 'Iliad' we know not: what were its antecedents we cannot tell. To us it appears, erroneously no doubt, to have sprung full-formed from the head of its author. But, suppose it to be so, let it have the full credit of originality; let it be regarded as the first and complete expression of a new idea, the idealisation in poetry of personal human actions. But neither can we say what were the antecedents that led to the new idea which not less distinctively signalises the 'Æneid,' the idealisation, as we have said, of national beliefs and aspirations. We may guess, indeed, that Virgil owed something to Ennius, something to Nævius, but what we cannot say. To us he must appear as the discoverer of his own idea of the epic, as the creator of a new sphere for the poetical imagination. We are bound to regard him as a great original poet, not less so in this essential particular than Homer himself. Virgil was the inventor of the national or the political, as Homer of the personal epic; if we might not more justly say that Virgil was the inventor of the epic, Homer of the idyll. It is common to speak of the great Roman as an imitator, a mere follower of the greater Greek, because he adopted the metre, the form, and to a great extent the materials of his predecessor; but we must remember that the  
idea

idea of the 'Æneid' was, as far as we can judge, Virgil's own discovery; and to some this may appear the greatest poetical idea that ever flashed upon the imagination of man.

Yet not the greatest. There remained yet a further development of the epic to be attained, and it was reserved to be the glory of modern poetry. From the political and national epic of Virgil the spirit of Christianity has evolved the religious and spiritual epic, in which the interest of the action is widened and deepened, and transferred from the worldly to the heavenly, from the temporal to the eternal. The poems of Dante and Milton raise the imagination to a higher sphere than that of Virgil. The 'Paradise Lost' is, in its idea, an advance upon the 'Æneid,' just as the 'Æneid' is an advance upon the 'Iliad.' Its interest is no longer personal, no longer national, but universal; it represents the actions and sufferings of the human soul, its struggles and its aspirations; it signalises the relation of man to God, in respect of which all other relations sink into insignificance. It is evident that in Dante and Milton the epic poem has attained its highest sphere of development. No wider, no deeper interest can be evoked. But the epic can hardly again descend from this level, it can hardly again confine itself to the narrow limits of personal or even of national interests. An epic on Arthur or Alfred, or the French Revolution, is hardly more possible than one on the Siege of Troy or the Argonautic Expedition. If it be the function of the epic to stir the depths of human interests by an appeal to the imagination, it must henceforth refer to man in his spiritual nature, to his religious hopes and fears and aspirations.

It may be presumed, we think, with some confidence, that paganism could never have given birth to the religious epic. The spiritual interests of the Pagans were never deep or wide enough to command the general sympathy to which such poetry appeals. If Paganism at the present day, the civilised Paganism which dwells around us and among us, has imbibed spiritual emotions unknown to the ancient, it is because it has drunk deep at the sources of Christian belief. Since the diffusion of Christianity our European Paganisms have been all, in some sense, Christian heresies. If modern Paganism ever produces a great spiritual epic, devoted to the woes and wrongs of the human soul, it will do so because it has assimilated the feelings of a Milton and a Dante. But no such outcome was possible under the unenlightened Paganism of Greece or Rome. It was not possible for the generations that succeeded Virgil to make any such advance upon his conception of the functions of epic poetry, noble as it was and satisfying to the wants of the Pagan world.

There

There was only one further development or modification of the Virgilian epic that seems to have been natural or even possible. If Virgil took for his idea the origin of the Roman people, for his ostensible hero the greatest legendary name, and for his direct subject the most famous legendary story of the national life—keeping constantly in his own view, and indicating not obscurely to his readers the symbolic character both of the hero and of his adventures—suggesting throughout the idea of the State under the figure of Æneas, the history of the State under the trials and exploits through which he is exalted to glory—it remained for the successor on whom the laurel of epic poetry should descend, to relate the naked realities of the actual consummation, to portray from the facts of very life the revolution which completed and closed the national career. Such, it would seem, was the only course remaining to the bard who felt inspired to illustrate in verse the national history of the Romans, that should not be a mere imitation and echo of a previous model. What more inevitable in the course of human development, than the transition in poetry from the imaginative to the positive, from the symbolic to the actual, from the myths of a legendary antiquity to the known events of the most recent history, the memory of which had hardly passed away, the consequences of which were still distinctly visible? There were, it seems, only two possible ideas of an original Roman epic, the symbolic and the real, and Rome produced two original poets, Virgil and Lucan, to seize each his own, and to immortalise it.

To appreciate the merits and interests of the ‘Pharsalia,’ we must understand the character and circumstances of the author. The history of Rome throughout is rendered peculiarly interesting and instructive, from the vividness with which the portraits of individual actors in it are brought home to us. The Romans seem to have been especially fond of biography and personal anecdote, and they have succeeded in giving us very close and life-like representations of almost all the prominent men in their annals. The chiefs of the commonwealth from the Scipios to Pompey, the chiefs of the empire from Julius Cæsar to Marcus Aurelius, are all known to us as individual men; each has a moral physiognomy of his own in our recollection hardly less distinct than that of the most eminent men in quite modern history. We have no such gallery of portraits from ancient Greece. What a haze surrounds the character of Alexander, Pericles, and Demosthenes, compared with Cæsar, with Augustus, and with Cicero! Cleon, though a whole play of Aristophanes has been devoted to his special portraiture, is a mere signboard-painting in our eyes, compared with the photographic likeness we seem to possess of Clodius.

**Clodius.** Aspasia is perhaps the only female portrait of Grecian history ; but what is our idea of Aspasia but as the type of her class, how different from the personal vision we have of a Fulvia or an Octavia, a Livia or an Agrippina !

And as it is with the characters of political history at Rome, so it is with the celebrities of Roman literature. The Latin classics are not books, but men. They are men and Romans, every one of them ; each moving distinctly in a public or a private sphere, endowed with the power of setting forth in words his own thoughts and feelings, and impressing his own character upon his utterances. We must again contrast the Latin with the Greek authors in this respect. Which is the more vivid figure in our eyes, Livy or Herodotus ? Tacitus or Thucydides ? Seneca or Plato ? Pliny or Aristotle ? We compare not the works, but the men. Cicero, of course, stands out on the canvas far beyond all ancient comparison. We seem to know him, as a human existence, as well or better than we know Burke or Johnson. Again, we hardly suppose that any one has conceived a distinct idea of the personal character of any of the great Greek tragedians ; but let us cast our thoughts upon any one of the three greatest Roman poets, and how distinct a personality rises immediately before us ! Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace, are all three eminent in common for the spiritual or religious sense which animates them ; but how distinctly is this sense modified in the individual character of each ! The first, with a true Roman sense of the dignity of public and especially of Roman life, yet sternly prescribes to himself a religious abstinence from them not unworthy of a saint or eremite under another dispensation, from the conviction that they can only conflict with the solemn struggle to which every man is born, with his own fears, and hopes, and passions. The second, content also to abstain from a public career, to which indeed the temptations are now less enticing, to live a life of self-control and chastening, to stifle regrets and curb aspirations, but not content to make these sacrifices without a countervailing belief in a Providence which guides and animates the life both of the state and of the individual. The third is impelled also by his own peculiar sense of duty, to make the best of the circumstances both of public life and of private, and believes that contentment in his own sphere of existence is given unto every man by the Muses, the deities of his imagination, as his own best reward. To these may be added Tibullus, as a poet of religious sentiment, a pale reflection of Horace, with more sensibility, but with less thought. In Catullus we can trace no such religious sentiment whatever. He is a keen and brilliant worldling, and, in the ardour of his praise  
and

and the bitterness of his satire, we read with more vividness than in Sallust or even in Cicero, the nature of party strife at Rome, in the very hurly-burly of Roman faction; yet this factious worldling has expressed the natural sentiments of love towards a brother, and love towards a mistress, with more dignity and pathos than any one perhaps of his countrymen. Propertius, like Catullus, is a man of the world, and not less, perhaps even more, of a selfish voluptuary; but he is peculiar among the Roman writers for the sense he evinces of the mysteries of death and the unknown future, and reveals, under the guise of the grossest of sensualists, the keen apprehension of spiritual terrors which is never uncommon with his class. Distinct as each of these appears from all the others, Ovid is different from them all, as the man of fashion, and the poet of the fashionable world, at an era when the life of fashion had first taken the place at Rome of the life of civil and political action. But the frivolity of his day was a reaction from the over-strained excitement of great social struggles, and partook of the melancholy which was impressed for generations upon the Roman mind by a great national mortification. This common melancholy, even in his lightest and wantonest moods, Ovid seems to us faithfully to represent; but it is a melancholy which in his own mind, and in that of the Roman people generally, seems to have been tempered by no religious sensibility. Even when we pass on to the poets of the silver age, inferior as they are to these in ability and in force of character, and with less perhaps in every case of a personal story attaching to them, we may still recognise a special individuality; as in Statius the reciter, with whom we could have spent an evening in public more willingly than with any one; and in Juvenal the declaimer, with whom we would have given much to walk back from his friend's recitation, and hear his caustic criticisms on the man and his verses, and his patrons, and the Emperor, who may have been himself present on the occasion; and in Martial, the prince of pasquinade, who wielded as such a power, which was recognised no doubt in the rewards which assured him a competence in his Spanish retirement; Martial, with whom we should have delighted to take a stroll, certain topics tabooed, through the baths of Titus, and the portico of Europa. And again, in Persius the sophist, or philosophaster, if such a word may be used of one who has learnt to talk about philosophers, without being himself a philosopher; Persius who plays the Wagner to the Faust of Zeno and Chrysippus, whose company anywhere and at any time we should have specially avoided. Nor is the pale individuality of Silius Italicus altogether obscure to us: the courtier, the parasite, the delator, who  
crowned

crowned his career of ease and luxury with a philosophical suicide; and whose power of imitation, both as a patrician and a poet, rises almost to the dignity of genius.

Of the personality of Valerius Flaccus, last and least on our list, there is, we believe, nothing known. His date alone is marked by his opening address to Vespasian, and still more clearly by the breathless attention with which he seems to listen to the bellowing of Vesuvius, who has just startled the cities of Campania, and marks the cloud of cinders which seem to fly in a moment of time from the Tyrrhene coast to the Ægean.\*

We have reserved for more particular consideration the individuality of the subject of this paper, the author of the 'Pharsalia.' The poet M. Annæus Lucanus was descended from a branch of the widely-extended Gens Annæa (connected no doubt with the Anneia, and Annia), which had been settled for some generations in Spain, and locally at Corduba. They belonged probably to the official class, who were left behind in the province by the first conquerors, to administer the government and collect the tributes. But the poet's grandfather seems to have been no wealthy magnate. M. Annæus Seneca (rhetor, or the teacher of rhetoric), returned to Rome in the reign of Augustus,

\* Compare 'Argon.' iii., 210 :—

'ut mugitor anhelet  
Vesvius, attonitas acer cum  
Suscitat urbes :'

and iv., 508 :—

'Sic ubi prompti tonuit cum forte Vesevi  
Hesperiae letalis apex ; vixdum ignea montem  
Torsit hiems, jamque Eoas cinis induit urbes.'

As we have never met with a good word for this—the least respected and least read of the Latin poets—we will venture to say of him that he evinces a very clear, if not a strong imagination, with a remarkable power of presenting a vivid scene with one or two touches. Take, for instance, that of the rape of Hylas while bending over the fountain :—

'nil umbra comæque,  
Turbavitque sonus surgentis ad oscula nymphæ :'

of the reflection of light upon water :—

'Stagna vaga sic luce micant, ubi Cynthia cœlo  
Prospicit, aut medii transit rota candida Phœbi :'

of journeying in a dark night :—

'noctisque metus niger auget utrinque  
Campus, et occurrens umbris majoribus arbor :'

of Titus storming Jerusalem :—

'Solymo nigrantem pulvere fratrem ;  
Spargentemque faces, et in omni turre furem :'

and one more, though we could produce many more, of Jason rushing off through the forest with the golden fleece on his shoulders :—

'Ut vero sociis, qui tam prædicta tenebant  
Ostia, per longas apparuit aureus umbras.'

If not pictures, these are at least sharp and clear line engravings.

and

and obtained distinction in his profession, which had never flourished so much at Rome, or become so fashionable among the families of distinction, as at that period. The goodly volume of Declamations which he has left to us has little interest for modern ages, except for the prefaces, full of gossiping anecdote and curious information about men and manners, which are perhaps the most entertaining of all the remains of antiquity. This Seneca was father of three sons: Novatus, who being adopted by a certain Junius Gallio became known by the names of his legal parent, and made his way to wealth and high office in the provinces; L. Annæus Seneca, the philosopher; and a third, M. Annæus Mela, of whose surname we can give no account, but who married the daughter of an Acilius or Atilius Lucanus, from whom his son, the poet, took the appellation by which he is specially distinguished. Lucan was himself born at Corduba, A.D. 38, the first year of the Emperor Caligula; but he was removed in infancy to Rome, and placed under the care of his uncle Lucius Seneca. He was brought up at the Imperial court, where his uncle, though banished in the earlier years of Claudius by an intrigue of the palace, was recalled at a later period by the rising influence of Agrippina, and installed as tutor to the young Domitius Nero, her son; and made, at the same time, her own confidential adviser. The advent of Nero to power exalted Seneca to the more conspicuous post of Minister of State. Lucan continued to be the prince's companion through the years while his government was still amiable and popular. He shared in Nero's literary occupations, and competed with him in literary distinctions; and both uncle and nephew seem to have been fascinated by the charms of his goodness and affability. While thus basking in Court favour, and enjoying an enviable share of wealth and distinctions, Lucan was married to a young lady of rare accomplishments, and one whom, from her name of Argentaria, we may be tempted to suppose the heiress of some magnate of the Roman money-market. We may suspect that this advantageous alliance was arranged by the careful uncle himself, who had a keen eye to the main chance, and well knew both how to lay out his own money, and where to look for the money of other people.

The rivalry of two clever young men of fashion at Rome ran at this period in a peculiar channel. The care which Romans of the higher class had always bestowed on the education of youth is one of the finest features in the national character. Almost every Roman biography professes to inform us of the studies of the hero, and of the names of his several teachers. The first instructors, indeed, of Nero were a dancer and a barber; but



but when at the age of eleven he came under the charge of Seneca, there can be no doubt that he received a competent training in literature and philosophy. But the bent of his own genius, to which his facile pedagogue seems to have yielded, was for music, for singing and recitation, and in these arts he seems to have acquired some real success, as well as in the composition of light poetry. It was in this last accomplishment that Lucan, according to the story, ventured to compete with him; for the Romans at this time delighted in competitive exhibitions of singing and playing and metrical composition, and thought, very much as we seem to think ourselves at the present day, that no excellence in art was of any value unless it was evidenced by a public display of superiority over others. The verse of the grand old Heathen:—*αἶεν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων*—was then, as now, the foundation of all Pagan education; and it produced then, as it may produce now, more clever young men than amiable ones. The story, indeed, goes on to say that Lucan not only contended with the young Nero in verse, but gained the prize against him; but it is difficult to believe that any umpires would have decided against an emperor, even though he had been trained to clemency under a philosopher; and it is safer perhaps to accept the less circumstantial version of Tacitus, who tells us only that Nero was jealous of the praises bestowed upon his companion, and spitefully forbade him to give public recitations of his poetry.

Lucan had begun with frittering away his genius upon dramas of a bald common-place type, and upon verses of society, so common among the Romans, and the very prohibition to display it in this easy and frivolous way, may have driven him fortunately to concentrate his powers on his great work, the epic poem of the 'Pharsalia.' Yet certainly this poem was commenced when he still regarded Nero as the legitimate chief of the Roman aristocracy, not as the autocrat and tyrant against whom he eventually conspired. It is not only that the first book opens with an extravagant eulogy of the Emperor, and of Cæsarism in general, but that, as far on as the end of the fourth, we meet with a similar judgment of the merits of the imperial régime, however moderate in expression; where Lucan contrasts the authority which a Sulla, a Marius, and a Cinna had extorted with the drawn sword, with that which was yielded spontaneously by the Romans to the family of the Cæsars.\* Plainly

\* 'Pharsal.' iv. extr.

'Jus licet in jugulos nostros sibi fecerit ense  
Sulla potens, Mariusque ferox, et Cinna cruentus,  
Cæsareæque domus series, cui tanta potestas  
Concessa est.'

Cæsarism was not yet out of favour with the courtier of Nero when he had reached almost the middle of his work. The adulation of Lucan must be admitted to have been deliberate. There is certainly no trace of irony in it; as far as we know it was never repented of, as it certainly was never publicly abjured. If it was excessive and hyperbolical, the defect must be set down to the rhetorical character of the writer with which it fully accords. In substance it is the same as the flattery of Augustus by Virgil and Ovid, of Vespasian by Pliny and Valerius Flaccus, of Domitian by Statius and Silius Italicus. The idea that there is something divine in the height of human power, was common to the Romans with the Greeks, at least from the time of Alexander. It is common perhaps to all Paganism. It is not confined to poets and rhetoricians. In the circumstantial and matter of fact expression of it by Lucan, it reaches no doubt the climax of absurdity, but the defect was in his sensibility rather than in his sincerity. When Lucan declares that the celestial palace will open to receive his patron, his appointed watch on earth completed; that the heavens will rejoice in their new master; that he shall then choose for himself whether to wield the sceptre of Jove, or mount the chariot of Apollo: that every deity shall yield him place, and not only that, but Nature herself (superior to the gods) shall grant him to become whatever deity he pleases; that the only fear for mankind from this revolution shall be, lest he assume perchance a throne in the northern or the southern region of the heavens, cast but a sidelong glance on Rome so devoted to him, and disturb by his awful weight the just equilibrium of the globe; \* that his assumption shall inaugurate an universal peace, and all the nations shall henceforth love each other for ever; when he declares all this, and sets it forth in many more particulars, and in some of the most sonorous numbers of which even the Latin hexameter, the prince of numbers, is capable; he is only pointing in his own fashion the common sentiment of the Romans of his own class and character.

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\* 'Ætheris immensi partem si presseris unam  
Sentiet axis onus.'—*Pharsal.* i. 56.

This is an instance of the extravagant materialism common to the Roman poets of the silver age. Compare the exquisite hyperbole of Statius, where he describes the infant Apollo crawling on the shore of the floating island of Delos, and nearly capsizing it by the weight of his divinity:—

'talis per litora reptans  
'Improbis Ortygiæ latus inclinabat Apollo.'

So when Apollo takes the place of the charioteer by the side of Amphiaræus, Statius is immediately struck by the idea of the increased momentum of the chariot:—

'Non secus ingentique viro magnoque gravatus  
Temo Deo, nunc hoc nunc illo in sanguine fervet,' &c.

As late at least as the reign of Nero, down at least to the extinction of the Cæsarean dynasty, the admiration of the Cæsar was an active principle with the class among whom we meet with these flagrant extravagances of adulation. The sentiment on which the empire was founded continued in force for full a century. Julius Cæsar, aristocrat though he was himself, represented the class of the new families which had been rising in weight and influence in the commonwealth, and which exercised a deadly rivalry with the old oligarchical nobility. From the first this party had been willing to place itself under the authority of a single man, if any man could be found strong enough to bear it into power and to keep it there. The vision of a legitimate or popular monarchy had flitted before the eyes of this class of Romans long ere it received its realization in the person of Cæsar. With little political experience, with much blind passion, thirsting for the overthrow of an exclusive and tyrannical oligarchy, without a forecast of the ultimate consequences of a monarchical revolution, they had submitted complacently to the domination of a Gracchus, a Marius, or a Cinna, and were not likely to reject the glorious imperium of a Julius, or the specious principate of an Augustus. The new aristocracy which propped the throne of the Cæsars may be likened to the upstart nobility of George III.'s creation among ourselves, which formed the bulwark of royal privilege and personal government against the exacting oligarchy of the great houses. The Whigs recovered themselves, at a great sacrifice, by allying themselves with the people; but the Cæsars had already gained the populace of Rome, and knew how to retain it by bribery, and there remained no political element in Roman society, within the scope of the ideas of the period, upon which the old nobility could fall back. Their discontent against Cæsar and Cæsarism could find no vent but in suppressed murmurs, or the desperate resource of conspiracy and assassination. Even these murmurs were confused, these designs of violence were suspended, by their mutual jealousies, and by their secret conviction that the republic had gone for ever, and the fall of the Cæsars could only make room for the elevation of another of his class; that if the Julii, the Claudii, and the Domitii, all great and ancient houses, were no greater or better than the Æmilii, the Scribonii, the Plautii, and a few others, they were at least their equals, and the spirit which rebelled against the established domination of the one would not acquiesce in the irregular usurpation of the others.

Accordingly these 'old parties' the Emperor could afford to regard with little favour, and as long as he abstained from personally provoking them, without much fear. He was secure in the

the devotion in which he was actually held by the army and the populace, and the admiration, the gratitude, or the interest of that party in the aristocracy which inherited the spirit of the Marians and Cæsareans of old; which had recruited itself, since the accession of its chief to power, from the notabilities of the plebs and the provinces. While the old oligarchical houses were dwindling from natural causes, as much as from the imperial proscriptions, this new nobility was advancing in numbers, wealth, and influence. It was from this class that the chief offices at Rome and abroad were for the most part filled; these were the men whose fortunes were founded on quæstorships and proconsulships; upon these the Emperor lavished villas and estates; among these were enrolled the fortunate freedmen of the great, revelling in riches and exulting in the imperial favour, who became in their turn the founders of houses which eclipsed the Æmilii and the Cæcilii themselves. The sons and grandsons of slaves perched on the highest pinnacles of Roman society. Upon this class the Emperor could generally rely; for although it might begin already to regard itself as the genuine representative of the historical aristocracy of Rome, its personal traditions were all in favour of the monarchy under which it flourished. It was to this class that the Annæi seem to have belonged; and the family of the Senecas was doubly connected with it, by its descent from provincial respectability on the one hand, and its immediate connexion with the sources of wealth and distinction on the other. A provincial notable who derived his fortune from successful employment at Rome was, in the nature of things, a born and confirmed Cæsarean. Such a man was Seneca the rhetorician; such a man was Gallio, his brother; such a man was his other brother Seneca, the philosopher. Such a man, lastly, was Lucan, the philosopher's nephew, the heir to the great money-lender, the husband, we suppose, of the great banker's daughter, the courtly scion of a house of the highest official distinction. And such, could he have kept clear of fatal ideology, he would have continued. The feeling which lies at the bottom of his devotion to Nero was that of his class. He was assured that the Cæsar was both a necessity and an ornament to the State, and an element in it highly propitious to the fortunes of Lucans and Senecas generally; but this conviction was confused by an uneasy sense of the importance reflected upon an upstart noble by the traditions of the ancient oligarchy, and by an unsettled yearning for a visionary régime, which should combine the convenience of Cæsarism with the glory of the republic.

There were, however, other circumstances which might aggravate this confusion in the mind of Lucan, and tend to throw him

him more and more into the views of the Frondeurs of the Empire. We may collect from the name of his mother Acilia, that he was descended on her side from the old senatorial aristocracy himself. The Acilian, the Aquilian, and the Atilian Gentes, all apparently derived from a common origin, were connected with many of the highest distinctions of the commonwealth. To them belonged various houses, all famous in its annals, the Balbi, the Glabrios, the Longi, and many others, ennobled by tribuneships and consulships, by victories and triumphs. The glorious Regulus, and his son the scarcely less glorious Serranus, were both Atilii. And in a still higher antiquity these Gentes descended, in all probability, though the traces of the descent were doubtless long obliterated, from the Atia, the Attia, the Accia, the Appia, all no doubt originally identical. Through an Atia, the mother of Augustus, Lucan might pretend to a connexion with the Julii themselves; while the first reputed ancestor of the Claudii was an Attus Clausus. All the Romans could say of this venerable name was that it was primitively Sabine; but to modern criticism it may seem to indicate Pelasgic affinities, and it may not be too wide a conjecture to connect it with the Atys and Attis of Syrian legend, with the Athenæ and Attica of Grecian history.

However this may be, the scion of the Acilian Gens might well be tempted to look with some contempt on the homelier associations of the Annæi and the Senecas. When Lucan became at last implicated in the great Optimate conspiracy against Nero under the lead of Piso, perhaps the only really senatorial conspiracy that actually came to a head against the Cæsars, it is related that he basely denounced his own mother as an accomplice. The story comes to us on the authority of Tacitus, nor can Tacitus be suspected of any prejudice against Lucan. But contemporary history is generally little better than a compilation of anecdotes; and, Tacitus, with his appetite for point and emphasis, was careless, perhaps unscrupulous, as to the sources from which he drew. Such a story may easily have been invented by a party whose conscience was haunted with charge of matricide against its patron Nero. Nor is it unlikely that it was suggested by the real fact of the mother's influence over her son; by the conviction that it was through his connexion by her with the ancient aristocracy that he was seduced from the views which properly belonged to his position and his paternal ancestors. Let us regard the story then as a myth implying that the mother was an Acilia, the son only an Annæus. It would seem then that before he joined the Senatorial conspiracy Lucan had imbibed Senatorial views, and held them

in disturbed equilibrium along with those of the courtiers and Cæsareans. Hence the alternation in his poem of Cæsarean flatteries and Senatorial denunciations. Hence the balance which he holds unwittingly between Cæsar and Pompey, inclining in turn from the one to the other. Hence the mean picture he has actually drawn of the chief of the Senate, whom, try as he may, he cannot succeed in investing with dignity or interest. Hence the liberty of which he speaks in such glowing terms is either the licence of a few great people to cast off all restraint but that of their own class, or the licence of the Roman people to dominate over their clients, their subjects, and the whole world of their foreign enemies.

But if Lucan's descent from a matron of the old Roman oligarchy served to shake the political faith inherited from his father's family, no less was his fidelity to these traditions tried by the philosophical views of his uncle L. Seneca. Among the characteristics of the new Cæsarean nobility was the apathy with which it regarded the enthusiastic religious sentiment which was beginning to impress the higher and nobler spirits of Rome. The Cæsars had been studiously averse from the philosophical movements of their times. Julius himself can be numbered among the adherents of no school of speculative thought. Augustus had pointedly discouraged and even derided the ideologues, and professed for his own part the baldest and barest naturalism. At a time when to make some profession of moral belief was almost universal among the educated and intelligent, none of the Emperors themselves, before the Antonines, was known as a devotee of any of the rival sects. But the clients and adherents of the Emperors were for the most part epicureans, while stoicism was the banner of the mortified and discountenanced members of the old aristocracy. The appearance of Seneca as a trusted dependent in the court of Claudius was a phenomenon hitherto unexampled. Caligula, the child of the liberal Germanicus, pretended to be a liberal Cæsar, and affected to regret the battle of Actium; but he turned Seneca and his philosophy into ridicule. The favour to which this prince of the stoics attained was a sign of the genuine liberality of the Claudian régime; it was a token of grace held out to the malcontents by the first of the Emperors who took a personal interest in literature, and who seems in a clumsy and unsuccessful way to have tried to establish his government on the approbation of the most enlightened of his subjects. It is probable that Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was anxious to gain the support of the old families for her son, whom she was intriguing to thrust into the place of the legitimate heir Britannicus. More than one  
interest



interest conspired to make the teaching of Seneca popular and fashionable at the court; and Lucan no doubt imbibed its influence more deeply than many others. But it was a teaching which could not fail to introduce and affiliate him to a class of determined enemies of the empire; to the men who still sighed for a republic; for such a republic as would replace a proud and wealthy oligarchy in the seat usurped from it by an autocrat and a tyrant.

The fact was that stoicism bore two faces, and it was difficult for the Emperors to deal consistently with it. On the one hand, it was the great solvent of the old aristocratic and national ideas. None taught so powerfully as the stoics, no stoic so eloquently as Seneca, the consanguinity of all men, the 'solidarity' of the nations, the equality of rights and duties, the mutual interdependence of high and low, rich and poor, under the control of a common fate or providence. It is in such points as these that the teaching of Seneca shows such a marked similarity to that of St. Paul, and combined with his to break down the walls of partition which still separated throughout the world nation from nation, house from house, and man from man. The teaching then of Seneca and the policy of the Emperors, of Claudius himself more particularly, were in this respect identical. In this point of view stoicism might be hailed as the natural ally of Cæsarism. But Stoicism, as we have said, had also another face. While it taught men to be no longer Romans, it taught them to be men, and free men. Philosophy, in the view of Cicero, was the refuge and consolation of the oppressed. It taught him resignation and tacit submission. But the stoic philosophy, in the view of observers under the empire, inspired men with indignation at their wrongs and with a burning zeal to redress them. It was said to make men turbulent and meddlers in state affairs. Of all speculative theories of life stoicism was most opposed to the lower and corrupt motives upon which governments have so commonly traded. It was necessarily a reformer of public life; and the fanatics of the porch felt themselves impelled irresistibly to contend against the public morality of the age. While they worked effectively in the assertion and development of the principles of Roman law, they aimed at an ideal which was above all law; and the consummation of their philosophy, as of the religion of the Christian, was to make the enlightened conscience a law unto itself. Stoics no doubt there were who, while abating no jot from these high pretensions, yet acquiesced in the degradation of the imperial régime as an unavoidable evil; but the greater number chafed and murmured, or vented their vexation in vehement utterances, and provoked



the government of the Emperors, as they would have provoked any other government, to acts of angry repression. It was felt on both sides that every stoic was at least an opponent of the autocracy of the Cæsars. It was hardly possible for him to disguise the sentiment which his profession seemed itself to proclaim. It was only the fiction that the Emperor was the impersonation of the eternal law, the revelation of divine government upon earth, that could reconcile with imperialism the ideas and theories of a Seneca or a Lucan. If such then were the conflicting views and sentiments of the young patrician, courtier and philosopher, it would seem that any chance might at any moment turn him into a conspirator. If the story of Lucan's personal quarrel with the Emperor be but substantially true, he was now in a position to be enticed into a political intrigue. But he was probably more affected by the peril of his uncle, which no doubt involved peril to himself, than by a mere literary affront. Seneca had striven for years to retain his influence over Nero by compliances more and more disgraceful and galling. He must have connived at the murder of Britannicus, and he had excused the murder of Agrippina on the desperate plea of state necessity, which in fact was real enough in both cases; but the discontent which he felt and could not, we suppose, conceal, had brought him under suspicion and dislike, and he was now living under a sword suspended only too visibly over his head. A conspiracy was concerted against the Emperor, the *personnel* of which is but little known to us, but the lead in it was taken by Calpurnius Piso, a member of the old aristocracy. The project was discovered by an accident; but a scheme for the assassination of a Julius or a Claudius to be replaced by a Calpurnius seems to have met with little favour, as it certainly deserved none, and we can have little regret for the condign punishment which fell upon all its promoters. The imperium, or military domination of Nero, was a terrible infliction upon Rome, but it was to be fairly met by opposing to it the military command of the great captains of the army in the provinces; by the threat, in fact, of a civil war, which a few years later was found enough for the purpose without the drawing of a single sword.

Even the little we know of Lucan personally may give us a greater insight into the character of the times than is the case with any other of the classical writers. But his poem is throughout a commentary upon them. It breathes a distinct personality. The courtier, the philosopher, the patrician, appear in it by turns, and it betrays the same tokens of confusion and inconsistency that we have discovered in the character of the poet himself. We have held that the expression of Cæsarism with  
which

which the 'Pharsalia' opens is genuine. It is explained by the exposition which immediately follows of the causes of the civil wars. The first and foremost of these causes is Fate. The stoics, like some modern schools, had discovered a science of history; they concluded that the epochs of man's social career are marked out by manifest destiny; that institutions have their course to run, their development to attain, and then necessarily perish. This is shortly and simply expressed in Lucan's formula:—

'Invida fatorum series, summisque negatum;  
Stare diu' . . . . .

It might seem that this was enough, and there was nothing more to be said on the subject. It appears, however, fortunately for historians and poets, that, eternal and immutable as is the law of destiny, the results to which it points may be actually brought about, like Mr. Buckle's eternal law of averages, by various means, and especially by human agency. There is ample scope left for the action of heroes and the occurrence of events; though states, like men, must die, there may be for them, as for men, a thousand ways of death. Their death, then, may be accelerated, and it may be retarded. The 'Pharsalia' could never have been written if the fate of empire had not been kept in suspense by the rival energies of Pompey and Cæsar, if the assailants and the defenders of the commonwealth had not been carried by events and circumstances from the banks of the Tiber to the plains of Emathia. It does not seem, then, that Fate has much to do practically with the subject of the civil wars. The ancient science of history breaks down in the face of facts pretty much as does the modern. It is still possible for institutions and men to act and react upon one another, and the poet of the civil wars has still a career before him. We should have been sorry, for our own part, if the 'Pharsalia' had been suddenly brought to a stand at the 81st line of the first book by the notable revelation:—

'In se magna ruunt.'

Tribute has been paid to philosophy; instinct revives:—  
'Lætis hunc Numina rebus Crescendi posuere modum,' continues the poet. The 'Numina,' divine influences, a Providence, come suddenly into play. There is then a Ruling Power, a designer high above all mundane affairs. If design proves a designer, not less does a designer require a design; if there be a ruler of the world, there must be a purpose in his rule; if intelligible ends are brought about by human agency, we must suppose human agency to be divinely used to produce them. It results then after all that there is room for human agency,  
human

human hands, and human passions, even in the enactment of manifest destiny, whether we call it fate, or, as Lucan proceeds immediately to qualify it, fortune, that is the arbitrary inscrutable will of the Divine influences; and, to our great content, the 'Pharsalia' becomes again possible:—

'In se magna ruunt; lætis hunc Numina rebus  
Crescendi posuere modum: nec gentibus ullis  
Commodat in populum terræ pelagique potentem  
Invidiam Fortuna suam.'

It is now all plain sailing, and Lucan sets to work with good practical sense to explain the causes of the civil wars, all transcendental theories apart, from the character of individuals and the condition of society. Here he shines in his brightest lustre; and he has left us in the next hundred lines a picture of men and manners unrivalled, as we think, of its kind, either in ancient poetry or in ancient history.

The second cause, then, is the usurpation of the Triumvirate, the accursed compact of a royal rule, as Lucan emphatically calls it, never referred to a vote of the people. The powers of the Dictator, of the Consul, of the Tribune, all were in some respects equal, in some superior perhaps to those of the old Roman kings; but they were limited to a certain short period, and must all be resumed by the people, the source of all power. This was the great distinction between the republic and the empire. This was the master check on which the citizens relied to redress the balance of class and class, of potentate and potentate: and this was in the mind of Augustus when he pretended to resign his powers at the end of each decennial period: as a constitutional monarch he allowed the Romans to believe that the masses were still in the last resort the masters of the commonwealth.\*

But in default of this check under the Triumvirate the power of the executive had no other counterpoise than the mutual jealousies of its members. A single tyrant might reign in peace; three tyrants could not possibly. The laws of physical nature

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\* Lucan's words are these:—

'tu causa malorum  
Facta tribus dominis communis Roma, nec unquam  
In turbam missi feralia fœdera regni.'

The expression 'in turbam missi' is not perhaps very clear at first sight; but it is strange that it should have been deliberately misinterpreted by so many, as far as we know, by all the commentators. Even Bentley, acute and over-acute as he is in exposition, seems to interpret it of the triumvirate, i.e., a turba of three persons, and proposes to read 'durantia' for 'feralia.' He must have had in his mind, though for a wonder he omits to notice it, Ovid's definition of a crowd: we three, Ulysses, Laertes, and Telemachus, 'turba sumus.'

are not more immutable than the moral principle that the partners of a throne shall intrigue against one another. 'Nulla fides regni sociis.' More than that: the history of Rome has attested and sealed this eternal truth. The walls of Romulus were cemented by the blood of Remus.

The third cause is found in the personal character of the two chiefs, who, when their colleague was removed by death, came at once into collision, as naturally, as inevitably, as two seas, if the isthmus which parts them be removed. Lucan obeys his instinct as a poet in giving this prominence to individuals. Where the historian might have contrasted parties, the poet must contrast the leaders, and the contrast Lucan draws between Pompey and Cæsar is known as one of the finest things in ancient poetry. Where shall we find a more imaginative or a more vivid picture than that of the ancient oak on the one hand, loaded with popular trophies and consecrated offerings, full of years and honours, still steadied by its weight while held no longer by its roots, casting its bare branches far across the field, and still making a shade with the vastness of its trunk? And again of the thunderbolt, which rushes in its blind career, dazzling and blasting and overthrowing all things, human and divine? The contrast is drawn, no doubt, in the colours of the poet and the partisan. Neither can we regard Pompey as so venerable, nor Cæsar so abominable, as it pretends to represent them. Nevertheless, if Lucan could have carried on his painting of the two in this spirit throughout, his work would have been a complete and consistent manifesto of the party with which he generally sympathised. But his own consistency, his own tenacity, failed him. Pompey he constantly degrades even while he tries to exalt him; Cæsar he assails indeed at random, justly and unjustly; yet even Cæsar seems to emerge from his abuse with a higher and nobler character than his rival. Cato is the only personage in the poem with whom the poet seems really to sympathise; but his part is too short and occasional to entitle him to the first place in it. Some say that the senate is the real hero of the 'Pharsalia;' but this is a play upon words. In some sense we do, indeed, centre our interest in the cause and fortunes of the senatorial party; but, after all, an epic poem must deal with men, not with abstractions; and it is better to confess that the 'Pharsalia' has no hero at all—that the poet had not the decision of purpose, the fixity of view or grasp, necessary for conceiving an epic hero, and carrying him in triumph through the varied scenes of his poetical career.

But the fourth and last of causes is evidently felt to be the greatest; those 'public seeds of revolution which have even destroyed powerful nations'—the increase of wealth and luxury,  
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and therewith of private ambition, of intrigue, and lawlessness, and violence. This picture of the decline and fall of the republic is given in some twenty lines of extraordinary vigour, which embrace every symptom of the impending ruin. It is impossible not to read in them the sentence which has gone forth against the Roman oligarchy, condemned, and now by the mouth of its own prophet self-condemned for crime and imbecility. These lines are the justification of Cæsarism, and henceforth to cavil at the acts of Cæsar is merely frivolous. We are convinced from them that revolution was as just as it was inevitable—that whatever *régime* was ready to step into the place of the recreant senate was acceptable to gods and men. Cæsarism did step in at the very crisis of national dissolution, and did maintain the state in vigour for at least two centuries onwards; nor have its administrative blessings ceased to operate down to the present day. No doubt it was the consciousness of the justice of their doom that so unnerved the aristocrats under the empire.

For, after all, the empire was not generally nerveless. It brought forth many men, in many careers of life, transcendent in ability and of a marked force and solidity of character. Among its writers, Lucan, Tacitus, and Juvenal still testify to the life and vigour of Rome under the Cæsars. Where can we find writers more original than these, or who have, each in his own line, more completely distanced all competition? Nothing strikes the classical student, accustomed to the common routine of Greek and Roman thought, more forcibly than the novelty of the sphere in which the 'Pharsalia' moves, and the novelty of its execution. It is truly, as it boasts to be, a 'Roman poem.' Its subject is Roman, its characters are Roman, its manners are Roman. It owes nothing to Greece, nothing even to Romans, who drew from a Greek inspiration; for even the philosophers of the school of Seneca, to whom, no doubt, it owes large obligation, are themselves Roman to the backbone. The 'Pharsalia,' we believe, would have been equally written even if the Greek language and literature had had no existence, only it would have been written probably in some development of saturnian verse, and not in hexameters, and this we allow would have been a pity.

We cannot pause to draw out the proofs of this originality which crowd upon us, and which combine with the other characteristics we have specified to surround the poem of Lucan with its marked and peculiar interest. In many ways does this writer represent his age and country; among others, in the curious universality of knowledge which he affects—an affectation not uncommon, we fancy, with poets of the decadence in other ages and countries. This youth of six and twenty seems to have been

been indeed a prodigy of encyclopædic information and attainments. He was an historian, and abounds in references to the men and deeds of his country. He was a geographer, and knew all that was known of the *Nomina Gentesque* of Gaul and Spain, of Greece, of Asia, and of Africa. He had read the very latest book of travels to discover the source of the Nile, concocted as we must suppose by the special emissaries of Nero; and a very disappointing book it seems to have been. He had studied the topography of the Troad. He was an astronomer, and has signalised his deep acquaintance with the use of the globes by some lines uncommonly difficult for the uninitiated to comprehend. He understood, or rather he disdained to profess to understand, the theory of the tides, though he lets us see that he knew, at least, as much about them as any of his less modest contemporaries. He was a seaman, and if we may trust the ease with which he discusses the art of navigation, could himself have steered Cæsar across the Adriatic, or Pompey from Lesbos to Pelusium. But, if physics were his forte, metaphysics were his foible; and he discusses the solemn problems of fate, free will, and foreknowledge absolute, with a confidence, but at the same time with an ill-success, which makes us a little distrustful of his acquirements in other directions. Again, many of his descriptions bespeak his personal observation of the manners of the times; witness, for instance, his vivid picture of the palace of Cleopatra, with its solid pillars of coloured marbles, or of ebon and ivory, ‘auxilium, non forma domus’—no mosaics, no veneer, no marqueterie there—copied, we suppose, from mansions he had himself seen at Rome under the empire, though strange, as he says, to Cæsar, the last Roman of the republic. Though, in common with all the higher class of Roman writers, he never deigns to allude directly to the degrading sports of the arena (for such silence can only be explained by the supposition that the well-bred and intelligent really held them in abomination), we cannot fail to trace in his descriptions of deaths and wounds both of men and beasts a familiarity with its bloody sports, and a morbid interest, of which the history of the times gives us many horrid examples, in the curious contemplation of pain and dissolution.

It is curious that while the breadth and variety of his attainments seem to denote a genius eminently imitative and receptive, Lucan, in his poetical character, betrays little or nothing of a poetical education. Quintilian, himself a critic of unquestioned soundness, has expressed, no doubt, the common judgment of critics, when he said that he was to be counted among the orators rather than the poets. The rhetoric of Lucan is plainly formed  
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on the exercises of the schools. There, no doubt, he found masters, and followed them. But we can assign him no masters or models in poetry or versification. We can trace in him no study of the poets before him—no inclination to one school of poetry over another. His account, indeed, of certain prodigies in the first book of the ‘Pharsalia’ savours of a recollection of Virgil or Ovid; but examples of direct imitation of his Roman predecessors are few or none, while we can trace absolutely nothing to Homer or any other Greek original. To those who know what a series of repetition and reproduction almost all classical poetry is, this is saying much for the peculiarity and independence of Lucan’s genius. This independence may, no doubt, be conducive to the vigorous exercise of the creative and imaginative faculty; but it can hardly fail to be fatal to the more mechanical process of versification. The poet is born such—the verse-writer must be made. We cannot now attempt to give an æsthetic estimate of Lucan’s merits as a poet; but as a versifier we will remark how much he suffers from his want of training, and his unconsciousness of the charms of style and demands of art. The Latin hexameter, which we will venture to designate as the noblest of all metres, seems to be represented to us by two schools. Transferred as it was at one blow from the Greek, and made to supersede, at once and for ever, the old Latin measures with which the genius of the language had been long painfully struggling, it assumes in the hands of Lucretius the form, and rhythm, and cadences of Homer, as nearly as the structure of the two tongues will allow. Indeed, spondaic and consonantal as the Latin appears to us in comparison with the Greek, we are not sure but that, if we understood its pronunciation better, we should find less difference between them to the ear than that which appears to the eye. As it is, the more flowing passages of Lucretius seem to us to come little short in melody of those of the first and greatest versifier of the Greeks. But every one perceives and acknowledges what a new and transcendent spirit of harmony is breathed into the Latin hexameter by Virgil, what additional power he elicits from his instrument by his unrivalled skill in playing upon it, the force and volume of his cadences, the exquisite feeling and variety of his pauses, the strength and majesty of his periods. In Virgil we reach, no doubt, the acme of Latin, and probably of all versification; it is curious to see how his instrument fails under the touch of the most professed and scrupulous of imitators, such as Silius Italicus, though the difference in their execution, immediately perceived by the ear, seems almost to defy intellectual analysis. But in Statius, and  
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in Valerius Flaccus, whose verse is a faint but very graceful echo of Statius, we have a further variety of the same school; the Homeric school of versification, the same variety of pause and cadence, now degenerating into too obvious an art or trick, yet preserving in no small degree the peculiar dignity and sweetness of the great exemplars, Greek and Latin, from which it is derived. The verse of Lucretius, of Virgil, and of Statius, forms a distinct progression in harmony, the study and comparison of which cannot fail to give us a high idea of the wonderful wealth of rhythm of which the Latin is capable.

But if we put these writers together as models of the Homeric school of Latin versification, we find Catullus taking the lead of another, most clearly marked off from it, which we seem to owe in the first instance to the imitation of the Alexandrian or Idyllic poets. Catullus, followed in the next age by Ovid, and at a much later period by Claudius, not to mention some other writers, of whom a few scraps only have descended to us, in the interval, is peculiarly smooth and equable in his rhythm, and evidently forms himself on the model of Callimachus and others like him. His lines run often singly, often in couplets or triplets; with few pauses of the voice, rarely if ever of the structure, in the middle. Licences of rhythm are as rarely admitted as licences of language. In Catullus the flow of verse is so equable as to become soon monotonous, and if his hexameters had extended much beyond five hundred in number, they would, no doubt, have proved irksome to us. Ovid presents us with somewhat more variety, and the cadences of Claudian are perhaps more varied still; yet both these writers evidently follow in the same track, and have tuned their ears to the same models. We can pause only to give a single criterion of the two schools, which is a curiously marked one.

A peculiar effect of force and gravity is given to an hexameter by an hephthemimeral cæsure following a long word, which embraces an amphimacer or molossus. Of this we have numerous instances in Homer, such as,—

ἦ Αἴας ἦ | Ἰδομένεῦς | ἦ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς :  
Ἦρῃ τ' ἠδὲ Πρὸ | σεῖδάων | καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.

This rhythm Lucretius has seized upon, and to the vigorous use he has made of it much of the power of his versification may be attributed.\* Virgil's ear has evidently been attracted

\* As in the lines—

'Cui simul infula | vīrgīnēos | circumdata comptus.  
Expertes opis, | īgnārōs | quid volnera vellent.'

by it : he has adopted it systematically, so as to make it quite a marked feature in his versification. We believe it will be found to recur as often as once on an average in every twenty-five lines throughout the 'Georgics' and 'Æneid,' though less frequently in the 'Eclogues.' This rhythm becomes a mark of his school after him. It is used not less systematically in Silius Italicus, and occurs nearly as often in Statius and Valerius Flaccus. There can be no doubt that the effect was studied and appreciated. But on the other hand such a structure of the verse seems to be unknown to the Greek Idyllists, or rather must have been purposely avoided by them. And so we meet with it but four times in the 500 hexameters of Catullus ; not once, we believe, in the 12,000 of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses ;' not above once or twice throughout the numerous pieces of Claudian. It is evident that these Latin writers must also have been following the traditions or canons of a particular school, of which other criterions might easily be produced.

With these two opposite schools before us it is curious to observe how Lucan stands apart from either of them. Setting aside Horace and Juvenal, whose hexameters were avowedly constructed in a style '*sermoni propior*,' less regular and artificial than those which we have mentioned, Lucan alone of the great Latin versifiers seems to have set up a model of his own, or rather to have versified at random, without a model or a definite rhythmical purpose in view at all. Thus we observe that, as regards the peculiar structure of which we have spoken, he follows neither the Epic canon nor the Idyllic. It is evidently quite by chance that this effective form so common in Lucretius and Virgil occurs with him once in his first book, never at all in his second, and occasionally, but so rarely, throughout the remaining eight, that the ear never listens for it, when it comes it takes us by surprise, and as an accident. If in Lucan it averages one in two hundred, this we take to be about the proportion in which it would occur naturally, and as it were spontaneously, in the least artistic composition of the Latin hexameter. On the other hand, there is another cadence, which though found occasionally in all the Latin hexametrists, comes upon us so repeatedly throughout the '*Pharsalia*,' as to deserve to be considered as Lucan's special contribution to Latin versification. This consists in the hephthemimeral cæsure, after an iambic word, followed by a deep pause, and generally completing the expression of some emphatic sentiment. This seems to us not so much a trick of verse as of feeling. It is felt or fancied to give weight to an expression, and is adopted as a rhetorical

rhetorical device;\* but the effect is heavy and sententious, and immediately suggests the habits of the declaimer, and some supposed exigencies of recitation. This cadence, so constantly recurring, seems to be meant to give the cue to the audience, and has almost the effect of underscoring written lines in drawing their attention.

But we must not allow ourselves to ramble further. We have said enough to indicate that the versification of Lucan is as peculiarly his own, as thoroughly independent of all previous models, as his subject itself and his manner of treating it. The routine of classical composition is, after all, a narrow one, its ordinary canons of imitation and reproduction are very strict, not to say servile. The eloquence, the force, the pith of Lucan, have always had genuine attractions for many a young scholar, while his pseudo-liberality and generosity have exercised a less legitimate influence upon them. But his real strength lies, we believe, in his novelty; in the sense of surprise with which the student of Homer and Virgil, the Idyllists and the Dramatists, comes upon a real Roman talking of real men and things, in the real language of the day, and such as, but for the idiom and genius of the author, might be the utterance of the publicists of the 'Times' or the 'Saturday Review.' The poetry of Lucan, with all its defects in art and inspiration, has the rare merit of kindling the imagination, and enabling us to live the history over again. We cannot wonder at the interest which, both as history and as poetry, the 'Pharsalia' has ever continued to excite; and are well inclined to agree with the opinion of one Caspar Barlæus, otherwise unknown to us, who, speaking in the person of the poet, says:—

‘Cui minus historicus credor, minus esse poeta,  
Me minor est vates, me minor historicus.’

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\* Thus, to take a passage at random in twenty-four lines (viii., 604-627), we meet with this cæsura six times, always terminating a period, *e.g.*: ‘Ne quo non fiat in orbe Heu! facinus civile tibi. . . . Scelus hoc quo nomine dicent Qui Bruti dixere nefas? Perdiderat jam jura sui. . . . Indignatus apertum Fortunæ præbere caput. . . . Speculatur ab omni Orbe ratem, Phariamque fidem. . . . An scieris adversa pati. . . .’ This peculiarity has been remarked by Nisard (*‘Études sur les poètes latins’*), who has given his own examples of it. Every page of Lucan abounds in them.

ART. IX.—1. *Mr. Gladstone's Speech at Wigan.* October 23, 1868.

2. *Fenian Convicts Proposed and not Proposed to be Released.* Parliamentary Paper, 72 and 125. 1869.

3. *Agrarian Outrages (Ireland).* Return for the last four years. Parliamentary Paper, 266. 1869.

THE House of Lords last month accomplished a great act of wisdom and of statesmanship, in the most dignified manner, and on the justest grounds ; and by doing so, we firmly believe, inaugurated for themselves not only a fresh lease, but in some respects a new era of power, usefulness, patriotic action, and national confidence. They had to consider a great question, to deal with a trying crisis, to judge a turning-point in policy, to control many grave misgivings, to despise menaces and insults, to conquer some natural passions and many rooted prejudices ; and they met all these demands in a singularly temperate, earnest, and forecasting spirit. It is not too much to say that the four nights' debate, which ended in the second reading of the Irish Church Bill by a majority of thirty-three, will in every respect—for masculine eloquence, for judicial temper, for close argument, for a wide grasp of great principles, for thorough mastery of all details—bear comparison with any previous discussion in any assembly, or on any subject ; and was certainly far superior to the debates on the same question in the Lower House. Nor is this all. It was notorious that the majority of Peers disliked the Bill extremely ; and, if they had followed their natural impulses and the advice of the more impetuous among them, including their old and much-respected leader, would have rejected it peremptorily ; as, indeed, was their first intention. But wiser counsels prevailed ; a few unanswerable arguments clearly put before them, a comprehensive survey of all the elements of the position, a fortnight's calm reflection, and the weighty and irresistible representations of Lord Salisbury and the Archbishop of Canterbury, turned a majority of 80 against into a majority of 33 for at once bowing to the decision of the country, and endeavouring to mould that decision, as far as might be, into harmony with the dictates of generosity, policy, and justice.

The reasons in favour of the course adopted were at once obvious and overwhelming. They lie in a nutshell, as conclusive reasons generally do. The Peers can never with propriety, efficacy, or safety, and therefore never with dignity, set themselves in opposition to the distinct and deliberate will of the nation. They can insist upon reconsideration and delay ; they can demand  
time

time to inquire whether the verdict of the country has been pronounced upon a clear comprehension of the issue, and by an adequate and undisputable preponderance; they can even pause with a view of ascertaining whether the verdict was given in a passing mood of mind, and is likely to be rescinded. But they can do, and ought to attempt no more. Now, in this case, the decision of the country in favour of partially disendowing the Irish Church and of some change in its constitution, to which the new name of 'disestablishment' could be applied, had been given in a language against which no cavil could be raised. That decision was recent; it was pronounced on the distinct issue; it was pronounced by a very large majority; and there was not the least reasonable expectation of its reversal. The Lords, therefore, could not constitutionally oppose the *principle* of the measure, and would only have shown their unwisdom and their impotence by endeavouring to do so. But, on the details of the measure, on the precise mode and nature of 'disestablishment,' and on the degree and amount of 'disendowment,' the country had pronounced no opinion whatever; and with all these matters, therefore, the House of Lords was free to deal as boldly as they pleased. Nay, more, the country had pronounced an opinion that the great and startling measure should be carried into effect, thoroughly no doubt, but still with generosity and gentle consideration for those whom in any case it must strike so hard and mulct so severely; and the Lords, therefore, were not only entitled, but bound, to see these liberal intentions carried out. It is undeniable that, at the last election, no *measure*, properly so called, upon the subject was ever presented to the country; nor could there have been, for no measure was in existence at the moment, even in the brain of its author. The country was invited to pronounce on the outlines of a policy, not on the clauses of a Bill. It is undeniable, too—nay, it has been distinctly admitted—that on several important points the details of the measure, as passed through the House of Commons, varied very materially from the original scheme roughly sketched out at the election—varied both in spirit and detail. We may even go further, and urge, as Lord Westbury pointed out, that the people at the hustings never *can* pronounce an authoritative decision as to the details of a measure, because they never can form a qualified judgment in regard to them. They can say generally and peremptorily what they wish done, and even who shall do it; but they are quite and incurably incompetent to say how it shall be done. That is the special and indefeasible function of a deliberative assembly, and of instructed debaters and administrators. From every point of view, then, the Lords were at liberty to amend the Bill according to

to their light, and to the utmost of their power : and the country looked for such amendment at their hands.

Nor would they have been at all entitled to assume that the Commons will be disposed to reject any modifications they may introduce, however material they may be, provided they in no degree interfere with the entire surrender of the Irish Church as an exclusive establishment, which is the vital purpose of the measure. The Commons will have every motive for accepting the Lords' amendments, if they are not in any way inconsistent with what they believe to be the principle of the Bill, and do not impair the completeness and finality with which its object is attained. In the first place, it is the desire of every sensible politician on both sides that the Bill should pass this session ; that the painful and mischievous period of agitation and uncertainty should be abridged ; that what must be done should be done quickly ; and there is no reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone feels this desire less strongly than others. Then, it is notorious that many of his own followers have adhered to him in the details of his scheme with deep reluctance, and only in obedience to the imperious claims of party discipline ; and these will be strong auxiliaries in favour of accepting all reasonable compromises. Further, always supposing that the amendments introduced shall be *bonâ fide*, and not excessive—such, we mean, as will leave the Irish Church effectually removed from its exclusive ascendancy, and such, therefore, as will practically carry out the determination of the country at the last election—the rejection of those amendments will place the Lower House in a very invidious position. On them, and not on the Lords, will then lie the responsibility for the loss of the measure, or its postponement to another session, with all the confusion and possible disturbance which may result from that postponement. We do not believe that the country will endorse the proceedings of the House of Commons if they should throw out the amended Bill. The predominant feeling of the people will be that, as the Lords have yielded on the principle, the Commons ought to give way on the details ; that a body which, for the fancied good of the land, is to be so severely handled and so heavily mulcted as the Irish Church, may at least be let down easily ; that for a hundred thousand pounds, more or less, it is not worth doing a perturbing, or a harsh, or a shabby thing ; and that at least the difference between 1560 and 1660 is not a matter to fight about *à l'outrance*. Compromise is the very rule and essence of English domestic policy ; and no party with us ever pushes its advantage too far, or treats its adversary too harshly, without losing most of the public sympathy which made its strength and won its victory.

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We have expressed an opinion that with the recent debate and division the House of Lords have entered upon a new career of authority and usefulness, equal to that which they possessed at earlier periods of the national history, if somewhat different in character and maintained by somewhat different qualifications and modes of action. They will wield influence perhaps rather than power, and they will hold that influence on the condition of being sagacious, moderate, and patriotic in the exercise of it; but it will not be the less real on that account, nor less effective in its operation on the course of politics and legislation. Certainly it may be much greater than that which they have exercised since the first Reform Bill, and it will be their own fault if it be not. They have only to recognise the changes—both avowed and implied, both primary and derivative—in the realities of the British Constitution, to modify their tone, their tactics, and their arms accordingly, and to use to the utmost all the advantages of their position, their ingredients, and their character; and they may easily become the most respected and trusted, if not actually the most powerful, of the two Houses,—the most guiding if not the most governing—and perhaps in the end the most permanently strong.

They have many advantages of position—some of old date, others of later acquisition—some relative and some inherent. Their hereditary rank and their vast possessions secure to them a degree of deference and recognised superiority in the minds of their countrymen which is practically almost undiminished, and which is so rooted in English sentiment that only a long course of obstinate selfishness and folly can seriously shake it. So strongly is this seen and felt, that the more sagacious Radicals deprecate all assaults, even speculative ones, upon the separate existence of a House of Lords, feeling certain that, as disestablished Peers, they would sit in such numbers and exercise such weight in the House of Commons, as to be really more powerful than at present. Their prestige has survived already through greater political and social changes than are likely again to menace it.

But the great advantage which the Lords possess at the outset of the new era is that they may be, and are fast becoming if they are not already, the intellectual superiors of the Commons; and in the end, with a people like the English, respect and influence will always follow intellectual superiority, where it is sterling and not superficial, and when it is not stained, paralysed, and discrowned by moral weaknesses or wants. In all legal matters the higher tone and the distinctly greater ability of the discussions in the House of Peers have long been recognised and



are easily accounted for. The Lords' debate on the Irish Church, as already remarked, was incomparably superior to any one during the same Session in the Lower House—probably superior in real debating power to any which has taken place in either House in recent years. Both the aggregate and the standard of political intelligence among the Peers, too, are almost certain to improve as time goes on. Their best rising talent is trained in the House of Commons year by year. The best intellects and the most experienced statesmen in that House are transferred—often sorely against their will—to the Upper Chamber. It is enriched with the spoils and the products of its rival. The intellect, again, of the Lords is naturally of a more *judicial*, and therefore in the long run of a more impressive and influential character. It ought to be calmer, more comprehensive, more steady and dispassionate; and where not disturbed by unworthy interests and prejudices, it will usually be so. It may be less progressive, less enterprising, less sanguine, and naturally more Conservative; but it can scarcely fail also to be more mature and less fluctuating in its temper. Last of all, it is more independent; it can operate in a salutary freedom from all disturbing influences; it has no constituencies to humour; it has no dismissal or relegation to obscurity to dread; and without some such independence and security the highest and serenest statesmanship and the loftiest political integrity are, it may be feared, absolutely unattainable to infirm humanity.

At the same time, and as an inevitable consequence of recent changes in our electoral laws, the level of ability, if not the average of intelligence, in the House of Commons must go down. We do not speak of this in any querulous spirit; we are not blaming or deploring the change; we only signalise the fact. As far as the last Reform Bill effects any alteration at all in the character and composition of the Lower House, that alteration must be in this direction. The men whom the new and enlarged constituencies will send up, will, more largely than formerly, be local celebrities, resident men of business or men of wealth, or persons of strong popular opinions. Men of mature and eclectic wisdom, sobered by political experience, independent, and in any way original in their habits or thought, and by deeper insight and more unimpassioned reflection thrown out of harmony with the prevalent doctrines or longings of the day, will find rare avenues of ingress into the Legislative Chamber. Candidates, to be successful, must either not be much wiser and more moderate than their constituents, or must feign not to be so: and the average moderation and wisdom of constituents can scarcely have been augmented by the recent extension of the franchise.

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Of the masses, if not of the people, future Houses of Commons will probably be more faithful representatives than their predecessors; and in proportion as they reflect the prevalent *opinions* of the nation, will they cease to embody its higher and more trained *intelligence*. Henceforward, too, Members of Parliament, if they are not sincerely and naturally more in unison with their constituents—and those a lower and less educated body of constituents—will, at least, be more under their control. They must inevitably grow more dependent; and public honesty and commanding talents wither in an atmosphere of servitude. Unless, therefore, both Lords and Commons resist the converging and accumulating influences which the new era is bringing to bear upon them in divergent directions, the former must almost inevitably rise and the latter fall in the highest qualities of a political assembly.

In no part of the debate—not even in the splendour of the orations on the second reading—was this superiority of the Upper to the Lower House more conspicuous than in the turn which the discussion took on the amendments. Nothing could be more significant of the double thralldom of the House of Commons—the thralldom of the members to their constituents, and the thralldom of the partisans to the leaders or the necessities of their party—than the timidity which prevailed throughout the debate on the policy steadily advocated in these pages,\* to which has been lately assigned the somewhat cumbrous name of ‘concurrent endowment.’ Over and over again this policy was just hinted at in the Commons’ debate, but, with the single exception of Dr. Ball—who had the courage to make it the head and front of his famous speech—everyone else, whilst owning that he believed it to be the best and the wisest course, immediately dropped it like a hot coal, which it was not safe to keep for more than five minutes between his fingers. ‘The only right remedy, but too late—impracticable—impossible—condemned by the verdict of the country—forbidden in letters of iron, &c., &c.’ Something of the same humiliating confession no doubt was discernible in some of the speakers on the first debate of the Lords, who, whilst declaring strongly their confidence in the justice and wisdom of such a policy, on that occasion did no more than pay their respectful homage as to a shade of departed greatness. It is much to the credit of Earl Grey, Earl Russell, and Lord Westbury, that they were not satisfied with this dubious assertion of their former principle. They kept it

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\* See ‘Quarterly Review,’ No. 151, June, 1845; No. 247, January, 1868; No. 253, April, 1869.

alive by constantly bringing it to the forefront of the battle, and they were rewarded by the result. By the time that the amendments came on, the confidence which they themselves placed in a good cause had communicated itself to others. 'The spectre of concurrent endowment,' as it had been incredulously called by the leading journal a few days before, took flesh and blood, and stalked into the midst of the assembly. What had at first excited merriment in the House itself, as 'the solitary voice of one crying in the wilderness,' suddenly evoked echoes in and out of those walls, as of a vast multitude. The 'impossible' had become 'possible.' The fatalist cry of 'too late,' was exchanged for the patriotic hope 'never too late.' One after another, statesmen and prelates alike, found a tongue. The mature judgment of the Primate, the profound learning of the Bishop of St. David's, the eloquence of the Bishops of Peterborough and Oxford, the commanding power of Lord Salisbury, the historic feeling of Lord Stanhope, the good sense of the Dukes of Cleveland, Devonshire, and Somerset, the varied experience of Lord Houghton, the familiar acquaintance with the needs of their country by Lord Clanricarde, Lord Lifford, Lord Dunsany, Lord Athlumney, and Lord Dunraven, the more ordinary but not less significant representation of ecclesiastical scholarship in the Bishops of Ely and Gloucester, were all thrown into the scale of reason and of justice; and in answer, no argument was ever attempted to be raised, except here and there, in the very faintest tones from the ranks of the Opposition, the old No Popery watchword; in tones not quite so faint from the Ministerial side, the lament that the day was past. Even Lord Cairns, in speaking against the Duke of Cleveland's amendment of providing glebes for the two other Churches, intimated his conviction that a change was gradually working in that direction; and though he contributed to its rejection on the first occasion, yet his own amendment for postponing the appropriation of the surplus was rightly regarded by the Duke of Argyll\* as a virtual reversal of the adverse vote which had only been carried by the union of the two extreme parties against the powerful minority which numbered in its ranks all the independent lay Peers, the two Primates, and the seven most distinguished of the English hierarchy. We have dwelt at some length on this episode in the history of the Irish Church Bill, not merely from the natural satisfaction which we may be allowed to feel at this complete endorsement of our own view by the intelligence of the nation, but still more from the

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\* The Duke of Argyll is an exception to the general line of argument adopted on the ministerial side. He spoke, as always, like one who argued not merely from necessity, but from conviction.

gratification inspired by so signal a proof that a really wise and just policy cannot be altogether strangled by political necessities, and that what can only be whispered in that branch of the Legislature which is not a free agent, can be proclaimed aloud and win the day in 'a deliberative assembly' (to use the striking expression of the Bishop of Peterborough) 'which is allowed to deliberate.'

There are two pleas on which the sacrifice of the Church Establishment in Ireland has been urged and defended which, if we could recognise their validity, would go far to reconcile us to the measure. But we fear there is more of plausibility and hope in them than any well-founded conviction. The first is that it will, indirectly but effectually, weaken the sway now wielded by the Catholic priesthood over the Irish people as the priesthood of an oppressed and persecuted faith. At present, it is said, the hold which the Romanist clergy have over their flocks is reinforced by all the sentiments of generosity and fidelity which are so strong among a Celtic population; their feelings of perverted loyalty are brought in aid of their feelings of perverted patriotism; their pastors, like themselves, are victims of Saxon wrong-doing, and as such cannot be deserted; it is impossible in some sense either to question their authority or to abandon their creed without at least the appearance of passing over to the opposite camp of political adherence; the priests are not only their spiritual guides and masters, but their leaders in the chronic though usually passive conflict which they wage against the English rule; they have been despoiled of the tithes just as the peasantry have been deprived of the land, and both naturally make common cause against the common oppressor. But henceforward, according to the view we are considering, this state of things will be altogether changed; by the signal act of restitution and self-deprivation we have resolved upon we shall have made the contest between the two religions far more equal; Protestantism will no longer be weighted and hampered by the imputation or the associations of injustice and spoliation, nor Catholicism aided and invigorated by the sympathies which always cling round an injured and maltreated creed; the Government will have not only materially mitigated and disarmed the animosity of the priesthood, but deprived that priesthood of one of its best means of misrepresenting the Government to the people.\* A dominant and ascendant Church can never be efficiently

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\* This was the view taken by the Bishop of St. David's in the late debate:—  
'Of this I feel sure, that the Papal power is evidently on the wane. When I look at Austria, Italy, Spain, once most devoted to the authority of the See of Rome, I find in all these countries the power of the Pope is in a condition of rapid

efficiently a proselyting one among a spirited and simple race, especially where its ascendancy has, or is believed to have, been gained by spoliation and conquest; but by descending voluntarily from its place of pride and disrobing itself of its illegal splendours and its ill-gotten wealth, it at once gains all the strength of equality added to all the prestige of generous self-sacrifice. It will be possible now for the thinking laity as well as for the uneducated masses to listen to the Anglican clergyman and to pass over to the Anglican communion without incurring the reproach of a double apostacy—without the imputation of interested motives and of a base desertion of the weaker side, of quitting the oppressed to share the triumph and riches of the oppressor.

We sincerely wish we could share these sanguine anticipations, or not regard them as, at all events, enormously exaggerated. Some effect of the sort might perhaps have been produced if we had paid the priests, or given back to the Catholic hierarchy whatever portion of the Church endowments they could in any fashion claim as historically belonging to the elder creed, or even if we were to bestow comfortable glebes and residences on the Romanist parochial clergy. But to hope, simply by the disesta-

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rapid decline. But it is enough to turn to our domestic relations. The Parliament of this country was more than a match for the Pope even when this island was subject to his spiritual dominion; and can it be supposed that the Parliament of a Protestant nation will not be strong enough for him? But as one objection to the universal decline of the power of the Pope, I admit that in Ireland he has a very formidable stronghold, from which I should most earnestly wish to see him dislodged. In that country the Roman Catholic priesthood possess a power which I think is enormous and excessive, independent of the manner in which it is employed. It is greater than in any other country in Europe; it is something that certainly ought not to exist. I think that no priest ought to possess the power of condemning a person to death at his pleasure by denouncing him at the altar; and as was so eloquently urged by the Right Rev. Prelate (the Bishop of Derry) who addressed us with so much energy last night—that really the system on which the Roman Catholic priesthood live in Ireland is not a voluntary system, but entirely the reverse, levying the means of their subsistence by a kind of spiritual distraint, which is quite as effectual as any legal process would be; but is attended, I believe, with most mischievous and calamitous consequences. But that is a peculiar character of Ireland, which is in so many respects an exceptional country, and it has been found side by side with another exceptional phenomenon, which is the Established Church of Ireland; and I must say, when I have seen these two singular phenomena in such close juxtaposition, I cannot think it an unfair or unreasonable conclusion to draw that they stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect. I really think it hardly admits of a doubt that this pernicious system has been the result of that false Protestant ascendancy which it is the object of the Bill now before your Lordships to destroy; and as I think there is room for hope that the effect may not very long survive the extinction of the cause, and that before long the time may come when the Irish peasant will recover or gain his rightful freedom of thought and action—that he will become accessible to the pure light of the Gospel—that he will be able, without danger of insult or outrage, to avow and act upon his convictions; and that then it may turn out that the Irish Protestant Church may find itself, for the first time, standing on a really broad and firm basis of popular sympathy and affection.'

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blishment and disendowment of the Protestant Church, to undermine the influence exercised by the Romanist clergy or the grasp they hold over the minds and the consciences of their flocks, we must, it seems to us, both greatly under-estimate the spiritual ignorance and subjection of the mass of the people and misunderstand the peculiar operation of the Roman creed on such a race, and the doctrines which give its ministers such unequalled sway over those who receive them with absolute and undoubting faith. As was forcibly pointed out by more than one prelate\* in the course of the recent debate, they wield some weapons of tremendous power which no other Church possesses or aspires to, and some perhaps which no other clergy would condescend to use. The power to bind and to loose, to liberate from purgatorial torments the souls of departed friends, to administer or to withhold those sacraments which open or close for ever the gates of the eternal world,—these are awful functions which, whenever sincerely believed in, must invest their possessors with a despotic influence and nearly absolute authority which no accident of rank and position can appreciably enhance, and from which no modifications of that position can take away. It may be true—indisputably it is true—that the ordinary Irish priest does habitually exercise over the Irish peasant a degree of extortion, moral tyranny, and social intermeddling which often excites deep resentment, and occasionally perhaps stimulates to impotent and transient resistance; but so long as the beliefs in question are ingrained and unquestioned, emancipation from their logical consequences is simply hopeless. And how is any questioning of them to arise in the peasant mind, when the first faint incipient doubts are detected at the confessional and denounced as deadly sin, and when the mere listening to opposing arguments or to heretical preachers—often even mere

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\* The Bishop of Derry said:—‘Then we are desired to look at the voluntary system as it exists in the Church of Rome. I wish to speak with all consideration and tenderness for the views of noble lords who may differ from me. But I think there can be no offence in saying that in those moments of reflection which will come to every man’s mind, when he looks forward to a dim and distant future, the devout Roman Catholic sees before him a long period of suffering which may be abridged by definite acts; and when he also sees something far higher and nobler than that, when he looks in imagination to the spirits of the loved and lost, when he looks back on all the unkindness which may have taken place in life, what man with a man’s heart would not coin that heart into gold if he could only help them? As long as the coarser motives of fear and the finer motives of love remain, the Roman Catholic priesthood will always have a tremendous leverage. But truth compels me to add that the peasantry of Ireland are surrounded by a marvellous organisation. Only fancy, in that happy and favoured district, where Father Lavelle and his parishioners understand each other so thoroughly that any difference of opinion upon subjects celestial or terrestrial may be accompanied with such disagreeable consequence—only think of a peasant wanting to resist the so-called “voluntary system.”’





gained be vigorously and sagaciously turned to account. Now what has been the course of action of her Majesty's present advisers on a recent occasion, and what re-assuring augury can we draw from it as to the future? It is only a few months since the Fenian insurrection in Ireland was put down. Never, perhaps, in any country was there an outbreak against any Government so utterly without justification, so entirely devoid of any ennobling, redeeming, or palliating feature. It was futile, it was feeble, it was reckless, it was mean. It had not the faintest reference to the supposed injustice or insult of the Irish Church. It was unanimously and decidedly condemned by the popular priesthood. It was the work, more or less, of foreigners. It had been aroused by no harshness on the part of Government or landlords; it was stimulated by no fresh suffering or privation, for the country had been unusually prosperous; it was directed against no specific or assignable grievance. It was simply a sort of *Jacquerie*—an indefinite and fanatical rising against property, government, and law. It was neither excited by intolerable wrongs, nor cheered by the faintest prospect of success—the only two decent excuses for popular insurrection. Its means were the seizure of isolated arms, the assassination of isolated constables, the rescue of isolated prisoners by schemes of wholesale destruction. It shed some blood, it gave immense trouble, it did infinite mischief by the sense of insecurity it spread abroad, and the habits of lawless violence it encouraged—of which we are even now reaping some of the fruits. Now, what has been the course of proceeding of Mr. Gladstone's Government in reference to the offenders who had done all this mischief and committed all these crimes? It is not too much to say that it has treated them almost—as they impudently demanded to be treated—as unsuccessful combatants, as prisoners of war, as deluded men, to be liberated the moment the conflict was over and the danger at an end—not at all as criminals, but simply as misguided and unfortunate patriots. Mr. Chichester Fortescue and Lord Spencer at once set free forty-nine of them, who had been sentenced to various terms of penal servitude, and three of whom had been condemned to death, and had their sentences commuted to penal servitude for life. We know, by the proceedings at Cork, with what sort of gratitude some of the released rebels regarded their liberation, and how they announced their intention to 'try again' on the first convenient opportunity. Now we ask what conclusion could be drawn by the Irish people from this ill-judged lenity (which, by the way, has been generally and severely condemned by the Liberal as well as by the Conservative Press, and has found few defenders anywhere), but that

that insurrection against the British Government and even against the fabric of society was a safe game to play, a game in which the defenders of order ran greater risks than its assailants, in which if you were not shot in the field (which was rarely risked) the worst hazard you encountered was that of a few months' confinement?

But this is not all. Mr. Bruce (of whom we would speak with all the respect and esteem he deserves, but who has certainly erred on this occasion) in the recent discussion on the lying complaints of O'Donovan (Rossa), avowed that the Government had given orders that all Fenian prisoners were to be treated with exceptional leniency; that 'prison offences' were in their cases to be as far as possible passed over; and that for atrocious insolence and persistent insubordination, and even for beastly violence, for which any other ruffian would have been flogged on the spot, a Fenian, simply because he *was* a Fenian—that is a criminal on a far greater scale and who had meditated greater mischief than others—was to be let off with only the minimum of indispensable restraint. Mr. Bright's language, too, has been nearly as indefensible and as mischievous as Mr. Bruce's orders. On the 3rd of May, 1867, he presented to the House of Commons a petition from a dozen men of very extreme opinions, praying for gentle and exceptionally merciful dealing with Fenian rebels, on the ground (among others) 'that in consequence of the apparent hopelessness of a remedy for the evils which press upon their country, honourable Irishmen may, however erroneously, feel justified in resorting to force; and that, in a word, there is a legitimate ground for the chronic discontent of which Fenianism is the expression, and therefore some palliation for the errors of Fenians.' '*In the spirit of that Petition*' (said Mr. Bright) '*I entirely agree.*' We give in a note the speech and petition as recorded by Hansard.\*

Now

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\* Mr. Bright:—'Sir, I rise to present a petition to the House which is of a very peculiar character, and if the House will give me their attention I will state its purport. It is signed by twelve or thirteen gentlemen, who are well known to many members of this House, and who are persons of first-class education, and in good position. The petition has reference to the state of things in Ireland. It begins by condemning secret associations, and the violence which has followed, and expresses a hope that order may be restored to Ireland by the judicious use of power by the English Government. It states that the petitioners remember that the history of Ireland has been the history, first, of imperfect conquest and long neglect; next, of war and the dispossession of the Irish people; then of legal injustice and harsh repression of the disturbances caused by the said injustice. They go on to state their disapprobation of certain things which exist in Ireland at this moment, as, for example, the Irish Church Establishment and the enforcement of a system of land-law at variance with the traditions and feelings of the Irish people. They declare that the Government of Ireland is a Government in the interest, not of Ireland, but of the State Church and the territorial

Now what ground is there for hope that a Cabinet constituted like the present—the chief member of it, as we shall presently see, having been at least as indiscreet as his colleagues—will take advantage of the strong and high position in which it is supposed the surrender of the Irish establishment will have enthroned it, to adopt a new and needed attitude towards Irish lawlessness and disaffection—to inaugurate and pursue a policy not only just and kind, but resolute, firm, systematic, unwavering, and, if need be, even stern? Yet assuredly there never was a country which required such a policy more than Ireland, and there never was a time when even Ireland required it more urgently than now. Matters are very grave there, and seem to grow graver year by year; and mainly, it is impossible to doubt, because no party will speak the plain truth, or insist upon the right course of proceeding. Comparatively few recognise it; few even of these are bold enough to avow it; the mass of politicians only dimly suspect it; the country as a whole will be startled by our straightforward expression of it. But we never met with a man thoroughly conversant with Irish politics and the peculiarities of the Irish

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torial aristocracy of England; that by the present distribution of political power the Irish nation is unable to make its wishes adequately felt by the stronger country to which it is bound; that in consequence of the apparent hopelessness of a remedy for the evils which press upon their country, honourable Irishmen may, however erroneously, feel justified in resorting to force—that, in a word, there is a legitimate ground for the chronic discontent of which Fenianism is the expression; and, therefore, some palliation for the errors of Fenianism.

‘I will now read the prayer of the petition:—

“Your petitioners therefore pray your Honourable House that it may take such measures as it shall judge fit, firstly, to secure the revision of the sentences already passed on Fenians, sentences of great, and in the judgment of your petitioners generally, excessive and irritating severity.”

‘I ought to state that this refers to the sentences, not of this week, but to those passed previously.

“Secondly, to provide in any case that prisoners suffering as Fenians, or for a political offence, shall not during the execution of their sentence be confined in common with prisoners suffering for offences against the ordinary criminal laws of their country. Thirdly, your petitioners, justly alarmed by their recollection of the atrocities perpetrated by the English troops in Ireland in 1798, as also by their recollection of the conduct of the English army and its officers in India and Jamaica; lastly, by the suggestions of the public press and the general tone of the wealthy classes with regard to the suppression of rebellion, pray your Honourable House to provide that the utmost moderation and strict adherence to the laws of fair and humane warfare may be inculcated on the army now serving in Ireland. Lastly, your petitioners pray that the prisoners taken may be well treated before trial, and judged and sentenced with as much leniency as is consistent with the preservation of order, and that in the punishments awarded there may be none of a degrading nature, as said punishments seem to your petitioners inapplicable to men whose cause and whose offence are alike free from dishonour, however misguided they may be as to the special end they have in view, or as to the means they have adopted to attain that end.”  
(The names were then read.)

‘In the spirit of that petition I entirely agree.’

people—

people—well acquainted with their history, and experienced in administrative dealings with them—who does not distinctly perceive, and will not openly declare, when he can do so without impropriety or indiscretion, *that the real difficulty in governing and pacifying Ireland lies in the fact that we live under a constitutional régime.* It may seem harsh to state this; it may be impossible to amend it; but at least it is well to look the truth in the face, and to understand fully what it means. There is really no doubt about the matter, as a very short, but quick and unimpassioned, glance at the notorious facts of the case may satisfy us. It is in no spirit of depreciation or hostility that we write; we love and value the Irish much; we think we know them well, and we have fortified ourselves by consultation with those who have lived longer among them, and who know them still more intimately. It is not that they are inferior to ourselves; it is not that they are not rich in many amiable, energetic, and valuable qualities—in some, richer than either the English or the Scotch; it is not that they are really ungovernable or unimprovable. It is simply that they are different; that they belong to a different race, to a different type of character, are in a different stage of civilisation, politically, socially, and intellectually, and need, therefore, a different régime; and, yet more, that their fundamental notions and wishes as to social arrangements, law, and government, are not so much different from, as incompatible with, ours. They not only like a different way of doing things—they want radically different things. It is not that they want to go another road to the same end: they want quite other ends, and ends which we cannot yield, because to yield them would be fatal to the empire, and noxious to themselves. It is idle and pusillanimous to blink the truth; it would be worse than weak and foolish to disguise the expression of it, or soften it away. The Irish—we speak always of the vast majority of the nation, the four millions of Celtic population, the masses whom an unintelligent ministry are striving to propitiate—want to have the uncontrolled education of their children committed to the priests (or, rather, the priests want it for themselves, and persuade or force the people to demand it), in order that the next generation may be brought up in the same narrow groove, in the same spiritual thralldom, in the same state of isolation and hostility towards their Protestant fellow-countrymen, as the present one has been; in the same subservience to Rome, in the same animosity to England, in the same ignorance of all that could enlarge the mind or emancipate the soul. Can the Imperial Government yield, without sin and folly, to a claim like this?—The Irish, again, want the land of Ireland for themselves;

selves; they desire and demand (as we have shown over and over again, and as no instructed man now doubts), not compensation for improved value which they, as tenants or as labourers, have conferred upon the soil; not protection against landlord extortion, or landlord caprice; but fixity of tenure, perpetual possession at a settled rent, with the power of dealing with their occupancy as they please; the right of protesting against and preventing (if need be) by force any improvements, any scientific novelties, any innovations which they in their unenlightened ignorance may disapprove. In a word, they desire to stereotype or to restore all the old evils of bad agriculture, slovenly and exhausting husbandry, unfettered subdivision, cottier holdings, and imminent famine for ever hanging over a swarming and pauperised population; all the wretchedness and danger, that is, from which, through much tribulation, the country is but now emerging. Can any Government—however in its weakness it may choose to coquet with such demands—ever be insane enough to dream of granting them?—Lastly, the passionate desire of the Irish masses—there is no use in denying it—is for self-government, for ‘the restoration of their nationality,’ as they term it; not that the English should govern them differently, but that they cease to govern them at all; the repeal of the Union; recurrence to the good old days of boundless jobbery and ceaseless conflict, only with the Catholics now in the ascendant, and the Parliament returned by the priests instead of by the landlords; ‘Ireland for the Irish,’ in short, with all the unavowed and perhaps unguessed issues hidden in that pregnant cry. Is it conceivable that even a Liberal Government could intentionally help them to a millennium like this?

Now the difficulty of dealing under a constitutional régime, and through a parliamentary system, with a people whose hearts are set upon the attainment of these irrational and ungrantable demands, is that it is impossible to snub them as peremptorily as a despotic Government would do; to make them understand that under no circumstances will such claims be entertained, and so *convince* them that the sooner they accept the inevitable, and direct their efforts to objects that can be conceded, the better. The operation of our way of managing public affairs upon such a state of things is obvious enough. The Irish members, when not returned by Protestants or landlords, are nominees of the people or of the priests. Parties here are nearly balanced, a great question is in discussion, a critical party fight is coming off. ‘The Irish vote’ must be secured; and for this purpose Irish prejudices must be humoured, Irish delusions must be tampered with, Irish nonsense must be patiently and deferentially listened to; the prospect

prospect of conceding Irish demands, and giving in to Irish fancies, must be dishonestly or recklessly dangled before their eyes. But this is not all. In a Parliament composed as ours is, there are certain to be found members, sometimes eminent, often eloquent, enthusiastic, and far from uninfluential, who really do sympathise with the sentiments and are ready to endorse the claims of a people who have undeniably been wronged and oppressed in times past; crotchety economists, who are wild about peasant-proprietorship; speculative philosophers, who hold ideas about the ownership of land quite as subversive of our laws and customs as those preached over the water; earnest devotees of the doctrine of nationality, applying to Ireland the feelings they had imbibed from a heated visit to Venice or to Poland; theorists on the subject of land-tenure, who first opened their eyes in Hindostan, and can see no reason why a 'perpetual settlement,' which has answered among timid, patient, plodding, sober Asiatics, living under a tropical sun and tilling a teeming soil, should not be transferred bodily, with equal success, to a Celtic race—convivial, improvident and combative, surrounded with bogs and stony moors, 'inhabiting a damp climate, contiguous to a melancholy ocean.' Thus there is no dream however wild, no project however mischievous, no claim however monstrous, inflaming the brains of Irishmen, that does not find echo and expression in the British House of Commons, that is not gravely discussed in the very central workshop of imperial legislation and political ideas, and that does not, therefore, derive encouragement and sanction, or, at least, a sort of stamp of sanity, from the discussion. It is hard to persuade people that schemes are utterly out of the question, and had better be trodden out of thought at once, which are debated and sustained even in the assembly which is supposed to contain the collective wisdom of the British nation.

There is another difficulty still in the way of governing Ireland according to constitutional rules and by constitutional machinery. A people may be entrusted with the administration of the law under fitting instruction and guidance, as is usual in free and civilised countries, when their feelings are in harmony with that law, when its provisions are consonant to their habits and conceptions, and when, with the exception of admitted criminals and rogues, the general body of the population are on the side of Justice and order, and are instinctively disposed to aid the policeman, and to detect, arrest, and punish the malefactor. But when the very reverse of all this is the case; when precisely opposite conditions prevail; when the law, in one main and most deeply-pervading branch of its enactments, runs counter



counter to the popular sentiment and passions, and is therefore habitually violated and defied, and regarded as a foe and not as a protector and a guide; when crimes of a particular character—and that a peculiarly heinous character—are constantly perpetrated with the general sympathy and sanction, and the mass of the nation are in a sort of tacit league to shield the perpetrator; and when, in consequence of this perverted sentiment, a spirit of general lawlessness, and sympathy with lawlessness, spreads to other matters; then it is plain that constitutional rules and constitutional machinery must be inadequate, unsuitable, and at fault, because the assumption on which they are based is altogether negatived or wanting. Those rules and that machinery presume that all citizens are willing to aid in the administration of the law; that the offender is recognised as a common enemy and a common nuisance; that neighbours and by-standers will assist the constable to hunt him down; that witnesses will be eager to give evidence against him, juries to convict him, the decent population generally to see him hanged. Now this is notoriously not true in Ireland; the very opposite of all this is true—not alone in reference to agrarian outrages and murders and all closely cognate crimes, but, as a derivative and inevitable consequence, in reference to all offences in which the people come into collision with the Government or its agents. By-standers shield the criminal; neighbours hide him in their hovels; the population, virtual accomplices, keep his secret, favour his escape, often subscribe to pay him for the deed; witnesses will not give evidence, or do so at the peril of their lives, and have to be imprisoned and sent out of the country more surely even than the offender; and juries are sometimes too sympathising, sometimes too much intimidated, to convict. The inadequacy and inappropriateness of mere constitutional machinery to such a people and such a condition of affairs, has been virtually acknowledged, time after time, by our numberless Coercion Bills and suspensions of the Habeas Corpus. We have had to resort to these abnormal contrivances whenever Ireland has been peculiarly excited from whatever cause, and under Liberal Ministries oftener than under Conservative ones. We were driven to them during the Tithe days; during the contest about Catholic emancipation; during the Repeal agitation; during the Fenian madness. But we have never been logical enough, or courageous enough, to recognise the fact as permanent, or to let it lead us to a permanent conclusion. We habitually allow priests to hint outrage and insinuate rebellion, and palliate or encourage resistance to the law, from the altar or at the chapel doors; we permit rabid newspapers to stimulate every bad passion and to disseminate the most baneful  
and



and exciting lies in every corner of the land among an excitable and ignorant population; we sit quiet under undetected murders and unpunished outrages of weekly occurrence, insolent and systematic—and we do all this because we do not like to face the fact that the ordinary means of enforcing law and protecting life and property are wholly insufficient among such a people, and because we have not the moral courage to ask for other means. We seem to forget that the two things most utterly demoralising to a race like the Irish are, first, to let crimes be perpetrated with impunity;\* and, secondly, to let them drive us into trying whether we cannot accept the doctrines and carry out the desires of the perpetrators.

Not only have we no reason to believe that the vantage-ground of immaculate justice and full redress of former wrong, supposed to be gained by the surrender of the Irish Church, will be used by the present Government to adopt a new and sterner mode of dealing with Irish lawlessness and disaffection—they have practically cut themselves off from the power of so using it with consistency or candour. In their mouths this plea for necessary firmness and wholesome severity would be invalid and insincere, nor would the Irish people be able to admit for one moment its cogency or its truth. The existence of the Protestant Establishment has not been felt or regarded as the sole or the chief grievance to be redressed. It was by no means the last or the worst ‘badge of conquest’ they complained of. It was not the wrong or the injustice which excited the greatest bitterness, or which in their eyes most warranted disloyalty and resistance, or the redress of which lay nearest to their hearts. As long as that only is done, they consider nothing as done. Their real grief is that the land is not theirs, that the ownership of it lies mainly in Protestant or Saxon hands, that their occupancy of it is precarious and conditional. Till this matter also is

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\* The return of agrarian outrages, which we have placed at the head of this article, though bad enough, scarcely represents the full gravity of the case. Two hundred and thirty-seven outrages, including murders, are reported to have been committed in less than three years, and only in thirty-nine instances have the criminals been punished. Besides these, 202 agrarian threatening letters have been sent, and only in thirteen instances have the senders been punished. Out of eight murderers, six are said to have been brought to justice. But surely this must be an incomplete, or in some way a misleading return. Have the assassins of Mr. Featherstonehaugh, in April, 1868, been detected? or those who shot Mr. Scully and killed his steward and a constable who attended him? or the murderers of Mr. Baker (J.P.), or of Messrs. Tracey and Topham, or of Mr. Bradshaw (J.P.), or of Mr. Anketell, or of Captain Tarleton? Here are no less than nine assassinations in one year, i.e. between April, 1868, and April, 1869, of which seven at least are believed to have had an agrarian origin; yet not one of the perpetrators has been brought to justice. The Constabulary Report in each case says:—‘Several persons arrested on suspicion, but discharged for want of evidence.’ And we believe that still our list is incomplete.

rectified they maintain that peace and amity are out of the question, and that resistance to the law and disaffection to the Government are justified. And *the leading Members of the Ministry have declared this too*, in almost identical language; and in their hands, therefore, the firm administration of justice, the vindication of the majesty of law, and the stern repression of crime and disorder, have become illogical and almost impracticable. Herein lies their greatest difficulty and our greatest danger. We are bringing no party accusation against them: we are stating the bare facts of the position—facts, however, which must be clearly laid to heart and borne in mind. On the 30th April last, Mr. Bright declared in the House of Commons that ‘*no peace or security could be hoped for in Ireland till the land was largely distributed among native instead of alien proprietors*’—‘*until Parliament placed a greater number of the Irish people in possession of the soil of their own country.*’\* He added, as we all remember, that he was himself prepared to propose a measure having this object.

Mr. Gladstone’s language was almost as specific, and yet more significant. In his speech at Wigan on the 23rd of last October he said:—

‘It is clear that the Church of Ireland offers us indeed a great question; but even that question is but one of a group of questions. There is the Church of Ireland, *there is the land of Ireland*, there is the education of Ireland; they are all so many branches from one trunk, and that trunk is the tree of what is called Protestant ascendancy. Gentlemen, I look, for one, to this Protestant people to put down Protestant ascendancy, which pretends to seek its objects by doing homage to religious truth, and instead of consecrating politics desecrates religion. *It is upon that system that we are banded together to make war. . . .* We have paid instalments to Ireland; but *the mass of the people would not be worthy to be free if they were satisfied with instalments*, or if they could be contented with anything less than justice. We, therefore, aim at the destruction of that system of ascendancy which, though it has been crippled and curtailed by former measures, yet still subsists, like a tall tree of noxious growth, lifting its head to heaven, and darkening and poisoning the land as far as its shadow can extend.’

Strong language this from an expectant Premier; ominous

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\* ‘I don’t pretend to say that any particular landlord, or any particular number of landlords, are responsible for the miseries of Ireland; but I said before, and I say now, that there can be no peace in that country, and no settlement in that country, till the population by some means or other—I am prepared to propose a means, and I believe it can be done without injustice to any man—are put in possession, in greater numbers than they are now, of the soil of their own country.’

and embarrassing language in the mouth of an actual one. Let us consider what it actually means and foreshadows in a man so singularly rash and daring. Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly right when he declares that Protestant ascendancy — objectionable words as being connected with offensive associations in the past, but a phrase which may be taken to mean the preponderance of the more civilising and improving elements and influences in the nation—rests upon the land-tenure and upon the educational system quite as much as upon the Church Establishment. Putting aside the subject of education for the moment, the land question has as much to do with the ascendancy, which Mr. Gladstone denounces and has avowed his intention to destroy, as the Church question. It has far more to do with it. It is a much stronger upholder of it. The one is a matter of a few hundred thousands of pounds. The other is a matter of many millions. The income of the Irish Church is about 500,000*l.*; the rental of Irish land is upwards of 13,000,000*l.*\* Of this it is calculated that from eight-ninths to nine-tenths are in Protestant hands. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, might well intimate that the surrender of the Irish Church was only an instalment of that debt of justice which he is bent on paying in full. Whether he was wise in telling the Irish people that they were ‘unworthy to be free if they were satisfied with such instalments’ is another question altogether. But the plain signification of the speech was this: for though Mr. Gladstone often speaks with undue vehemence, and sometimes with undue haste, he usually says what he means, and means what he says—at least for the time:—Protestant ascendancy in Ireland is to be thrown down. Protestant ascendancy stands upon three legs, the establishment and endowment of the Protestant Church, the possession of nine-tenths of the soil by Protestant landlords, and the State organisation and support of a system of mixed as contradistinguished from sectarian education. We have abolished the State Church, and (with the exception of the life interests of the clergy) have despoiled it of the chief portion of its property. We have now to deal with the second prop of the doomed ascendancy—that is to say, in some mode or other reconcileable if possible with the rights of ownership, the principles of equity, and the doctrines of political economy, to replace the land or a great portion of it in the hands of native and Catholic proprietors.

How this is to be done we cannot pretend to guess. We greatly doubt whether any feasible scheme for the purpose has

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\* Sir Richard Griffith's valuation (annual) of assessable property in Ireland in 1865 was 12,897,131*l.* It has increased since then.

been

been yet matured or even distinctly foreshadowed in the Ministerial mind. But we know what are the floating notions in the brain of Mr. Bright, and what was the sweeping scheme of Mr. Mill; and we know that both the tribune and the economist have great influence with Mr. Gladstone. We know, too, what the mass of the Irish farmers and peasantry, whom he is bent on satisfying and loyalising, wish and expect. We know, moreover, that they care infinitely more about the land question than about the Church question; and that it is a far larger and more vital as well as more difficult problem. We know, finally, what are the inferences and the hopes they draw as to the one question, from seeing how he has dealt with the other; and it is impossible conscientiously to say that these inferences and hopes are not perfectly legitimate. It cannot be denied that, according to the most modern and received doctrines of political and economic science, all property, landed property especially, is held subject to the *lex suprema* of the public welfare, and can be taken or dealt with by the State for the nation's necessity or good; that in railway and other cases of far smaller magnitude and moment the State does so deal with it; that the Cabinet are now so dealing with the property of the Irish Church. Why should they not consistently deal in the same fashion with the property of alien and heretical Saxon and Protestant landlords? The distinction between private and corporate property so often and so strongly urged, cannot here be pleaded in bar of such a course, for hundreds of thousands of acres of the Irish soil are held by corporations.\* The lawyer's plea of 'prescription' will not avail against the relentlessly consistent logic which would follow up Mr. Gladstone's first blow by a second, for few landlords can trace their titles further back than could the spoliated Church; and at least as large a proportion of their estates originally came into their possession (as indeed did most Irish ownership) through the process of *confiscation*. We do not, of course, for one moment fancy that Mr. Gladstone seriously designs any plan of forcible 'expropriation' of English or Protestant landlords for the benefit of Catholic and Celtic occupiers,—even with ample compensation and a full reservation of life interests,—because the propounding of such a plan would disperse his majority and break up his party. But we do say that his inconsiderate language, and that of one at least of his colleagues, has led the Irish to expect this; that any measure short of this will disappoint them bitterly and

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\* The entire amount of land in Ireland held by corporate bodies (including the Irish Society and the City Companies) is 575,000 acres, and the annual income thence accruing is 206,000*l.*, which, at twenty years' purchase, would give upwards of 4,000,000*l.* as the freehold value.

may hear—to them no choice had been left. Had they not accepted the ‘Law,’ that self-same mountain would have covered them up, and that desert would have become their grave:—a dictum significantly echoed by the Koran.

But—the Legend continues—when this Law came to be revealed to them in the fulness of time, it was not revealed in their tongue alone, but in seventy: as many as there were nations counted on earth—even as many fiery tongues leap forth from the iron upon the anvil. . . . And as the voice went and came, echoing from Orient to Occident, from heaven to earth, all Creation lay hushed in awful silence. No bird sang in the air, the winds were still, the Seraphim paused in their three times ‘Holy!’ ‘And all men,’ says Scripture, ‘heard and saw.’ They ‘heard’ the voice—and to each it bore a different sound: to the men and the women, the young and the old, the strong and the weak. It appeared unto them like the voice of their fathers, their mothers, their children, all those whom they loved with their holiest and tenderest love. And they ‘saw.’ In that self-same hour God’s Majesty revealed Itself in its manifold moods and aspects: as Mercy and as Severity, as Justice and as Forgiveness, as Grace and Peace and Redemption. And through the midst of all these ever-varying sounds and visions there rolled forth the Divine word, ‘I am the everlasting, Jehovah, thy God, *One* God!’ . . . .

In these and similar strains the wide and all-embracing nature of the Monotheistic creed and call is set forth in those ancient documents to which we again venture to draw the attention of our readers, and from a new point of view. If, on a former occasion, we endeavoured to sketch out of themselves their own aim and purport, their poetry and their prose, their law and their legend, we shall now endeavour to show how they may be, and must be, utilised for the investigation of phases of creed and thought apparently wide apart in time and tendency and place; how far they form one of the most important sources—the most important one, perhaps—of Islam.

We are not about to enter here into any ‘*Origines Islamismi.*’ This lies, at present, beyond our task. But those who would adequately work out the whole problem of the Talmud—as far as it lies within individual range—must needs look somewhat deeply into the story of these phases. And with regard to Islam, it seems as if the knowledge of its beginning and progress, its tenets and its lore, were not quite as familiar as they might be to the world at large, notably England, which ‘holds the gorgeous East in fee.’

But before we proceed with our subject, which we shall treat  
with

with all the reverence and all the freedom which belong to Science in these our days, let us look back—but a few centuries—and see what, for instance, the great theologians and scholars of the time of the Reformation thought and said of Islam; of its doctrine and the preacher thereof.

Daniel's 'Little Horn' betokens, according to Martin Luther, Mohammed. But what are the Little Horn's Eyes? The Little Horn's Eyes, says he, mean 'Mohammed's Alkoran, or Law, wherewith he ruleth. In the which Law there is nought but sheer human reason (*eitel menschliche Vernunft*).' . . . 'For his Law,' he reiterates, 'teacheth nothing but that which human understanding and reason may well like.' . . . Wherefore—'Christ will come upon him with fire and brimstone.' When he wrote this—in his 'army sermon' against the Turks—in 1529, he had never seen a Koran. 'Brother Richard's' (Predigerordens) 'Confutatio Alcoran,' dated 1300, formed the exclusive basis of his argument. But in Lent of 1540, he relates, a Latin translation, though a very unsatisfactory one, fell into his hands, and once more he returned to Brother Richard and did his Refutation into German, supplementing his version with brief but racy notes. This Brother Richard had, according to his own account, gone in quest of knowledge to 'Babylon, that beautiful city of the Sarassins,' and at Babylon he had learnt Arabic and been inured in the evil ways of the Sarassins. When he had safely returned to his native land, he set about combating the same. And this is his exordium:—'At the time of the Emperor Heraclius there arose a man, yea, a Devil, and a firstborn child of Satan . . . who wallowed in . . . and he was dealing in the Black Art, and his name it was Machumet. . . .' This work Luther made known to his countrymen, by translating and commenting, prefacing and rounding it off by an epilogue. True, his notes amount to little more but an occasional 'Oh fie, for shame, you horrid Devil, you damned Mahomet!' or, 'Oh Satan, Satan, you shall pay for that!' or, 'That's it, Devils, Sarassins, Turks, it's all the same!' or 'Here the Devil smells a rat,' or, briefly, 'O pfui Dich, Teufel!'—except when he modestly, with a query, suggests whether those Assassins, who, according to his text, are regularly educated to go out into the world in order to kill and slay all Worldly Powers, may not, perchance, be the Gypsies or the 'Tattern' (Tartars); or when he breaks down with a 'Hic nescio quid dicat translator.' His epilogue, however, is devoted to a special disquisition as to whether Mohammed or the Pope be worse. And in the twenty-second chapter of this disquisition he has arrived at the final conclusion that, after all, the Pope is worse, and that he and not Mohammed is the

real 'Endechrist.' 'Wohlan,' he winds up, 'God grant us His grace, and punish both the Pope and Mohammed, together with their Devils. I have done my part as a true prophet and teacher. Those who won't listen may leave it alone.' . . .

In similar strains speaks the learned and gentle Melanchthon. In an introductory epistle to a reprint of that same Latin Koran which displeased Luther so much, he finds fault with Mohammed, or rather, to use his own words, he thinks that 'Mohammed is inspired by Satan,' because he 'does not explain what sin is,' and further, since he 'showeth not the reason of human misery.' He agrees with Luther about the Little Horn:—though in another treatise he is rather inclined to see in Mohammed both Gog and Magog. And 'Mohammed's sect,' he says, 'is altogether made up (*conflata*) of blasphemy, robbery, and shameful lusts.' Nor does it matter in the least what the Koran is all about. 'Even if there were anything less scurrilous in the book, it need not concern us any more than the portents of the Egyptians, who invoked snakes and cats. . . . Were it not that partly this Mohammedan pest and partly the Pope's idolatry have long been leading us straight to wreck and ruin—may God have Mercy upon *some* of us!' . . .

Thereupon Genebrard, on the Papal side, charged the German Reformers, chiefly Luther, with endeavouring to introduce Mohammedanism into the Christian world, and to take over the whole clergy to that faith. Maracci is of opinion that Mohammedanism and Lutheranism are not very dissimilar—witness the iconoclastic tendencies of both! More systematically does Martinus Alphonsus Vivaldus marshal up exactly thirteen points to prove that there is not a shadow of difference between the two. Mohammed points to that which is written down—so do these heretics. He has altered the time of the fast—they abhor all fasts. He has changed Sunday into Friday—they observe no feast at all. He rejects the worship of the Saints—so do these Lutherans. Mohammed has no baptism—nor does Calvin consider such requisite. They both allow divorce—and so forth. Whereupon Reland—only 150 years ago—turns round, not without a smile on his eloquent lips, and wants to know how about the prayers for the dead, which both Mohammed and the Pope enjoin, the intercession of angels, likewise the visiting of the graves, the pilgrimages to the Holy Places, the fixed fasts, the merit of works, and the rest of it.

If there be any true gauge of an age or a nation, it is the manner in which such age or nation deals with religious phases beyond the pale. We shall not follow here the vicissitudes of that discussion of which we have indicated a few traits, nor the gradual



gradual change which came over European opinion with regard to Islam and its founder. How the silly curses of the Prideaux, and Spanheims, and D'Herbelots; how their 'wicked impostors,' and 'dastardly liars' and 'devils incarnate,' and Behemoths and beasts and Korahs and six hundred and sixty-sixes, gave room, step by step almost, to more temperate protests, more civil names, less outrageous misrepresentations of both the faith and the man: until Goethe and Carlyle, on the one hand, and that modern phalanx of investigators, the Sprenger, and Amari, and Nöldeke, and Muir, and Dozy, on the other, have taught the world at large that Mohammedanism is a thing of vitality, fraught with a thousand fruitful germs; and that Mohammed, whatever view of his character (to use that vague word for once) be held, has earned a place in the golden book of Humanity.

There is, however, another view which, though more slowly, yet as surely, is gaining ground in the consciousness, if not of the world at large, yet of those who have looked somewhat more closely into this matter. It is this, that Mohammedanism owes more to Judaism than either to Heathenism or to Christianity. We would go a step further. It is not merely parallelisms, reminiscences, allusions, technical terms, and the like, of Judaism, its lore and dogma and ceremony, its Halachah and its Hagga-dah (words which we have explained at large elsewhere,\* and which may most briefly be rendered by 'Law' and 'Legend'), which we find in the Koran;† but we think Islam neither more nor less than Judaism as adapted to Arabia—plus the apostleship of Jesus and Mohammed. Nay, we verily believe that a great deal of such Christianity as has found its way into the Koran, has found it through Jewish channels.

We shall speak of these things in due season. Meantime, we would turn for a moment to certain mediæval Jewish opinions both on Christianity and Islam, which will probably astonish our readers. They belong to very high authorities of the Judæo-Arabic Dispersion in Spain:—Maimuni, generally called Maimonides, and Jehuda Al-Hassan ben Halevi. The former, at the close of his great 'Digest of the Jewish Law,' fearlessly speaks of Christ and Mohammed as heralds of the final Messianic times. In filling the world with the message of the Messiah, with the words of Scripture and its precepts, they have, he says, caused these exalted notions and sacred words to spread to the furthest ends of the earth. The latter—sweet singer, as well as great philosopher—wrote a book, in Arabic, called 'Kusari,'

\* See Article 'Talmud,' Quart. Rev., Oct. 1867, p. 429.

† Several of these have been pointed out from Maracci, Reland, Mill, Sale, to Geiger (1833)—the *facile princeps* on this field—Muir, Nöldeke, Rodwell, &c.

wherein

wherein a Jew, a Christian, and a Mohammedan, are made to defend and to explain their respective creeds before the King of the Chazars—the king of the country now called the Crimea—who, in the tenth century of our era, had, together with his whole people, embraced Judaism. The Jewish speaker compares the religion founded by Moses to a seed-corn, which apparently dissolved into its elements, is lost to sight; while in reality it assimilates the elements around and throws off its own husk. And in the glorious end, both it and the things around will grow up together even as *one* tree, whose fruit is the Messianic time. The concise description of Islam which the author puts into the mouth of the Mohammedan interlocutor is so fair and correct that it might stand at the beginning of a religious Mohammedan compendium.

But in this they were but the exponents of the real feeling of the Synagogue from the earliest times, on this matter. For, startling as it may seem, what we are wont to consider the emphatically *modern* idea of the ‘three Semitic creeds’—being, by their fundamental unity on the one hand, and their varying supplementary dogmas on the other, apparently intended to bring all humanity within the pale of Monotheism—is found foreshadowed in those Talmudical oracles. They who composed them were truly called the Wise, the Disciples of the Wise. They did not prophesy: they would have shrunk with horror from a like notion; but with a heart full of poetry they often combined marvellous keenness of philosophical insight. And thus while they develop the minutest legal points with an incisive logical sharpness, while they keep our imagination spell-bound by their gorgeous lore, they at times amaze us with views apparently wide apart from their subject; but views so large, so enlightened, so ‘advanced,’ that we have to read again and again to believe:—even as the age of the Renaissance was amazed and startled when the long-buried song and wisdom of the Antique were made to open their divine lips anew.

Parallel with those transparent allegories of all mankind being addressed on Sinai; or those others of ‘God’s name being inscribed in seventy languages on Moses’ wonder-staff;’ or of ‘Joshua engraving the Law in seventy stones on the other side of the Jordan;’ there runs the clear and distinct idea of certain apostolic Monotheistic nations or phases. They are three in number. These three are our three ‘Semitic creeds.’

We shall, out of the many Variants that in more or less poetical guise embody this thought, echoed and re-echoed by the highest authorities of the Synagogue, and as often used and mis-used in fierce mediæval Judæo-Mohammedan controversy, select  
what

what we consider the very oldest. It is found in the *Sifre*, a work, although of somewhat later redaction, anterior to the Mishnah, and often quoted in the Talmud as one of its own oldest sources.

A homiletic exposition of Numbers and Deuteronomy, it lovingly tarries at the last chapter—Moses' parting blessing. The Tanchuma introduces this chapter by the striking remark that while through all other blessings recorded in the Pentateuch—of Noah, of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob—there always rings some discord, some one harsh note, whereby the bliss foretold is concentrated upon some special heads to the exclusion of others, the dying song of Moses is one unbroken strain of harmony. Its golden blessings flow for all alike, and there is none to stand aside, weeping. And the *Sifre*, in a kind of paraphrase of the special verses themselves, literally continues as follows:—“The Lord came from *Sinai*,” that means:—the Law was given in *Hebrew*; “and rose up from *Seir* unto them,” that means it was also given in *Greek* (*Rumi*); “and he shined forth from Mount *Paran*,” that means in *Arabic*.

There is a fourth language added, “He came with the thousands of Saints,” and this means *Aramaic*. Even granting the typical nature of the three geographical names alluded to—and it is not to be denied that *Sinai* and *Seir* are constantly used for Israel and Esau-Edom-Rome, while *Faran* plainly stands for Arabia, whether or not it be the name of the mountains round Mecca as contended—the connexion of the ‘thousands of Saints’ with Aram, does not seem quite clear at first sight—unless it mean Ezra's puritans. What, however, is quite clear by this time is this, that ‘Aramaic’ is typical of Judaism; that Judaism which has supplanted both Hebraism and Israelitism, and which, having passed through its most vital reformation under Aryan, notably Zoroastrian auspices, during the Exile, subsequently stood at the cradle both of Christianity and Mohammedanism. Aramaic represents that phase during and since the Babylonish captivity whose legitimate and final expression is the ‘Oral Law,’ the Talmud: that Talmud, which with one hand—like those Puritans—reared iron walls around the sacred precincts of Faith and Nationality, and with the other laid out these inmost precincts with flowery mazes, of exotic colours, of bewildering fragrance—‘a sweet-smelling savour unto the Lord.’

When the Talmud was completed (finally gathered in, we mean—not composed), the Koran was begun. *Post hoc—propter hoc*. We do not intend to convey the notion as if the Talmudical authors had foretold the Koran. On the contrary, had

had they known its nature they would scarcely have bestowed upon it the term of 'Revelation.' But here is the passage: a wondrous sign of their clear appreciation of the elements of culture represented by the nations and clans around them. Hellas-Rome and Arabia appeared to them the fittest preparatory mediums or preliminary stages of this great Sinaitic mission of Faith and Culture. They were not mistaken. Small wonder that they sought and found a sign for this 'Call' in the very words of Scripture.

*Post hoc—propter hoc.* The Hebrew, the Greek, the Aramaic phases of Monotheism, the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Targum, and the Talmud, were each in their sphere fulfilling their behests. The times were ripe for the Arabic phase.

In the year 571, was born Mohammed—or he, who, together with his mission, appears with that significant name of the 'Praised,' under which he was supposed to have been foretold in the Old and New Testament.\* It was but a few years after the death of that Byzantine Louis XIV., Justinian, who had aimed at creating one State, one Law, one Church throughout the world; who had laid the first interdict upon the Talmud; who most significantly gathered building materials from all the famous 'heathen' temples—of Baal of Baalbeck and Pallas of Athens, of 'Isis and Osiris' of Heliopolis and the Great Diana of Ephesus, therewith to re-construct the Hagia Sophia at Constantinople—the same Hagia Sophia wherein now the grave and learned doctors cease not to expound the Koran. In those days Arabia expected her own prophet. The Jews in Arabia are said to have watched for his appearance.

Few religions have been founded in plain day like Islam, which now counts its believers by more than a hundred millions, and which enlarges its domain from day to day, un-

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\* There exist very grave doubts as to whether this really was the Prophet's name. Originally called Kothan, he is held to have first adopted that epithet of Mohammed under which he has been adored by untold millions for twelve centuries now, either together with his mission or, perhaps, not even before the Flight. It is not easy to fix upon the exact passages, either in the Old or New Testament, to which the Prophet himself alludes, as foretelling him by name: as Mohammed in the Old, and as Ahmad, another form of the same name, in the New. Regarding the latter, probably John's Paraclete (amended by some into *περικλυτός*), which in Arabic might be Ahmad, is meant. As to the Old Testament, the Vulgate—that most faithful receptacle of Jewish tradition, as transmitted to Jerome by his Rabbis—will best help us. There is no doubt that, with that root *hamad* there is generally mixed up some kind of Messianic notion in the eyes of Targumists and Haggadists. And when in Haggai ii. 8, we find the word 'Hemdah' = a precious thing, rendered, against grammar and context, by '*Desideratus—omnium gentium*,' we may be sure that the Synagogue did look upon this passage as Messianic, though there be no very direct evidence extant.

aided. Most clearly and sharply does Mohammed stand out against the horizon of history. Those who knew him, not for hours, or days, or weeks, but from birth to death, almost during his whole life, count not by units, or dozens, but by thousands upon thousands, whose names and whose biographies have been collected; and his witnesses were men in the fulness and ripeness of age and wisdom, some his bitterest enemies. No religious code extant bears so emphatically and clearly the marks and traces of one mind, from beginning to end, as the Koran, though, as to materials and contents, there is, as we have hinted already, a passing strange tale to tell. It will therefore behove us, in order that we may better understand how Mohammed made these materials entirely his own, how he moulded and shaped, and added unto them, to try and realise first the man himself and the vicissitudes that influenced his mind—its workings and its strugglings, its despairs and its triumphs.

This shall be done very briefly. And, though it seems next to impossible to separate the man from his book, we shall yet attempt to separate them. True, the more than twenty years which its composition occupied, are embalmed in it with all their strange changes of fortune, with their terrors and visions, their curses and their prayers, their bulletins and their field-orders. The Koran does indeed illustrate and explain its author's life so well that hitherto every biographer (and there have been many and great ones) has suggested, in accordance with his own views, a different arrangement of that book. In its present shape a sheer chaos as regards chronological or logical order of chapters and even verses, it will lend itself admirably to all and any arrangement. You may work it, as it were, backwards and forwards. Something is supposed to have happened at a certain time: here is a verse looking like a vague allusion to it: therefore the verse belongs to that period, and confirms the previously doubtful fact. Here is a verse which alludes to some event or other of which nothing is known, and the event is solemnly registered, a fitting date is given to it, and the verse finds its chronological place. But we have nothing to arrange, and therefore, though it be less easy and less picturesque to consider the author and the book as independently as may be, we do so at Mohammed's express desire as it were, and in bare justice to him. He wishes the Koran to be judged by its own contents. '*Hic Rhodus, hic salta*,' he seems to cry. The Book is his sign, his miracle, his mission. His own story is another matter. And without preconceived opinions—either as panegyrist or as *Advocatus Diaboli*—shall we try to tell it and then be unfettered in our story of the Book. If we make  
use



age it was sprinkled by only about twenty grey hairs—produced by the agonies of his ‘Revelations.’ His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of colour. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great black restless eyes shone out from under long heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion ‘red and white,’ his hands were as ‘silk and satin’—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one ‘who steps from a high to a low place.’ In turning his face he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. ‘Oh, my little son!’ reads one tradition, ‘hadst thou seen him thou wouldest have said thou hadst seen a sun rising.’ ‘I,’ says another witness, ‘saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes I looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.’

In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fulness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all ‘superfluities.’ The only luxury he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abhorred.

His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain, he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy and refinement of feeling. ‘He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain,’ it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. Ten years, said Anas, his servant, was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as ‘Uff’ to me. He was very affectionate towards his family. One of his boys died on his breast, in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith’s wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets and pat their little cheeks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, ‘What has come to him?—may his forehead be darkened with mud!’ When asked to curse some one, he replied,  
I have



I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind. 'He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself,' relates summarily another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabs expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who described him would say, 'I have never seen his like either before or after.' He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through those broodings, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy-tales and the like. He would romp with the children and play with their toys—as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby-wife had brought into his house.

The common cares of life had been taken from him by the motherly hand of Chadija: but heavier cares seemed now to darken his soul, to weigh down his whole being. As time wore on the gloom and misery of his heart became more and more terrible. He neglected his household matters, and fled all men. 'Solitude became a passion to him,' the traditions record. He had now passed the meridian of his life. No one seemed to heed the brooder, no one stretched out the hand of sympathy to him. He had nothing in common with the rest, and he was left to himself.

Much chronological discussion has arisen as to the date of the event of which we are going to speak. So much, however, seems certain, that Mohammed was at least forty years of age when he went, according to the custom of some of his countrymen, to spend the Rajab, the month of universal armistice among the ancient Arabs, on Mount Hirâ, an hour's walk from Mecca. This mountain, now called Mount of Light, consists of a huge barren rock, torn by cleft and hollow ravine, standing out solitary in the full white glare of the desert sun, shadowless, flowerless, without well or rill. On this rock, in a small dark cave, Mohammed lived,

lived, alone, and spent his days and his nights, according to unanimous tradition, in '*Tahannoth*.'

The weary guesses that have been made from the days of these very traditions to our own, as to the meaning and derivation of this word, cannot be told. It has been put on the rack by lexicographers, grammarians, commentators, translators, investigators, of all hues and ages, and, we are sorry to add, with no satisfactory result. To the general meaning the context gave some cue, but the etymology of the word, and its technical signification, have remained a mystery, notwithstanding many various readings of its single letters suggested by sheer despair. One of the latest, and greatest, investigators, Sprenger, numbers it among the most 'indigestible morsels' among the many strange and obsolete words that occur in connexion with Mohammed and the Koran.

We do not intend to do more than throw out suggestions—though very carefully weighed—for we must, to our regret, leave all our philological scaffoldings behind. Regarding this most mysterious word, we have a notion that it might be explained, like scores of other tough morsels in the Koran, by the Jewish, Hebrew, or Aramaic parlance of the period, as it is preserved most fortunately in the Talmud, the Targum, the Midrash. The word *Tahannoth* need not be emendated into *Tahannof*, or any other weird form, to agree with its traditional meaning, because we think that it is only the Hebrew word *Tehinnoth*, which occurs bodily in the Bible, and means 'Prayers, Supplications.' The change of vowels is exactly the same as that from the Hebrew *Gehinnom* (New Test. *Gehenna*) to the Koranic *Jahannam*. Among the Jews the word became technical for a certain class of devotional prayers, customary, together with fastings, throughout the month preceding the New Year's Day. It is known more generally as a term for private devotions throughout the year, chiefly for pious women.—This, however, only by the way.

To devotions and asceticism, then, Mohammed gave himself up in his wild solitude. And after a time there came to him dreams 'resplendent like the rosy dawn.' When he left his cave to walk about on his rocky fastness, the wild herbs that grew in the clefts would bend their heads, and the stones scattered in his way would cry, 'Salâm! Hail, O Prophet of God.' And horrified, not daring to look about him, he fled back into his cave. That same cave has now become a station for the Holy Pilgrimage, and on it that early predecessor of our Burckhardts and Burtons, 'Hajj Joseph Pitts of Exon,' the runaway sailor boy, delivered himself of the judgment that

‘he had been in the cave, and observed that it was not at all beautified, at which he admired.’

Suddenly, in the middle of the night—the ‘blessed night Al Kadar,’ as the Koran has it—‘and who will make thee understand what the night Al Kadar is? That night Al Kadar, which is better than a thousand months . . . which bringeth peace and blessings till the rosy dawn’—in the middle of that night, Mohammed woke from his sleep, and he heard a voice. Twice it called, urging, and twice he struggled and waived its call. But he was pressed sore, ‘as if a fearful weight had been laid upon him.’ He thought his last hour had come. And for the third time the voice called :—

‘CRY!’ . . .

And he said, ‘What shall I cry?’

Came the answer: ‘CRY—in the name of thy Lord!’ . . .

And these, according to wellnigh unanimous tradition, followed by nearly every ancient and modern authority, are the first words of the Koran. Our readers will find them in the ninety-sixth chapter of that Book, to which they have been banished by the Redactors.

We hasten to add that when we said that the above sentence would be found in the ninety-sixth chapter of the Koran, we were not quite accurate. The word which we have ventured to translate *Cry* they will find rendered in as many different ways as there were translators, investigators, commentators, old and new. They will find Recite, Preach, Read, Proclaim, Call out, Read the Scriptures—namely of the Jews and Christians—and a weary variety of other meanings which certainly belong to the word, though the greater part of them is of obviously later date and utterly out of the question in this case.

Our reasons for deviating from these time-honoured versions were of various kinds. In the first place, the Arabic root in question is *identical* with our own, and in this primitive root lie hidden all other significations. ‘Cry’ is one of those very few onomatopoeic words still common to both Semitic and Indo-European. Its significations are indeed manifold; from the vague sound given forth by bird or tree, as in Sanskrit, to our English usage of silent weeping; from the Hebrew ‘deep *crying* unto deep’ to the technical Aramaic ‘reading the Scriptures’—in contradistinction to ‘reading the Mishnah’—from the weird German *Schrei* to the Greek herald’s solemn proclamation—it is always the same fundamental root: biliteral or triliteral.

Secondly, because the principal words of this tradition are startlingly identical—another fact not hitherto noticed, as far as we are aware—with a certain passage in Isaiah: ‘The Voice said Cry,

Cry, and I said, What shall I cry?'—a passage in which no one has yet translated the leading verb by Recite, Read, Read the Scriptures, though there was never a doubt as to whether Isaiah knew the Scriptures and could read, while Mohammed distinctly denied being a 'scholar.'

And, thirdly, because from this root is also derived the word *Koran*. Derived: for it was in the very special Jewish sense of *Mikra*, Scripture, that Mohammed gave that name to every single fragment of that book, until it became, even as the word *Mishnah*, its collective and general name.

We now resume our recital of that first revelation and its immediate consequences, as tradition has preserved it. It is of moment.

When the voice had ceased to speak, telling how from minutest beginnings man had been called into existence and lifted up by understanding and knowledge of the Lord, who is most beneficent, and who *by the pen* had revealed that which men did not know, Mohammed woke from his trance, and felt as if 'a book' had been written in his heart. A great trembling came upon him so that his whole body shook, and the perspiration ran down his body. He hastened home to his wife and said, 'Oh, Chadija! what has happened to me!' He lay down, and she watched by him. When he recovered from his paroxysm he said, 'Oh, Chadija! he, of whom one would not have believed it (meaning himself), has become either a soothsayer (*Kahin*\*) or one possessed (by *Djins*)—mad.' She replied, 'God is my protection, O Abu-l-Kasim! (a name of Mohammed, derived from one of his boys), He will surely not let such a thing happen unto thee, for thou speakest the truth, dost not return evil for evil, keepest faith, art of a good life, and kind to thy relations and friends. And neither art thou a talker abroad in the bazaars. What has befallen thee? Hast thou seen aught terrible?' Mohammed replied, 'Yes.' And he told her what he had seen. Whereupon she answered and said, 'Rejoice, O dear husband, and be of good cheer. He, in whose hands stands Chadija's life, is my witness that thou wilt be the prophet of this people.' Then she arose and went to her cousin Waraka, who was old and blind, and 'knew the Scriptures of the Jews and Christians.' When she told him what she had heard, he cried out, '*Koddus, Koddus!*—Holy, Holy! Verily this is the

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\* The Hebrew 'Cohen,' priest, in a deteriorated sense like the German 'Pfaffe.' In the time of Mohammed it meant a low fortune-teller, an ever-ready interpreter of dreams, who had, like Daniel, to find out both the dreams and their solutions.

*Namus* which came to Moses. He will be the prophet of his people. Tell him this. Bid him be of brave heart.'

We must here interpose for a moment. This Waraka has given rise to much and angry discussion—chiefly as to his 'conversion.' He was long supposed to have been first an idolator, then a Jew, finally a Christian. It has been shown, however, by recent investigations, that whatever he was at first, he certainly lived and died a Jew. To our mind this one sentence goes a long way towards settling the point. *Kodrus*,—is simply the Arabicised Hebrew *Kadosh* (Holy). And while we need not prove that a Christian would scarcely have used this exclamation (any more than he would have spoken of the '*Namus*'), we are reminded of the story in the Midrash of the man whose heart was sore within him for that he could neither read the Scripture nor the Mishnah. And one day when he stood in the synagogue, and the precentor reached that part of the liturgy in which God's holy name is sanctified, this man lifted up his voice aloud and cried out with all his main: '*Kadosh! Kadosh! Kadosh!*' (Holy! Holy! Holy!). And when they asked him what made him cry out thus, he said, 'I have not been deemed worthy to read the Scriptures, or the Mishnah, and now the moment has come when I may sanctify God, shall I not lift up my voice aloud?' 'It did not last a year, or two, or three,' the legend adds, 'but it so fell out that this man became a great and mighty general, and a founder of a colony within the Roman empire.'

As to the '*Namus*,' it is a hermaphrodite in words. It is Arabic, but also Greek. That it is talmudical need we say it? It is in the first instance νόμος, Law, that which 'by old custom and common consent' has become so. In talmudical phraseology it stands for the Torah or Revealed Law. In Arabic it further means one who communicates a secret message. And all these different significations were conveyed by Waraka to Mohammed. The messenger and the message, both divine, had come together, even as Moses had been instructed in the Law by a special angel—not, as former commentators, to save Waraka's Christianity, used to explain, because to Mohammed, as to Moses, a new Law was given, while Christ came to confirm what had been given before.

Not long after this the two men met in the street of Mecca. And Waraka said, 'I swear by him in whose hand Waraka's life is, God has chosen thee to be the prophet of this people. The greatest *Namus* has come to thee. They will call thee a liar; they will persecute thee, they will banish thee, they will fight  
against

against thee. Oh that I could live to those days! I would fight for thee.' And he kissed him on his forehead. The Prophet went home, and the words he had heard were a great comfort to him and diminished his anxiety.

After this Mohammed, in awe and trembling, waited for other visions and revelations. But none came; and the old horrible doubts and suspicions crept over his soul. He went up to Mount Hirâ again—this time to commit suicide. But, as often as he approached the precipice, lo, he beheld Gabriel at the end of the horizon whithersoever he turned, who said to him, 'I am Gabriel, and thou art Mohammed, the Prophet of God.' And he stood as entranced, unable to move backwards or forwards, until anxious Chadija sent out men to seek him.

We must interrupt the course of the story for a moment respecting this 'Voice,' which is called in the Koran, 'Gabriel, or the Holy Ghost.' We have on a previous occasion spoken of the strange metamorphoses of Angels and Demons, as they migrated from India to Babylonia, and from Babylonia to Judæa.\* Their further migration to Mecca did not produce much change, since the process of Semitising them and making them subservient to Monotheism had been wrought already by the Talmud. Yet this strange identification of Gabriel with the Holy Ghost which we find here is a problem not fully to be solved either by the Talmud, or the Zend Avesta.

The Holy Ghost, an expression of most common occurrence in the Haggadah, is thus summarily explained by the Talmud—as an emphatic answer probably to the popular tendency of taking transcendental terms in a concrete sense. 'With ten names,' says the Talmud, 'is the Holy Ghost named in Scripture. They are—Parable, Allegory, Enigma, Speech, Sentence, Light, Command, Vision, Prophecy.' In the Angelic Hierarchy of the Talmud it is Michael (Vohumanô), and not Gabriel, who takes first rank. He stands to the right of the Throne, Gabriel to the left; he represents Grace; Gabriel, stern Justice: and though they are both entrusted with watching over God's people, it is yet Michael who stands forth to fight for them, who brings them good tidings, and who, as heavenly High Priest, 'offers up the souls of the righteous upon God's Altar.' Yet he is a particular Abraham him; in

and his place is to Michael's right hand. In all other respects, he is the exact counterpart of the Persian *Graōshô*, and his principal office is that of revenging and punishing evil, while he acts as a merciful genius to the good and elect. Hence, probably, he became in later Persian mythology, as well as in the Talmud, the Divine Messenger. He is thus replete with all knowledge, and—alone of all angels—is versed in all human tongues. Islam has made a few transparently 'tendencious' changes. Gabriel here stands to the right hand of the Throne, and Michael to the left, *i.e.* the former becomes the Angel of Mercy, and the latter that of Punishment. Omar, it is said, once went into a Jewish Academy, and asked the Jews about Gabriel's office. He, they mockingly answered, is our enemy; he betrays all our secrets to Mohammed, and he and Michael are always at war with each other—an answer which, taken seriously by Omar, so shocked him that he cried out, 'Why, you are more unbelieving than the Himyarites!' But might this strange identification of Gabriel and the Holy Ghost possibly be accounted for by the fact that the mystic office with regard to the birth of Christ, ascribed to the Holy Ghost by the Church, is ascribed in Islam to Gabriel also, who, as in the New Testament, announces the message to Mary, and that thus the two have become fully identified in the minds of the traditionists?

We have left Mohammed in the terror-stricken state of a mind conscious of its mission, and vainly trying to struggle against it. The grim lonely darkness within, the horrible dread lest it all be but mockery and self-deception, or 'the Devil's prompting;' the inability of uttering, save in a few wild rhapsodic sounds, that message which is silently and agonizingly growing into shape—and Death seems the only refuge and salvation—who shall describe it? It was through these phases of a soul struggling between Heaven and Hell that Mohammed went in those days, and the thought of suicide came temptingly near. But, lo! Gabriel on the edge of the horizon crying: I am Gabriel, and thou art Mohammed, God's Messenger. . . Fear not!

It is not easy to say how long that state of doubt and terror lasted. Tradition, wildly diverging here, is, of course, of little use. Probably he was not quite free from it to the day of his death. But, by degrees, and as he no longer had to carry that dread burden in his lonely heart, he gathered strength. His confidence in himself and in his mission rose. No Demoniak, no contemptible soothsayer, no possessed madman he—the voice within urged. And at times, a blissful exultation took the place of the former horror. His heart throbs with grateful joy. 'By the midday splendour, and by the stilly night,' he cries, 'the Lord does not  
reject



reject him, and will not forsake him, and the future shall be better than the past. Has he not found him an orphan and given him a home, found him astray and guided him into the straight path, found him so poor and made him so rich?' 'Wherefore,' he adds, 'do not thou oppress the orphan, neither repel thou him who asketh of thee—but declare aloud the bounties of thy Lord!' . . . .

And the revelations now came one after the other without intermission during a space of more than twenty years—revelations, the central sun of which was the doctrine of God's Unity, Monotheism, of which he, Mohammed, was the bearer to his own people.

Yet these Revelations did not come in visions bright, transcendent, exalted. They came ghastly, weird, most horrible. After long solitary broodings, a something used to move Mohammed, all of a sudden, with frightful vehemence. He 'roared like a camel,' his eyes rolled and glowed like red coals, and on the coldest day terrible perspirations would break out all over his body. When the terror ceased, it seemed to him as if he had heard bells ringing, 'the sound whereof seemed to rend him to pieces'—as if he had heard the voice of a man—as if he had seen Gabriel—or as if words *had been written in his heart*. Such was the agony he endured, that some of the verses revealed to him well nigh-made his hair turn white.

Mohammed was epileptic, and vast ingenuity and medical knowledge have been lavished upon this point, as explanatory of Mohammed's mission and success. We, for our own part, do not think that epilepsy ever made a man appear a prophet to himself, or even to the people of the East; or, for the matter of that, inspired him with the like heart-moving words and glorious pictures. Quite the contrary. It was taken as a sign of demons within—demons, 'Devs,' devils, to whom all manner of diseases were ascribed throughout the antique world, in Phœnicia, in Greece, in Rome, in Persia, and among the lower classes of Judæa after the Babylonian Exile. The Talmud, which denies a concrete Satan, or rather resolves him rationally into 'passion,' 'remorse,' and 'death,'—stages corresponding to his being 'Seducer,' 'Accuser,' and 'Angel of Death'—speaks of these demons as hobgoblins, or special diseases, and inveighs in terms of contempt against the 'exorcisms' in vogue\* in Judæa about the period of the birth of Christianity. Those

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\* True, Simon ben Yochai, the fabulous author of the Zohar, to whose rather badly kept shrine at Merom, a few hours from Tiberias (where also Shammai and Hillel are believed to be buried), the Faithful of Palestine, and even of Persia and India, make their annual pilgrimage to this day, did once, and apparently with

Those 'possessed' loved solitary places, chiefly cemeteries; they tore their garments, and were altogether beyond the pale. On the special nature of the possessing demons, the 'Shedim' of the Talmud, the 'Devils' of the New Testament, the Jin, or Genii, of the Koran, as different from and yet alike to the Devas, and as forming the intermediate beings between men and angels, as in Plato (*Sympos.*), we may yet have to speak. That they were all 'pure, holy, everlasting angels from the beginning,' and only came to be degraded (as were the Devas by 'Zoroastrianism,' and the gods of Hellas and Rome by Christianity) into wicked angels in the course of religious reformation or change,—is unquestionable, even if the Book of Enoch did not state it expressly. They are 'fallen Angels'—fallen through pride, envy, lust. The two angels Shamchazai (Asai) and Azael (Uziel) of the Targum, the Midrash, and the Koran (Márut and Hárut), are thrown from heaven because of their desiring the daughters of man, even as Sammael himself loses his most high estate, because he seduces Adam and Eve. True, there is a peculiar something supposed to inhere in epilepsy. The Greeks called it a sacred disease. Bacchantic and chorybantic furor were God-inspired stages. The Pythia uttered her oracles under the most distressing signs. Symptoms of convulsion were even needed as a sign of the divine mania or inspiration. But Mohammed did not utter any of his sayings while the paroxysm lasted. Clearly, distinctly, most consciously, did he dictate to his scribe what had come to him—for he could not write, according to his own account. But it may well be, and it speaks for Mohammed's thorough honesty, that he himself believed, in the very first stages, to have been 'inspired' during his fits by Jin. According to Zoroastrotalmudical notions, which had penetrated into Arabia, these Jin listened 'behind the curtain' of Heaven and learnt the things of the future. These they were then believed to communicate to the soothsayers and diviners. But it was dangerous eaves-dropping enough. When the heavenly watchers perceived these curious goblins, they hurled arrows of fire at them: in which men saw falling stars. Mohammed soon, however, rejected this notion of 'demoniac' inspiration; while from the Byzantines to Luther, and from Luther to Muir, it was the devil, who prompted the prophet. Muir has indeed instituted several minute comparisons between Satan tempting Christ and Mohammed.

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the approval of the Authorities, drive out a devil from the Emperor's daughter at Rome. But then this devil had good-naturedly offered his services himself, and the object of Simon's embassy, the rescinding of an oppressive decree, was considered so praiseworthy in the main that these authorities rather shut their eyes to the performance.

Whereat

Whereat Sprenger somewhat irreverently observes, that since there be a Devil, he must needs have something to do.

Tempted as we feel, before we proceed to describe the mental and religious atmosphere around Mohammed when he came to proclaim 'the faith of Abraham,' that first bearer of the emphatically Semitic mission, to enlarge upon that great question of the day, the mission of the Semitic races in general, we must confine ourselves to one or two points touching their religious development. A brilliant French *savant* has of late, in somewhat rash generalisation, asserted that Monotheism is a Semitic instinct. On which another, one of the most profound scholars—since, alas! dead—observed that the assertion was perfectly correct, if you exclude all the Semitic races save the Jews: and these, it might be added, at a very late period indeed, notwithstanding all the teachings of Moses and the Prophets, not after a thousand judgments had come upon them, all the horrors of internecine war, misery, captivity, and exile. The Phœnicians were idolators, the Assyrians were idolators, the Babylonians were idolators, and the Arabs were idolators. And yet perhaps the truth lies, as usual, in the middle. If, according to Schelling, who goes much further, a vague Monotheism is the basis of all religions, there certainly does seem to be an abstract idea of absolute power of rule and dominion hidden in the universal Semitic name of the All-Powerful Supreme God, to whom all the other natural Powers, in their personified mythic guises, are subject, and in whom they, as it were, are absorbed. Baal, El, Elohim, Allah, Elion, denote not merely the Light, the bright Heaven, as Zeus, Jupiter (subject in his turn to Fate, or that 'which had once been spoken'), but Might, Almighty—absolute, despotic, that created and destroyed, did and undid according to its own tremendous Will alone, and by the side of which nothing else existed: while Jehovah-Jahve seems to point to the other stage and side of absolute Existence, the Being from all times and for all times, the *Ens*, the First Cause. And what is especially characteristic of the Shemites is this, that while, as Jewish and Arabic tradition has it, the sons of Japhet (Indo-Germans) are kings, and those of Ham slaves, the sons of Shem are prophets. A thousand times lulled into sweet dreams of beauty, they are aroused a thousand times by the wild cry of the Prophet in their midst, who points heavenwards, 'Behold who has created all these!' But what is a Prophet?—In the Hebrew term, *Nabi*, which Islam adopted, there does not indeed appear to inhere that foretelling faculty, with which from the time of the Septuagint we are wont to connect it. For it is the Septuagint which first translates it by *προφήτης*, foreteller; while others render it by 'Inspired,'

‘Inspired,’ or simply ‘Orator.’ The manifold equivalents used in the Bible, such as watchman, seer, shepherd, messenger, one and all denote emphatically the office of watching over the events, and of lifting up the voice of warning, of reproving, of encouraging, before all the people at the proper hour. Hence the Haggadah has been called ‘the prophetess of the Exile,’ though no Haggadist was ever considered ‘inspired.’ The Prophet was above all things considered as the popular preacher and teacher, gifted with religious enthusiasm, with an intense love of his people, and with divine power of speech:—whence alone the possibility of prophetic schools. And most strikingly says the Midrash of Abraham that he was a Prophet, a *Nabi*, but not an ‘Astrologer,’ one whose calling it is not to forecast, but one who lifts men’s minds heavenwards. In this sense—all transcendentalism apart—Mohammed might well be called a prophet even by Jews and Christians.

We can but guess at the state of Arab belief and worship before Mohammed? For though the Arabs enter the world’s stage as long after the first joyous revelation of humanity in Hellenism, as the Assyrians and Babylonians, not to speak of the Phœnicians, had entered it before, they have left us but little record of their doings in the period of ‘Ignorance,’—as with proud humility they called the time before Islam. From what broken light is shed by a few forlorn rays, we may conclude this, that they worshipped—to use that vague word—the Hosts of Heaven, and that with this worship there was combined a partial belief in resurrection among some clans. Others, however, seem to have ascribed everything to ‘Nature,’ and to have denied a guiding creator. We further find traces of an adoration of fetishes: bodily representatives of certain influences to be avoided, feared, and conciliated, or to be loved, and gratefully acknowledged. The Sun and the Moon, Jupiter and Venus, Canopus and Sirius and Mercury, had their stony mementos, their temples, their priests, and, be it well understood, the power of protecting those who fled to their altars. Herodotus speaks of the Arabs as worshipping only Dionysos (whom Strabo changes into Jupiter) and Urania, ‘whom they call’ Orotal (probably Nur-Allah = God’s light), and Alilat—a feminine form of Allah, the Phœnician Queen of Heaven, Tanith-Astarte. Of a worship of heroes in the form of statues there are vague traces, but so vague and so mythical that they cannot be counted historical material. Trees and stones are further mentioned as objects of primitive Arab worship, and on this point Maimonides has given, as is his wont, clear and transparent explanations, into which we cannot, however, enter. Among the

the latter the famous Black Stone of the Kaaba, that primeval temple ascribed to Abraham, stands foremost, next we know of a White Stone (Al Lat), at Taïf, still seen by Hamilton, and one or two more immovable tokens of some great event, such as the Shemites were wont to erect,—Jacob, among others, at Bethel (the general Phœnician term for these stone erections)—mementos which the Pentateuch emphatically protests against: ‘For *I* am Jehovah, your God.’ Vaguer still are the records of the Oracle-Trees, one of which stood near Mecca, while the other, dedicated to Uzza, the mighty Goddess, the Queen of Heaven, seems to have spread all over the land, with its due complement of priests and soothsayers, male and female. That there were the usual accompaniment of Lares and Penates, more or less coarse and bodily, such as always have been necessary for the herd, need not be added. Thus, it is recorded of one tribe that they worshipped a piece of dough, which, compelled by hunger, they cheerfully ate up. Some, we said, did not believe in the resurrection. Some did; and therefore they tied a camel to a man’s sepulchre, without providing it with any food. If it ran away, that man was everlastingly damned—and, be it observed here, that the Jews alone among the Shemites protested against everlasting damnation—if not, its blackened bones would, on the Day of Judgment, form a handy and honourable conveyance to the abode of his bliss. The Phantoms of the Desert, the Fata Morgana, Angels and Demons, and the rest of embodied ideas or ideals, formed other objects of pious consideration, but only as intermediators with the great Allah. Long before Mohammed, the people were wont, in their distress, to pray at their pilgrimages to him alone, in this wise: ‘At thy service, O Allah! There is no Being like unto Thee, and if there be one, it is Thou and not it that reigneth;’ and when asked what was the office of their other idols, they would answer that they were intermediators—much as Roman Catholics in the lower strata revere Saints and their emblems. Let it not be forgotten also that the perpetuation of this pre-Islamic idolatry, if so we call it, was due to a great extent to political reasons. The manifold Sanctuaries and their incomes belonged to certain noble families and clans.

So much for the Heathenism. We have now to consider the two other popularly assumed agents in that religious phase to which Mohammed has given its name, and which has changed the face of the world: Christianity and Judaism.

It has long been the fashion to ascribe whatever was ‘good’ in Mohammedanism to Christianity. We fear this theory is not compatible with the results of honest investigation. For of  
Arabia



Jesus, according to Mohammed, is only one of the six Apostles, who are specially chosen out of three hundred and thirteen, to proclaim new dispensations, in confirmation of previous ones. These are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. —But this point must come under further consideration under the tenets of Islam.

We now turn to Judaism, which, as we have hinted before, forms *the* kernel of Mohammedanism, both general and special. Here merely the preliminary observation that when we spoke of the Talmud as a source of Islam, we did not imply that Mohammed knew it, or, for the matter of that, had ever heard its very name; but it seems as if he had breathed from his childhood almost the air of contemporary Judaism, such Judaism as is found by us crystallised in the Talmud, the Targum, the Midrash.

Indeed, the geographical and ethnographical notices of Arabia in Scripture are to so astounding a degree in accordance with the very latest researches, that we cannot but assume the connexion between Palestine and Arabia to have been close from the earliest periods. The Ishmaelites of the Arabian midland are, in the earliest documents, carefully distinguished from the Yoctanites and Kushites of Mahrah in the south: not to speak of the minute information revealed by the later documents. At what time Jews first went to Arabia is a problem which we shall not endeavour to settle. Of Abraham and Ishmael, and the halo of legends that surrounds these national heroes, hereafter. But even rejecting, as we must do, the hallucinations of two most eminent scholars regarding the immigration of an entire Simeonitic regiment in the time of Saul, who having fought a battle near Mecca—hence called Makkah Rabbah (Great Defeat)—settled as Gorchims or Gerim (Strangers), and so forth—we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Jews, 'worshippers of the invisible God of Abraham,' existed, though in small numbers, in Arabia, at a very primitive period indeed. Bokht-Nasar, as Nebuchadnezzar is called in early Arabic documents, caused many others to seek refuge in Arabia. The Hasmonæans forced a whole tribe of Northern Arabia to adopt Judaism; a Jewish king of Arabs fights against Pompey. The Talmud shows a rather unexpected familiarity with—  
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appears there as a kind  
about in the guise of an  
legend). The Angels of  
Arabs'—not to speak of Job  
Sheba, and other like Arab



hammed, Kheibar, five days from Medina, and Yemen, in South Arabia, were in the hands of the Jews. Dhu Nowas, the last Jewish king of Yemen, falls by the hands of the Abyssinian Negus. The question for us remains, what phase of faith these Jews represented.

It has been supposed that, though combined among themselves for purposes of war, they held little intercommunication with their brethren either in Palestine or even in Arabia, and therefore were ignorant of the development of 'the Law' that went rolling on in Judæa and Babylonia. The chief proof for this was found in the absence of Judæo-Arabic literature before Mohammed. To us, this circumstance affords absolutely no proof. None, at least, that would not perhaps rather confirm our view to the exact contrary. We know how literatures may be and have been stamped out; or had the Phœnicians, the Chaldeans, the Etruscans, never any literature? We happen to know the contrary, though nothing, not to say worse than nothing, because more or less corrupt reminiscences, has remained of it all. And, further, we have distinct proof in the very Koran that not only did they keep *au courant* with regard to Haggadah—witness all the legends of Islam—but even Halachah. Mohammed literally quotes a passage from the Mishnah,\* and, further, gives special injunctions taken from the Gemara, such as the purification with sand in default of water, the shortening of the prayer in the moment of danger, &c.† There is an academy, or Beth-hamidrash, at Medina; and Akiba, when on his revolutionary mission, is consulted by the Arab Jews about one of the most minute and intricate points of the Oral Law.

In truth, these Jews stood not merely on the heights of contemporary culture, but far above their Arab brethren. They represented, in fact, the Culture of Arabia. They could all read and write, whilst the Arabs had occasionally to capture some foreign scholars and promise them their liberty on condition that they should teach their boys the elements of reading and writing. The Jews—nay, the Jewesses, as Mohammed had to learn to his grief—were specially gifted with the poetic vein, as we shall see further on; and poetry in Arabia was at the time of Mohammed the one great accomplishment. There was a certain fair held annually, where, as at the Olympic Games, the pro-

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\* Notably the judge's admonition to the witnesses, that he who wantonly destroys one single human life will be considered as guilty as if he had destroyed a whole world.—See 'Talmud,' p. 446.

† 'Thy will be done in Heaven; grant peace to them that fear Thee on Earth; and whatever pleaseth Thee, do. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hearest Prayer'—is the formula suggested by the Talmud for the hours of mental distraction or peril.

ductions of the last twelve months were read and received prizes. The beautiful tale of the hanging up of the prize poems in the Kaaba, whence they were called Moallakat, is unfortunately a myth, since Moallakat does not betoken suspended ones, but (pearls) loosely strung together. But, undoubtedly, to have made the best poem of the season was a great distinction, not merely for the individual poet, but for his entire clan.

These Jewish tribes, some of whom derived their genealogy from priestly families (Al-Kahinani), lived scattered all over Arabia, but chiefly in the south, in Yemen (Himyar), 'the dust of which was like unto gold, and where men never died.' They lived, as did the other Arabs, either the life of roving Bedouins, or cultivated the land, or inhabited cities, such as Yathrib, the later Medina or City, by way of eminence—of the Prophet, to wit. Outwardly they had completely merged in the great Arabic family. Conversions of entire clans to Judaism, intermarriages, and the immense family-likeness, so to speak, of the two descendants of Abraham—for the derivation of the Arabs from Ishmael, whatever may be alleged to the contrary, seems unquestionably an ante-Mohammedan notion—facilitated the levelling work of Jewish cosmopolitanism. Acquainted, as we said, with both Halachah and Haggadah, they seemed, under the peculiar story-loving influence of their countrymen, to have cultivated more particularly the latter with all its gorgeous hues and colours. Valiant with the sword, which they not rarely turned against their own kinsmen, they never omitted the fulfilment of their greatest religious duty—the release of their captives, though these might be their adversaries; and further, like their fathers, from of old, they kept the Sabbath holy even in war, though the prohibition had been repealed. They waited for the Messiah, and they turned their faces towards Jerusalem.\* They fasted, they prayed, and they scattered around them the seeds of such high culture as was contained in their literature. And Arabia called them the People of the 'Book;' even as Hegel has called them the People of the 'Geist.' These seeds, though some fell on stones, and some on the desert sand, had borne fruit a thousandfold. Of generally practical, nay

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\* The synagogues were generally built in the form of a theatre, the portal due west, so that the worshipper's face was turned to the east, even to the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Jerusalem, in pious allusion to the words (1 Kings viii. 29), 'That their eyes may be open towards this house night and day . . . that they mayest hearken to the prayers which thy servant shall make *towards this place*.' Daniel prayed towards Jerusalem, and 'the tower of David, builded for an armoury' of the Song of Songs, is taken allegorically as an allusion to the holiness and mighty Holiness that ever belonged to the spot, once hallowed by the presence of the Shechinah. And the early Church followed also in this respect.

vital, institutions which they had introduced, long before Mohammed, into the land of their adoption, may be mentioned the Calendar; and the intercalary month was by the Arabs called, in grateful acknowledgment, *Nassi* (Prince), the title of the Babylonian head of the Jewish Diaspora. The Kaaba and the Pilgrimage, Yoctan and Ishmael, Zemzem and Hagar, received their colouring from Jewish Arabs. They were altogether looked up to with much reverence, and their superiority would also politically have stood them in very good stead, when Mohammed subsequently turned against them, had they known what united action meant.

When we said that there were distinguished poets among them, we meant poets not Jewish, but purely Arabic. Their poems are all of intensely national Arabic type. Among others we have fragments by Assamael (Samuel), 'the faithful,' a great chief, who dwelt in a strong castle, and who, rather than betray his friend's confidence, saw his boy cut in twain before his eyes. What has survived of his songs breathes noble pride and loftiness of soul, tempered at times by a strange sadness: joy of life and love of conviviality; as indeed one of his poems opens with the mournful question whether the women would lament him after his death, and how? Both his son Garid, and his grandson Suba were poets; so were Arrabi, whose sons fought against Mohammed; and Aus, by whom we have a kind of characteristic, yet mild, protest against his wife's change of creed. 'We live,' he sings, 'according to the Law (Thora) and Faith of Moses, but Mohammed's Faith is also good. Each of us thinks himself in the right path.' Then there is Suraih, who 'would drink from the cup of those that are of noble heart, even if there be two-fold poison therein;' and about four or five more, who sing of love and wine, the sword and faithfulness, hospitality and the horse. There were also Jewish poetesses, whose poems, as we already mentioned, were 'bitterer to Mohammed than arrows,' and who did not escape his vengeance.

We had to tarry somewhat on this out-of-the-way field of the circumstances and position of Arabian Jews—not a little of which would, but for Islam, never have been known. Of their tenets and ceremonies, their legends and dogmas, as transferred to Islam, we have to treat separately. And such was Arabia as to difference of creeds when Mohammed arose. We left him at the moment when he began to become aware of his 'Mission.' But he was not without special predecessors. These were the *Hanifs*, literally—in talmudical parlance—'hypocrites.' 'Four shall not see God,' says the Talmud, 'the scoffers, the *Hanifs* ('who are to be exposed at all hazards,' while

while generally it is considered better 'to be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame' \*), the liars, the slanderers.' These Hanifs form a very curious and most important phase of Arabian faith before Mohammed—a phase of Jewish Christianity or Christian Judaism. They loved to style themselves also 'Abrahamitic Sabians,' and Mohammed, at the outset, called himself one of them. They were, to all intents and purposes, 'heretics.' They believed in One God. They had the Law and the Gospel, and further certain 'Rolls of Abraham and Moses,' called *Ashmaat*, to which Mohammed at first appeals. This word *Ashmaat*, or *Shamaata*, has likewise given rise to most hazardous conjectures. To us it appears very simply the talmudical *Shemaata*, which is identical with Halachah or legal tradition. In Arabia it seems to have assumed the signification of Midrash in general, chiefly as regards its haggadistic or legendary part. † These mysterious Rolls, about which endless discussions have arisen, thus seem, to our mind, to have been neither more nor less than certain collections of Midrash, beginning, as is its wont, with stern Halachah, ending, as is still more its wont, with gorgeous dreams of fancy, woven round the sainted heads of the Patriarchs, with transcendental allegories,—'tales of angels, fairy legends, festal songs, and words of wisdom.' Nor does it much matter what were the original names of these rolls or collections in question (there must have been scores upon scores of them), since there is, as far as we can gather their probable contents, but little in them which has not survived in one form or the other in our extant Midrash-books.

There were some very prominent men among this sect, if sect it may be called. Foremost among them stands one Omayya, a highly-gifted and most versatile poet, who never would acknowledge Mohammed, and ceased not to write satires upon him; more especially as it had been his intention to proclaim himself prophet. Besides him there are recorded four special men (all relations of the Prophet, Waraka among them), who, disgusted with the fetishism into which their countrymen had sunk, once met at the Kaaba, during the annual feast, and thus expressed their secret opinion to each other. 'Shall we encompass a stone which neither heareth nor seeth, neither helpeth nor hurteth? Let us seek a better faith' they said. And they went abroad to seek and to find the Hanifite creed—the 'religion of Abraham.'

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\* See 'Talmud,' p. 462.

† We have noticed the same process with regard to the word Midrash itself in Palestine and Babylonia. See 'Talmud,' p. 427.

This religion of Abraham, Mohammed came to re-establish, Mohammed the Hanifite, who succeeded where the others failed. He used the arguments, the doctrine, occasionally the very words of these his predecessors,—though we have here to be doubly on our guard against the possible colouring of later Mohammedan tradition—chiefly of Zaid, who refrained from eating blood and that which had been killed for idolatry—two things pointing emphatically to Jewish teaching.\* Zaid, it is reported, also abhorred the barbarous burying alive of children, then customary among the Arabian savages, and ‘worshipped the God of Abraham.’ Also, did he say, ‘O Lord, if I knew what form of worship Thou desirest, I would adopt it. But I know it not.’ And when his nephew after his death asked the Prophet to pray for him, Mohammed said, ‘Verily I will: he will form a Church of his own on the Day of Judgment.’ Nay more, Zaid had actually taught at Mecca, and Mohammed openly declared himself his pupil.

We shall return to this ‘Religion of Abraham,’ which is the clue to Islam—and the mystery of which the Midrash alone solves satisfactorily. At this stage it behoves us to follow out the vicissitudes of Mohammed’s career as briefly as we may: for without these we could never fully comprehend that religion, whereof he is the corner-stone and the pinnacle.

And first as to his early miracles, which nearly proved his ruin. The Jews required a sign, says the New Testament. The desire to see the Prophet, the chosen and gifted person, perform things apparently contrary to what is called nature—sights and sounds to wonder at, things by which to prove his intimate communication with and the command over the more or less personified powers of the Cosmos, of which ancient and mediæval times had so vague a notion—is very easily understood; and both the Old and New Testament are replete with extraordinary manifestations. The Talmud, while representing, to a certain extent, what is called the ‘advanced’ opinion of the time, certainly contains views somewhat different from the popular one. ‘Esther’s Miracle,’ it says, ‘was the last—the end of all miracles.’ And she is called, in allusion to the well-known Psalm-heading, ‘Hind of the Dawn’—‘*because with her it first became Light.*’ And since there is nothing in the whole story of Esther which resembles in the faintest degree a ‘supernatural’ act; and since, moreover, the name of God does not even appear in the book from beginning to end, this talmudic parlance of ‘miracles’ is very like the modern use of the word ‘prophet,’

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\* Foremost among the seven fundamental ‘Laws of the Sons of Noah.’

of which it was remarked the other day that 'many living writers, having first stripped the word of its ancient meaning, bestow it freely upon anybody.' Furthermore the Mishnah had distinctly declared that miracles were 'created' from the very beginning, in the gloaming of the sixth day. 'God,' says the Talmud, still more explicitly 'made it a condition upon the sea, when He created it, to open itself before the Israelites; the fire to leave the three martyrs unscathed; the heavens to open to the voice of Hezekiah,' &c.\* No less clearly is the meaning of the Masters further expressed in such sentences as these: 'The healing of a sick person often is a greater miracle than that which happened to the men in the pit. Those that have been saved from flagrant sin may consider that a miracle has happened to them. Do not reckon upon a miracle—they do not happen every day. Those to whom a miracle happens often know it not themselves,' &c. &c. But the old craving for wonders was either still strong among them, or they wished to vex Mohammed's soul—as they did in a thousand bitter little ways—when they found themselves disappointed in him, and so incited people to ask him for some miraculous performance. He is asked, he complains, to cause wells and rivers to gush forth, to bring down the heaven in pieces, to remove mountains, to have a house of gold, to ascend to heaven by a ladder, to cause the dead to speak, and to make Allah and his Angels testify to him—and he indignantly bursts out, 'My Lord be praised! Am I more than a man sent as an apostle? . . . Angels do not commonly walk the earth, or God would have despatched an angel to preach His truth to you;' and, he says, when they do see a sign—even the moon splitting—these unbelievers but turn aside, saying: 'This is a well-devised trick, a sleight of hand.'

How well he had entered into the meaning of those Talmudical notions on miracles—'Esther's being the last'—and how positively he spoke upon that point, though in vain, is best shown by his protest that 'the miracles of all prophets were confined to their own times. My miracle is *the Koran* which shall remain for ever, and I am hopeful of having more followers than any of the other prophets.' 'Former prophets,' he also used to say (and this is one of the most momentous dicta) 'were sent to their own sects. I was sent to all. I have been sent for one thing only: to make straight the crooked paths, to unite the strayed tribes, and to teach that "There is no God but God by whom the eyes of the blind and the ears of

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\* See 'Talmud,' p. 457.





never went up to Heaven,'—even as it is written, "The Heavens are Jehovah's, and the Earth hath He given to the children of man." \*

It was therefore absolutely necessary that the Prophet should have been in the Holy Land, nay in Jerusalem. And the *Miraj* happened, the transfiguration, the ascension, the real consummation of Mohammed's mission, and the centre of Islamic transcendental legend and creed. A whole volume of traditions exists on this one single point.

"Praise be unto Him," says the Koran, "who transported His servant by night from the temple Al Harâm (Mecca) to the remotest temple (of Jerusalem), the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show Him some of our signs. Verily He, that heareth, that seeth!" . . .

And in verse sixty-two of that same chapter, this journey is emphatically declared to be a 'Vision'—'a dream'—'a trial for men.'

And these are its brief outlines, though Mohammed's own account was probably still more briefly and soberly conceived as compared with the worlds of golden dreams in which the later legend revels.†

In the middle of the night Gabriel appeared to Mohammed, and told him that the Lord had intended to bestow honour upon him such as He had not bestowed upon any born being yet, such as had never come into any man's heart. He arose, and they went to the Kaaba, which they encompassed seven times. Gabriel then took out Mohammed's heart, washed it in the well Zemzem, filled it with faith and knowledge, and put it back in its place. He was then clothed in a robe of light, and was covered with a turban of light, in which, in thousandfold rays of light gleamed the words, 'Mohammed is God's Prophet; Mohammed is God's Friend.' Then, surrounded by myriads of angels, he bestrode the *Borak*—which only means Lightning—and he had the face of a man; his red chest was as a ruby, and his back like a white pearl. His wings reached from the eastern point of the horizon to the western, and at every step he went as far as eye could see. Thrice Mohammed prayed while he flew: at Medina, at Madyan

\* See 'Talmud,' p. 451.

† We may have occasion in the later Haggadah, exceedingly characteristic of the entire omission in Midrash 'Gan Eden,' of the daughter, who so tender in the first circle.

to the left, to the right, before him, behind him : beautiful women flitted around : he heeded nought. And the angel told him that had he listened to the first voice, his followers would have become Jews ; to the second, Christians ; to the third, they would have given up Paradise for the pleasures of this world. At Jerusalem he entered, greeted by new hosts of angels, the Temple (and the ring by which the Borak was fastened has no doubt been seen by many of our readers near the 'Dome of the Rock') ; and here all the prophets, Christ among them, were assembled ; and very striking are the likenesses given of them. Abraham resembled Mohammed most of all.

Prayers were said, and Mohammed acted as Priest Precentor. Most of the prophets then held a brief discourse in praise of God, and descriptive of their own individual mission on earth. Mohammed, having spoken last, ascended Jacob's ladder, standing upon *the* Rock, the same which forms, according to the Midrash, the foundation-stone of the earth. And a very strange-looking rock it is, rising a few feet above the marble around, scarcely touched with the chisel, and at its south-western corner there is seen the 'footprint of the Prophet,' and next to it the 'handprint of Gabriel,' who held down the rock as it tried to rise heavenwards with God's Messenger. The ladder on which Mohammed mounted into the regions of light is the same which Jacob saw in his dream : it reaches from Heaven to Earth, and on it the souls of the departed return to God. It is made of ruby and emerald, of gold and of silver, and of precious stones.

Having passed the angel who held the seven earths and the seven heavenly spheres, and the blue abyss in which float all ideal prototypes of things sublunary, he and Gabriel arrived at the Gates of the first Heaven of the World, where myriads of new angels held watch. Both he and Gabriel entered and found other myriads praising God in the postures of Muslim prayer. On a magnificent throne sat Adam, dressed in light, the human souls arrayed by his sides—to his right the good souls, to his left the wicked ones. Further on were Paradise and Hell. Punishments were wrought here according to earthly deeds. The miserly souls were naked, and hungry, and thirsty : thieves and swindlers sat at tables filled with gorgeous things, of which they were not allowed to participate ; and scoffers and slanderers carried heavy spiked logs of wood that tore their flesh, even as they had wounded the hearts of their fellow-men. Thus they passed heaven after heaven. In the second they found Christ and John the Baptist ; in the third, Joseph and David ; in the fourth, Enoch ; in the fifth, Aaron : in the sixth, Moses, who wept because Mohammed was to  
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be more exalted than he had been. In the highest heaven they found Abraham. Above the seventh heaven they came to a tree of vast leaves and fruits. In it is Gabriel's dwelling-place, on one branch of untold expanse; in another, myriads of angels are reading the Pentateuch; in another, other myriads of angels read the Gospel; yet in another, they sing the Psalms; and in another, they chaunt the Koran, from eternity to eternity. Four rivers flow forth from this region, one of which is the *river of Mercy*. There is also a House of Prayer there, right above the Kaaba.\* Near it a tank of light, from which, when Gabriel's light approaches it, seventy thousand angels spring into existence—which will remind our readers of the river of fire that rolls its flames under the Divine throne, and out of which rise ever new myriads of angels, who praise God and sink back into nought.† They approach the temple, singing praises unto God; and each time, when their voices resound, a new angel is born. 'Not a drop of water is in the sea, not a leaf on a tree, not a span of space in the heavens that is not guarded by an angel.' And to this day all these gorgeous transcendentalisms and day-dreams survive bodily in certain Jewish mystic liturgical poems (Piut), into which the golden rivers of the Haggadah have been turned by Poets or 'Paitanas' at an early period.‡

A space further, a little space, after the Tree of the Limit, Mohammed found himself of a sudden alone. Neither Gabriel nor Borak dared go beyond it; and he heard a voice calling 'Approach.' And he passed on, and curtain after curtain, and veil after veil was drawn up before him and fell behind him. When the last curtain rose, he stood within two bow-shots from the Throne; and here—says the Koran—'he saw the greatest of the signs of his Lord.' No pen dared to say more. 'There was a great stillness, and nothing was heard except the silent sound of the reed, wherewith the decrees of God are inscribed upon the tablets of Fate.' . . .

It would indeed be a labour of love, and not without its reward, to follow this Miraj-Saga through all its stages, down to the Persian and Turkish cycles. But it is not our task. All we have to add here is that Mohammed is not to be made responsible for some of his enthusiastic admirers when they transformed this vision—a vision as grand as any in the whole Divine Comedy,—which indeed has unconsciously borrowed some of its richest

\* In accordance with the haggadistic notion of the 'Jerusalem above,' and the 'heavenly Jerusalem' of the New Testament.

† See 'Talmud,' p. 456.

‡ In Western Europe this part of the Jewish Liturgy, as too mystical for the weaker brethren, has now mostly



with which not only he, but Arabia, enters history, an event fraught with intense importance for all mankind.

When Mohammed had become clear as to his mission, he sought converts. And his first convert was his faithful motherly Chadija ; his second the freed slave Zaid, probably a Christian, whom he adopted ; and his third, his small cousin Ali, ten years of age. Chadija, his good angel, Tradition reports,

‘believed in Mohammed and believed in the truth of the Revelation, and fortified him in his aims. She was the first who believed in God, in His messenger, and in the Revelation. Thereby God had sent him comfort, for as often as he heard aught disagreeable, contradictory, or how he was shown to be a liar, she was sad about it. God comforted him through her when he returned to her, in rousing him up again and making his burden more light to him, assuring him of her own faith in him, and representing to him the futility of men’s babble.’

And, in truth, when she died, not merely he but Islam lost much of their fervour, much of their purity. He would not be comforted, though he married many wives after her ; and the handsomest and youngest of his wives would never cease being jealous of that ‘dead, toothless old woman.’ Abu Bakr, a wealthy merchant, energetic, prudent, and honest, joined at once. He had probably been a fellow-disciple of Mohammed at the feet of Zaid the Skeptic, and was his confidant and bosom friend throughout his life—the only one who unhesitatingly joined, ‘who tarried not, neither was he perplexed,’ Mohammed said of him. It was he who stood at the head of the twelve chosen Apostles who subsequently rallied round the Prophet, among whom we find Hamza, the Lion of God, Othman, Omar, and the rest, men of energy, talent, and wealth, and long before adverse to Paganism. Those twelve were his principal advisers while he lived, and after his death they founded an empire greater than that of Alexander or Rome. As to Abu Bakr, he was but two years younger than the Prophet, not a man of genius, but of calm, clear, impartial judgment, and yet of so tender and sympathetic a heart that he used to be called ‘the Sighing.’ He was not only one of the most popular men, but also rich and generous, and thus his influence cannot well be overrated. It is his adherence to Mohammed throughout, which, even by those who most depreciate the Prophet, is taken as one of the highest guarantees of the latter’s sincerity. Nay, he is said to have done more for Islam than Mohammed himself—not to mention that, with his extensive knowledge of genealogy, one of the most important sciences of the period, he was able, at the Prophet’s desire, to supply Hassan, the poet of the Faith, with matter for satires against the inimical Kureish.

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Abu Talib sent for Mohammed and told him what had happened, representing to him the position of affairs, and spoke to him about the danger he had brought upon their good old tribe. And very characteristic, not merely for the *dramatis personæ*, but for Arab feeling, is the further story of the interview. Mohammed, though fully believing now that even his uncle was about to abandon him to the mercies of his kinsfolk, replied—‘By Allah, uncle, if they put the sun to my right hand, and the moon to my left, I will not give up the course which I am pursuing until Allah gives me success or I perish.’ And the tears starting to his eyes, he turned to depart. Then Abu Talib cried out aloud, ‘Son of my brother, come back!’ And he returned. And Abu Talib said: ‘Depart in peace, O my nephew! Say whatever thou desirest, for, by Allah, I will in no wise abandon thee, for ever.’

Fanaticism here baffled sought an outlet elsewhere. As usual the weak and the unprotected became the first victims and martyrs to their faith, whilst others apostatised, until Mohammed himself advised his converts to go to Abyssinia, where there ruled a pious and just king, and where they would find protection. Here also, when Meccan ambassadors pursued them, and tried to obtain their extradition, they declared their creed to the Negus in these words:—

‘We lived in ignorance, in idolatry, and unchastity, the strong oppressed the weak, we spoke untruth, we violated the duties of hospitality. Then a prophet arose, one whom we knew from our youth, with whose descent, and conduct, and good faith, and morality we are all well acquainted. He told us to worship one God, to speak the truth, to keep good faith, to assist our relations, to fulfil the rights of hospitality, to abstain from all things impure, ungodly, unrighteous. And he ordered us to say prayers, give alms, and to fast. We believed in him, we followed him. But our countrymen persecuted us, tortured us, and tried to cause us to forsake our religion, and now we throw ourselves upon your protection with confidence.’

They then read him the nineteenth chapter of the Koran, which speaks of Christ and John the Baptist, and they all wept, and the King dismissed the Meccan messengers, refusing to give up the refugees. As to the nature of Christ they gave him a somewhat vague account, with which the King, however, agreed—to his later discomfiture.

This nineteenth chapter, which so moved them all, contains the story both of the Annunciation of John’s birth to Zacharias, and that of Christ’s birth to the Virgin. It is here where Maryam=Mary, ‘the daughter of Amrán, the sister of Harún,’ is described, as in the Gospel of the Infancy, as leaning on





and verses expressive of his contrition at his momentary weakness came and comforted him in the midst of the new troubles caused by his recantation. At that time it was also that great comfort came to him in the conversion of those two: Hamza, called the Lion of God, and Omar, the Paul of Islam, whilom Mohammed's bitterest adversary, who had entered the house of Mohammed girded with his sword, resolved on slaying him, and who returned a Muslim, the most zealous apostle of the faith, its most valiant defender and mainstay. Among the twelve of whom we spoke, Abu Bakr and Hamza became the principal heads and mainsprings of young Islam.

And now the breach in the clan was completed. The whole family of Mohammed, the Hashimites, were excommunicated. Great hardships ensued for both sides for the space of three years, until when both were anxious to remove the excommunication, the document itself was found to have been destroyed by worms—all but the name of God with which it commenced. While thus, on the one hand, Mohammed's star seemed in the ascendant, he having forced, if not recognition, at any rate toleration, a bitter grief befel him. Chadija, sixty-five years of age, died; shortly after his protector, Abu Talib; and, as if to fill the cup of his misery, he now became aware also that he was a beggar. As long as Chadija lived she provided for him, leaving him to believe in his prosperity. For he was chiefly occupied with his Revelations, and with going about preaching to the caravans, the pilgrims, the people, at the fairs. And behind him went his other uncle, like a grim shadow, and when he exhorted the people to repeat after him: 'There is no God but Allah,' and promised that they would all be kings if they did—as indeed they became; Abu Lahab 'the squinter,' with his two black side-curls, would mock at him, call him a liar and a Sabian. And the people mocked after him, and drove him away, and said 'Surely your own kinsfolk must know best what sort of a prophet you be.' This Abu Lahab now had to stand forward, and as kinsman to take upon himself the galling charge of protecting Mohammed, whom he loathed. Abu Talib had resisted on his death-bed the entreaties both of Mohammed and of the Koreish—the one trying to induce him to embrace Islam, the others to give up his nephew. He did neither, and thus left the matter where it was. But Mohammed felt the awkwardness and danger of his position as the protected of his great foe very keenly, and he resolved to turn away from the place of his birth, even as Abraham had done, and Moses, and other prophets, and try to gain a hearing elsewhere. He accordingly went to Tayif, within three days' journey.



of the fundamental truths of Judaism, did not acknowledge Judaism itself, it would be a vast achievement; and if, further, they would acknowledge the coming man, the Messiah, with whom they had been threatened by the Jews, before even these knew of him, they would gain a doubly brilliant victory. And they went to Mohammed secretly as a deputation, and told him that if he were capable of creating that union, religious and political, which was needed, they would acknowledge him to be the foretold prophet, and 'the greatest man that ever lived.'

Mohammed then recited to them a brief summary of the commandments—to worship but One God, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to kill their children, not to slander, and to obey his authority in things 'right and just,' which they repeated after him. This is called the women's vow, because the same points were afterwards repeated for the benefit of the women in the Koran, and because there was no mention of fighting for the faith in this formula.

Shortly after this a solemn and secret compact was entered into between another influential deputation from Medina and himself: in the stillness of night, 'so that the sleeper should not be awakened, and the absent not be waited for.' Here he more fully declared his faith. There are, he told them, many forms of Islam or Monotheism; and each takes a different kind of worship or outer garment. The real points consist of the belief in the Resurrection, in the Day of Judgment, and, above all, unconditional faith in one only God, Allah, unto whom utter submission is due, and who alone is to be feared and worshipped. Other essential points are consistency in misfortune, prayer, and charity.

Whereupon they swore allegiance into his hands. This over, he selected twelve men among them—Jesus had chosen twelve Apostles, and Moses his elders of the tribes of Israel, he said—and exhorted those who had not been chosen, not to be angry in their hearts, inasmuch as not he but Gabriel had determined the choice. These were the twelve 'Bishops' (Nakib), while the other men of Medina are called 'Aids' (Ansár).

Secretly as these things had been done, they soon became known in Mecca, and now not a moment was to be lost. The Koreish could no longer brook this; become dangerous. About one hundred in Mecca, who believed in the Prophet by twos, and threes, and fours, and they were received with enthusiasm. The city thus became deserted, and Otba's vacant abodes, once teeming with life

recited the old verse: 'Every dwelling-place, even if it have been blessed ever so long, at last will become a prey to wind and woe.' . . . 'And,' he bitterly added, 'all this is the work of our noble nephew, who hath scattered our assemblies, ruined our affairs, and created dissension among us.' The position now grew day by day more embarrassing. A blow had to be struck. Still Mohammed was in Mecca, he, Ali, and Abu Bakr. An assembly of the Koreish met in all despatch at the town-hall, and some chiefs of other clans were invited to attend. The matter had become a question for the commonwealth, not for a tribe.—And the Devil also came, according to the legend, in the guise of a venerable sheikh. Stormy was the meeting, for the men began to be afraid. Imprisonment for life, perpetual exile, and finally death, were proposed. It is for this that Satan is wanted by the legend. No Arab would have counselled death for Mohammed. The last proposal was accepted; its execution deferred to the first dark night. A number of noble youths were to do the bloody deed. Meanwhile they watched his house to prevent his escape.

But meanwhile, also, 'the angel Gabriel' had told Mohammed what his enemies had planned against him. And he put his own green garment upon Ali, bade him lie on his own bed, and escaped, as David had escaped, through the window. A price was set upon his head. Abu Bakr, the 'sole companion,' was with him. They hid in a cave in the direction opposite from that leading to Medina, on Mount Thaur. A spider wove his web over the mouth of the cave, relate the traditions. Be it observed, by the way, that even this spider and web belong to the Haggadah, and are found in the Targum to the ninety-fifth Psalm, where David is, by these means, hidden from his enemies. Two wild pigeons laid their eggs at the entrance of the cave, so that the pursuers were convinced that none could have entered it for many a long day; and the pigeons were blessed ever after, and made sacred within the Holy Territory. Once or twice danger was nigh, and Abu Bakr began to fear. 'They were but two,' he said. 'Nay,' Mohammed said, 'we are three; God is with us.' And He was with them. It was a hot day in September, 622, when Mohammed entered Yathrib, from that time forth honoured by the name of *Medinat An-Nabi*, the City of the Prophet, at noon:—ten, thirteen, or fifteen years (the traditions vary) after his assumption of the sacred office. This is the Hejrah, or Mohammedan Era, which dates from the first month of the first lunar year after the Prophet's entry into the city. A Jew watching on a tower espied him first, in order that there might be fulfilled the words of the Koran, 'The Jews know him better than they know

know their own children.' Before entering the gate he alighted from his camel and prayed.

From that time forth Mohammed's life, hitherto obscure and dark, stands out in its minutest details. He now is judge, law-giver, king; even to the day of his death. We shall leave our readers to follow out the minutiae of his life in any of the biographies at their hand, which, from this period forth, no longer differ in any essential point.

But here we turn at once to that period of his open dissensions with the Jews, who, as we said already, formed a very influential section at Medina. He had by degrees come to sanction and adopt as much of their dogmas, their legends, their ceremonies, as ever was compatible with his mission as a Prophet of the Arabs, and one who, barring the fundamental dogma of the Sonship, wished to conciliate also the Christians. He constantly refers to the testimony of the Jews, calls them the first receivers of the Law, and not merely in such matters as turning in prayer towards Jerusalem, instead of the national sanctuary, the Kaaba, he had followed them—nay, at Medina he even adopted the Day of Atonement, date, name, and all. All he wanted in return was that they should acknowledge him as *the* Prophet of the Gentiles (*Ummi*), and testify to his mission. But the veil had suddenly been torn from the eyes of these Jews. If they had thought him a meet instrument to convert all Arabia to Judaism, and had eagerly fostered and encouraged him, had instructed him in law and legend, and had caused him to believe in himself and his mission, they of a sudden became aware that their supposed tool had become a thing of ever-growing power; and they had recourse to the most dangerous arms imaginable for laying that ghost which they had helped to raise. They laughed at him publicly. They told stories of how he came by his 'Revelations.' They who had been so anxious to inure him into the Midrash, challenged him by silly questions on Haggadistic lore,—to which he was imprudent enough to give serious replies,—to prove his Messiahship, with which they unceasingly taunted him. They produced the Bible, and showed how different the tales he told of the patriarchs and others were from those contained in that book: they who had begotten this Haggadistic guise themselves. Of course the stories did not agree, and even Christians (Omayyah and others) testified to that fact. What remained for Mohammed but to declare that, in those instances, both Jews and Christians had falsified their books, or that they did not understand them—applying, as the Rabbinical designation of certain scholars: that ~~the~~ *their* books, they were but 'as asses laden with

their contents; or that they gave out foolish stories to be *the* Book itself. He now declared that, 'of all men, Jews and Idolators hate the Muslims most.' And, in truth, when asked whether they preferred Mohammed's teaching or Idolatry, they would reply—as their ancestors had done centuries before—'Idolatry:—since idolators did not know any better, whilst there were those who knowingly perverted the pure doctrine, and sowed strife and dissension between Israel and their Father which is in Heaven.' Some Jewish fanatics even attempted his life—one, innocently enough, by witchcraft; another, by the more earnest missile of a stone. They wrote satires and squibs upon him, men and women. There was no end to their provocations. They mispronounced his Koranic words—'twisting their tongues'—so as to give them an offensive meaning. Their 'look down upon us,' sounded like 'O our wicked one.' For 'forgiveness' they said 'sin;' for 'peace upon thee'—'contempt upon thee,' and the like. They mocked at his expression of 'giving God a good loan'—'we being rich and He poor!' they said—evidently forgetting the similar expressions of the Mishnah itself, which speaks of certain good deeds\* as bringing interest in this world, while the capital is reserved for the next. And the inevitable happened. The breach came to pass, and there was hatred even unto death on both sides. It was too late to substitute another faith, other doctrines, other legends, even had they been at hand. But as much as could be done without endangering the whole structure, to show the irreconcilable breach, was done now. The faithful were no longer to turn their faces towards Jerusalem, but towards Mecca. Friday was made the day of rest, and the call to prayer was introduced as a supposed protest against the trumpet of the synagogue, though the trumpet was scarcely ever used for the purpose of the call to prayer. The Jews were not to be saluted in the streets; the faithful were to abstain from eating with them; they are declared beyond the pale—and bitterly had they to rue their lost game.

In the first year of the Hejrah Mohammed proclaimed war against the enemies of the faith. At Badr the Muslims first stood face to face with the Meccans, and routed them, though but 316 against 600. The Koreish and certain Jewish tribes were the next object of warfare. Six years after the Flight he proclaimed a general pilgrimage to Mecca. Its inhabitants though prohibiting this, concluded a peace with him, whereby he was recognised as a belligerent, and the pilgrimage was

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\* Such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honours to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbour. See 'Talmud,' p. 444.



carried out the very next year. Next other Jewish tribes had to feel his iron rod, whilst he nearly lost his life at the hands of a Jewess, another Judith, who tried to poison him, and, when charged with the crime, said that she had only wished to see whether Mohammed really was a prophet, and now she was convinced of it. She thus saved her own life; but the poison worked on, and in his dying hour Mohammed spoke of that poison 'cutting his heart-strings.' His missionaries now sought a larger sphere than Arabia. Letters were sent by him to Heraclius, to the Governor of Egypt, to Abyssinia, to Chosroës II., to Amra the Ghasanide. The latter resented this as an insult, executed the messenger, and the first war between Islam and Christianity broke out. Islam was beaten. Mecca at these news rose anew, threw off the mask of friendship, and broke the alliance. Whereupon Mohammed marched of a sudden 10,000 men strong upon them before they had time for any preparation, took Mecca by storm, and was publicly acknowledged chief and prophet. More strife and more, chiefly minor, contests followed, in which he was more or less victorious. In the year ten of the Hejrah he undertook his last solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, with at least 40,000 Muslims, and there on Mount Arafat blessed them, like Moses, and repeated his last exhortations; chiefly telling them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury.

Once again he thought of war. He planned a huge expedition against the Greeks; but he felt death approaching. One night, at midnight, he went to the cemetery of Medina, and prayed and wept upon the tombs, and asked God's blessing for his 'companions resting in peace.' Next day he went to the mosque as usual, ascended the pulpit, and commenced his exhortation with these words: 'There was once a servant unto whom God had given the option of whatever worldly goods he would desire, or the rewards that are near God; and he chose those which are near God.' And Abu Bakr, hearing these words, wept and said, 'May our fathers and mothers, our lives and our goods, be a sacrifice for you, O messenger of God.' And the people marvelled at these words. They wist not that the prophet spoke of his near death, but Abu Bakr knew. For a few more days Mohammed went about as usual; but terrible headaches, accompanied by feverish symptoms, soon forced him to seek rest. He chose Ayisha's house close to the mosque, and there took part as long as he could in public prayers. For the last time he addressed the faithful, asking them, like Moses, whether he had wronged any one, or whether he owed aught to any one.

To



account the glowing words of 'inspiration'—the cry out of the depths of an intensely human heart in its sore agony—the wail over the peace that is lost—the exultant bugle-call that proclaims the God-given triumph—the yell of revenge, or the silent anguish, and the unheard, the unseen tear of a man. These things do indeed write a more faithful biography than the acutest historian will ever compile out of the infinite and infinitesimal mosaics at his disposal.

Mohammed has had many biographers, from the Byzantines who could not satisfy their souls with heaping up mountains of silly abuse; from Maracci and Prideaux—the former of whom has, not without some show of reason, been accused of being a secret believer, while the latter wishes to stop by his biography, 'the great prevailing infidelity in the present age,' more especially as he has reason to fear that 'wrath hath some time gone forth from the Lord,' and that the 'Wicked One may, by some other such instrument, overwhelm us with foulest delusions'—to those great authorities, Sprenger, Muir, Nöldeke, Weil, Amari. The work of the first of these we have placed at the head of our paper because it is the most comprehensive, the most exhaustive, the most learned of all, because, more than any of the others, it does, by bringing all the material bodily before the reader, enable him to form his own judgment. Next to him in fulness and genuineness of matter, though not in genius perhaps, stands, to our thinking, Muir; only that a certain preconceived notion anent Satan seems to have taken somewhat too firm a hold upon his mind. Both Muir and Sprenger have drunk out of the fulness of the East in the East, spending part of their lives in research on Indian and Mohammedan soil. Weil, Amari, Nöldeke,\* have earned the first places among Koranic investigators in Europe, while Lane, that most illustrious master of Arab lexicography, has, both in his classical Notes on the 'Arabian Nights' and in his 'Modern Egyptians,' thrown out most precious hints on the subject. And those that have written his life have all written it out of his book, the Koran, and its complement the Sunnah, and each has written it differently.

The Koran is a wonderful book in many respects, but chiefly in this, that it has no real beginning, middle, or end. Mohammed's

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the commencement of his 'Introduction,' that he did not put everything clearly and properly in order before his death—even as a man sends his 'copy' to the printers. From date-leaves and tablets of white stone, from shoulder-bones and bits of parchment, thrown promiscuously into a box, and from 'the breasts of men,' was the first edition of the Koran prepared, one year after the prophet's death, and the single chapters were arranged *according to their respective lengths*: organ-pipe fashion—and not even that accurately. And Mohammed's book is not even as the Pentateuch, according to the Documentary Theory. There are not several accounts of the same or different events vaguely put together. Nor is it even like the Talmud, which, though apparently leading us by the Ariadne-thread of the Mishnah through its labyrinths, yet every now and then plunges us into pathless wildernesses of cave and vault; through which ever and anon streams in the golden light of day, showing the wise aim and plan of their tortuous windings. But in the Koranic structure there is no cunning, no special purpose, and, indeed, you may begin at every page and end at every page. Unless one should prefer to read it from beginning to end—and we warrant that, as it now stands, no one will easily perform that feat, unless he be a pious Muslim, or, perchance, makes it his Arabic text-book. Hence also not one of these *Savans* agrees about the succession of the Chapters. There is certainly a vast amount of truth or probability on the side of some suggestions: and Sprenger has, to our mind, come nearest, because he was the least fettered by conventionalities of view, but, son of the Alps and of the Desert, he set authority at defiance and sought out his path for himself. Yet with him, too, it is difficult to agree at times, according to the greater or less sympathy one feels with his stand-point and the view he takes of the Prophet himself.

Broadly speaking, three principal divisions may, with psychological truth, be established; the first, corresponding to the period of early struggles, being marked by the higher poetical flight, by the deeper appreciation of the beauties of nature, in sudden, most passionate, lava-like outbursts, which seem scarcely to articulate themselves into words. The more prosaic and didactic tone warns us of the approach of manhood, while the dogmatising, the sermonising, the reiteration, and the abandoning of all Scriptural and Haggadistic help-mates point to the secure possession of power, to the consummation and completion of the mission. But these divisions must not be relied upon too securely. There rings through what may very fairly be considered some of the very last Revelations

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ever and anon the old wild cry of doubt and despair, the sermon turns abruptly into a glowing vision ; a sudden rhapsody inappropriately follows a small dogmatic disquisition, or a curse fiery and yelling as any of the hottest days is hurled upon some unbeliever's doomed head ; while the very first utterances at times exhibit the theorising, reflecting, arguing tendencies of ripe old age.

And it is exactly in these transitions, quick and sudden as lightning, that one of the great charms of the book, as it now stands, consists, and well might Goethe say that, 'as often as we approach it, it always proves repulsive anew ; gradually, however, it attracts, it astonishes, and, in the end, forces into admiration.' The Koran, moreover, suffers more than any other book we could think of by a translation, however masterly. If anywhere, it is here that the *summum jus summa injuria* holds good. What makes the Talmud so particularly delightful is this peculiar fact, that whenever jurisprudence with its thousand technicalities and uncouth terms is out of the question, it becomes easy, translucent, and clear to the merest beginner. The pathetic *naïveté* of its diction, and the evident pains it takes to make all its sayings household words, is something for which we cannot be too grateful. Hence also the fact that these words in their wisdom and grace must needs find an echo in every true heart, if told exactly as they stand, without attempt to colour them. The grandeur of the Koran, on the other hand, consists, its contents apart, in its diction. We cannot explain the peculiarly dignified, impressive, sonorous nature of Semitic sound and parlance ; its *sesquipedalia verba*, with their crowd of prefixes and affixes, each of them affirming its own position, while consciously bearing upon and influencing the central root—which they envelop like a garment of many folds, or as chosen courtiers move round the anointed person of the King.

May be, some stray reader remembers a certain thrill on waking suddenly in the middle of his first night on Eastern soil—waking, as it were, from dream into dream. For there came a voice, solitary, sweet, sonorous, floating from on high through the moonlight stillness—the voice of the blind Mueddin, singing the Ulah, or first Call to Prayer. At the sound whereof many a white figure would move silently on the low roofs, and not merely, like the palms and cypresses around, bow his head, but prostrate, and bend his knees. And the sounds went and came, 'Allahu Akbar . . . . Prayer is better than sleep . . . . There is no God but He . . . . He giveth life, and He dieth not . . . . Oh ! thou Bountiful . . . . Thy mercy ceaseth not . . . . My sins are great, greater is Thy mercy . . . . I extol



‘science,’ all tradition, all religion, all love, and all hatred. And, indeed, what has remained of fragments of that period of pre-Islamic poetry which immediately preceded Mohammed, broken, defaced, dimmed, as it is, by fanaticism and pedantic ignorance, prove it sufficiently to have been of all the brilliant periods of Arabic literature the most brilliant. There arises out of the *Hamasa*, the *Moallakat*, the *Kitab Al-Aghani*, nay, out of the very chips that lie embedded in later works, such a freshness, and glory, and bloom, of desert-song—even as out of Homer’s epics rise the glowing spring-times of humanity, and the deep blue heavens of Hellas—as has never again been the portion of Arab poetry. Wild, and vast, and monotonous as the yellow seas of its desert solitudes, it is withal tender, true, pathetic, soul-subduing; much more so than when in beauteous Andalus the great grandchildren of these wild rovers sang of nightly boatings by torchlight, of the moon’s rays trembling on the waves, of sweet meetings in the depths of rose-gardens, of Spain’s golden cities and gleaming mosques, and the far away burning desert whence their fathers came. Those grand accents of joy and sorrow, of love, and valour, and passion, of which but faint echoes strike on our ears now, were full-toned at the time of Mohammed; and he had not merely to rival the illustrious of the illustrious, but to excel them; to appeal to the superiority of what he said and sang as a very sign and proof of his mission. And there were, at first, many and sinister tokens of rivalry and professional hatred visible, to which religious fanaticism carried fuel. Those that had fallen fighting against him were lamented over in the most heartrending and popular dirges. Poets of his time said even as Jehuda Al-Hassan-Halevi, that great Hebræo-Arabic minstrel, did hundreds of years after them, that they failed to see anything extraordinary in his verses. Nay, they called him names,—a fool, a madman, a ridiculous pretender and impostor; they laughed at the people of Medina for listening to ‘such an one.’ And these rival-poets formed a formidable power. Their squibs told, while the counter-satires he caused to be written fell flat. Not even ‘sudden visitations,’ by which some of the worst offenders were found struck to death, stopped the ‘press.’ Until there came a revelation—‘Shall I declare unto you,’ he asks in the Surah called ‘the Poets,’ ‘on whom the Devils descend? They descend upon every lying and wicked person . . . most of them are liars. And those who err follow the steps of the poets. Seest thou not how they rove as bereft of their senses through every valley?’ . . . Which reminds us strikingly of Kutayir, a pre-Islamic poet, and the answer he gave to people asking him ‘How he managed when poetry became difficult  
to



to him?' and he said, 'I walk through the deserted habitations, and through the blooming greenswards; then the most perfect songs become easy, and the most beautiful ones flow naturally'—'roving bereft of his senses through every valley!' . . . .

Mohammed is said to have convinced a rival, Lebid, a poet-laureate of the period, of his mission, by reciting to him a portion of the now second Surah. Unquestionably it is one of the very grandest specimens of Koranic or Arabic diction, describing how hypocrites 'are like unto those who kindle a fire without, and think themselves safe from darkness. But while it is at its biggest blaze, God sends a wind; the flame is extinguished, and they are shrouded in dense night. They are deaf, and dumb, and blind. . . . Or when in darkness, and amidst thunder and lightning, rain-filled clouds pour from heaven, they in terror of the crash thrust their fingers into their ears. . . . But God compasseth the infidels around. . . . The flash of the lightning blindeth their eyes—while it lights up all things, they walk in its light—then darkness closes in upon them, and they stand rooted to the ground.' . . .

But even descriptions of this kind, grand as they be in their own tongue, are not sufficient to kindle and preserve the enthusiasm and the faith and the hope of a nation like the Arabs, not for one generation, but for a thousand. Not the most passionate grandeur, not the most striking similes, not the legends, not the parables, not the sweet spell of rhyme-fall and the weaving of rhythmic melodies, and all the poet's cunning craft—but the kernel of it all, the doctrine, the positive, clear, distinct doctrine. And this doctrine Mohammed brought before them in a thousand, so to say, symphonic variations, modulated through the whole scale of human feeling. From prayer to curse, from despair to exultant joy, from argument, often casuistic, largely-spun-out argument, to vision, either in swift, and sudden, and terrible transition, or in repetitions and reiterations—monotonous and dreary and insufferably tedious to the outsider—but to him alone.

The poets before him had sung of love. One of the principal forms of pre-Islamic poetry was, indeed, the *Kasida*, which almost invariably commenced with a sorrowful remembrance of her who had gone none knew whither, and the very traces of whose tent, but yesterday gleaming afar in the midst of the wide solitudes, had disappeared overnight. Antara, himself the hero of the most famous novel, sings of the ruins, around which ever hover lovers' thoughts, of the dwelling of Abla, who is gone, and her dwelling-place knows her not; it is now desolate and silent. Amr Al Kais, 'the standard-bearer of poets, but on the way to hell,' as Mohammed called him, of all things  
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praises his fortune with women, chiefly Oneisa, and in brilliant, often Heinesque, verse sings of the good things of this world; until his father banishes him on account of an adventure wherein he, as usual, had been too happy. And of a sudden, in the midst of a wild revel, he hears that his father has been slain, and not a word said he. But higher and louder waxed the revel, and he drank deep, and gamed till the grey dawn; when he arose of a sudden, and swore a holy oath that neither wine nor woman should soothe his senses until he had taken bloody vengeance for his father: and when consulting the oracle, he drew an arrow with the inscription 'Defence,' he threw it into the idol's face, saying, 'Wretch, if thy father had been killed, thou wouldst have counselled Vengeance, not Defence.'

They sang of valour and generosity, of love and strife, and revenge, of their noble tribe and ancestors, of beautiful women, 'often even of those who did not exist, so that woman's noble fame should be spread abroad among kings and princes,' as the unavoidable scholiast informs us; of the valiant sword, and the swift camel, and the darling horse, fleetier than the whirlwind's rush. Or of early graves, upon which weeps the morning's cloud, and the fleeting nature of life, which comes and goes as the waves of the desert-sand, and as the tents of a caravan, as a flower that shoots up and dies away—while the white stars will rise and set everlastingly, and the mountains will rear their heads heavenwards, and never grow old. Or they shoot their bitter arrows of satire right into the enemy's own soul.

Mohammed sang none of these. No love-minstrelsy his, not the joys of this world, nor sword nor camel, not jealousy or human vengeance, not the glories of tribe or ancestor, nor the unmeaning, swiftly and for ever extinguished existence of man, were his themes. He preached *Islam*.

And he preached it by rending the skies above and tearing open the ground below, by adjuring heaven and hell, the living and the dead. The Arabs have ever been proficient in the art of swearing, but such swearing had never been heard in and out of Arabia. By the foaming waters and by the grim darkness, by the flaming sun and the setting stars, by Mount Sinai and by Him who spanned the firmament, by the human soul and the small voice, by the Kaaba and by the Book, by the Moon and the dawn and the angels, by the ten nights of dread mystery and by the day of judgment. That day of judgment, at the approach whereof the earth shaketh, and the mountains are scattered into dust, and the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grows white with anguish, and like locust-swarms the souls arise out of their graves, and Allah cries to Hell, Art thou

thou filled full? and Hell cries to Allah, More, give me more, . . . while Paradise opens its blissful gates to the righteous, and glory ineffable awaits them—both men and women.

The kernel and doctrine of Islam Goethe has found in the second Surah, which begins as follows:—

‘This is the Book. There is no doubt in the same. A *Guidance* to the righteous. Who believe in the *Unseen*, who observe the *Prayer*, and who give *Alms* of that which we have vouchsafed unto them. And who believe in that which has been sent down unto thee—the *Revelation*) which had been sent down to those before thee, and who believe in the *Life to come*. They walk in the guidance of their Lord, and they are the blessed. As to them who believe not—it is indifferent to them whether thou exhortest them or not exhortest them. They will not believe. Sealed hath Allah their hearts and their ears, and over their eyes is darkness, and theirs will be a great punishment.’—  
‘And in this wise,’ Goethe continues, ‘we have Surah after Surah. Belief and unbelief are divided into upper and lower. Heaven and hell await the believers or deniers. Detailed injunctions of things allowed and forbidden, legendary stories of Jewish and Christian religion, amplifications of all kinds, boundless tautologies and repetitions, form the body of this sacred volume, which to us, as often as we approach it, is repellent anew, next attracts us ever anew, and fills us with admiration, and finally forces us into veneration.’

‘Thus Goethe. And no doubt the passage adduced is as good a summary as any other. Perhaps, if he had gone a little further in this same chapter, he might have found one still more explicit. When Mohammed at Medina told his adherents no longer to turn in prayer towards Jerusalem, but towards the Kaaba at Mecca, to which their fathers had turned, and he was blamed for this innovation, he replied:—

‘That is not righteousness: whether ye turn your faces towards East or West, God’s is the East as well as the West. But verily righteousness is his who believes in God, in the day of judgment, in the angels, in the Book and the prophets; who bestows his wealth, for God’s sake, upon kindred, and orphans, and the poor, and the homeless, and all those who ask; and also upon delivering the captives; he who is steadfast in prayer, giveth alms, who stands firmly by his covenants, when he has once entered into them; and who is patient in adversity, in hardship, and in times of trial. These are the righteous, and these are the God-fearing.’

Yet these and similar passages, characteristic as they be, do not suffice. It behoves us to look somewhat deeper.

First of all, What is the literal meaning of Islam, the religion of a Muslim? We find that name Muslim already applied to those *Hanifs*, of whom we have spoken above, who had renounced, though secretly, idolatry before Mohammed, and had gone out  
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to seek the 'religion of Abraham,' which Mohammed finally undertook to re-establish. The Semitic root of the word Muslim yields a variety of meanings, and accordingly Muslim has had many interpretations. But in all these cases—even as is now becoming so universally clear in the terms of the New Testament—it is as useless to go back to the original root for the elucidation of some special or technical, dogmatic, scientific, or other term of a certain period, as it is to ask those for an explanation who lived to use that same term long after it had assumed an utterly new, often the very opposite, meaning. *Salm*, the root of *Islam*, means, in the first instance, to be tranquil, at rest, to have done one's duty, to have paid up, to be at perfect peace, and, finally, to hand oneself over to Him with whom peace is made. The noun derived from it means peace, greeting, safety, salvation. And the Talmud contains both the term and the explanation of the term Muslim, which in its Chaldee meaning had become naturalised in Arabia. It indicates a 'Righteous man.' In a paraphrase of Proverbs xxiv. 16, where the original has *Zadik* (*Ziddik* in Koran), which is rightly translated by the Authorised Version, 'Just Man,' the Talmud has this very word. 'Seven pits are laid for the "Muslim,"' (*Shalmana*—Syr: *Msalmono*) it says, and 'one for the wicked, but the wicked falls into his one, while the other escapes all seven.'\* The word thus implies absolute submission to God's will—as generally assumed—neither in the first instance, nor exclusively, but means, on the contrary, one who strives after righteousness with his own strength. Closely connected with the misapprehension of this part of Mohammed's original doctrine is also the popular notion on that supposed bane of Islam, Fatalism: but we must content ourselves here with the observation that, as far as Mohammed and the Koran is concerned, Fatalism is an utter and absolute invention. Not once, but repeatedly, and as if to guard against such an assumption, Mohammed denies it as distinctly as he can, and gives injunctions which show as indisputably as can be that nothing was further from his mind than that pious state of idle and hopeless inanity and stagnation. But to return to Islam. The real sum and substance of it is contained in Mohammed's words: 'We have spoken unto thee by revelation:—*Follow the religion of Abraham.*' . . . .

What did Mohammed and his contemporaries understand by this religion of Abraham? 'Abraham,' says the Koran, pointedly

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\* There is also the story in the Talmud of the Master whose name was *Shalman* (Solomon), and they said to him, 'Thou art full of peace, and thy teaching is peace (perfect), and thou hast made peace between the disciples.'

and pregnantly, 'was neither a Jew nor a Christian, but he was pious and righteous, and no idolator.' Have we not here the briefest and the most rationalistic doctrine ever preached? Curious and characteristic is the proof which the Koran finds it necessary to allege (partly found, by the way, in the Midrash) for this:—There *was* no Law (or Gospel) revealed then—there were, in fact, no divisions of Semitic creed, no special and distinctive dogmas in Abraham's time yet. The Haggadah, it is true, points out that, when Scripture says 'he heard my voice,' it meant that to him were given, by anticipation, all that the Law and the Prophets contain. And in order rightly to understand the drift of Mohammed's words, we must endeavour to gather the little mosaics as they lie scattered about in all directions in the Talmud and Midrash. Perchance a picture, anent Abraham's faith and works, may arise under our hands—a not unworthy ideal of Judaism, which formed it, and Mohammedanism, which adopted it; of Abraham, the righteous, the first, and the greatest Muslim. It may also further elucidate, by the way, the words of the Mishnah, 'Be ye of the Disciples of Abraham.' 'The divine light lay hidden,' says the Midrash, 'until Abraham came and discovered it.'

Again we have to turn—driven by absolute necessity—to one of those indigestible morsels, one of the many *cruces* of the exegetes of Orient and Occident. The word used in the Koran for the 'Religion of Abraham' is generally *Milla*. Sprenger, after ridiculing the indeed absurd attempts made to derive it from an Arabic root, concludes that it must be a foreign word, introduced by the teachers of the 'Milla of Abraham' into the Hejaz. He is perfectly right. *Milla*=*Memra*=*Logos*, are identical: being the Hebrew, Chaldee (Targum, Peshito in slightly varied spelling), and Greek terms respectively for '*Word*,'—that surrogate for the Divine Name used by the Targum, by Philo, by St. John. This *Milla*, or '*Word*,' which Abraham proclaimed, he, 'who was not an astrologer, but a prophet'—teaches, according to the Haggadah, first of all, the existence of One God, the Creator of the Universe, who rules this Universe with mercy and lovingkindness.\* He

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\* 'God,' says the Talmud, in boldest transcendental flight, '*prays*.' And what is that prayer?—'Be it my will that my mercy overpower my justice.' The Koran says:—'God has laid down for Himself the Law of Mercy.'

God's Mercy, says the Midrash, was the only link that held the universe together before the 'Law' came to be revealed to man. And very beautifully does the Haggadistic version of the manner in which the universe, which, spite of all, would not rest firmly, but kept swaying to and fro in space, 'even as a great palace built of mortal man, the foundations whereof are not firmly laid,' contrast from all those well-known wild heapings-up of monsters begotten for steadying purposes.—'The earth shook and trembled, and would not find rest until God created Repentance :—then it stood.'

alone also, neither angel nor planet, guides the destinies of man. Idolatry, even when combined with the belief in Him, is utterly to be abhorred; He alone is to be worshipped; in Him alone trust is to be placed in adversity. He frees the persecuted and the oppressed. You must pray to Him and serve Him in love, and not murmur when He asks for your lives, or even for lives still dearer to you than your own. As to duties towards man, it teaches—'Lovingkindness and mercy are the tokens of the faith of Abraham.' 'He who is not merciful is not of the children of Abraham.' 'What is the distinguishing quality of Abraham's descendants? their compassion and their mercy' (Be it observed, by the way, that in all these talmudical passages the word *Rachman* is used, which term for 'Merciful' forms an emphatic mark in the Koran.) 'Abraham not merely forgave Abimelech, but he prayed for him; and this mercy, charity, and lovingkindness is to be extended to every being, without reference to 'garment,' birth, rank, creed, or nationality. Disinterestedness and unselfishness are self-understood duties. Though the whole land had been promised to Abraham by God, he *bought* the ground for Sarah's tomb. After the victorious campaign he took nothing, no, not even 'from a thread to a shoe-latchet' from the enemy. Modesty and humility are other qualities enjoined by him. Rule yourself, he said, before you rule others. Eschew pride, which shortens life—modesty prolongs it. It purifies from all sins, and is the best weapon for conquest. His humility was shown even by the way in which he exercised his hospitality. He waited himself on his guests, and when they tried to thank him, he said, Thank 'Him, the One, who nourishes all, who ruleth in heaven and earth, who killeth and giveth life, who causeth the plants to grow, and who createth man according to His wisdom.' He inaugurated the Morning Prayer—even as did Isaac that of the Evening, and Jacob that of the Night. He went, even in his old age, ever restless in doing good, to succour the oppressed, to teach and preach to all men. He 'wore a jewel round his neck, the light of which raised up the bowed-down and healed the sick, and which, after his death, was placed among the stars.' And see how he was chosen to be tempted with the bitterest trial, in order that mankind might see how steadfast he remained—even as the potter proves the strength of his ware, not by that which is

And when he died, he left to  
 'Justice and Mercy, Love and  
 Such are the floating outlines  
 gathered from the Haggadah  
 mental bases of Mohammed's

always in the sense, of these Jewish traditions. The most emphatic moment, however, we find laid upon the Unity of God, the absence of Intermediators, and the repudiation of any special, exclusive, 'privileged' creed. This is a point on which the Talmud is very strong—not merely declaring its aversion to proselytism, but actually calling every righteous man, so that he be no idolator, a 'Jew' to all intents and purposes. The tracing of the minutiae of general human ethics is, comparatively speaking, of less import, considering that these, in their outlines, are wonderfully alike, in Hellas and India, and Rome and Persia and Japan; so that it would indeed be difficult to say who first invented the great law of goodwill towards fellow-creatures. But the manner and the words in which these things are inculcated, mark their birthplace and the stages of their journey clearly enough in the Semitic creeds.

And with the doctrines—if so we may call them—of Abraham, as we gathered them from the Jewish writings, Mohammed also introduced the whole legendary cycle that surrounds Abraham's head, like a halo, in these same writings. We have in the Koran, first of all, that wondrous Haggadistic explanation, how Abraham first came to worship, in the midst of idolators, the One invisible God—how he first lifted up his eyes heavenwards and saw a brilliant star, and said, This is God. But when the star paled before the brightness of the moon, he said, This is God. And then the sun rose and Abraham saw God in the golden glory of the sun. But the sun, too, set, and Abraham said, 'Then none of you is God; but there is One above you who created both you and me. Him alone will I worship, the Maker of Heaven and Earth!' How he then took an axe and destroyed all the idols and placed the axe in the hand of the biggest, accusing him of the deed; how he is thrown into the fiery furnace, and God said to the fire, 'Be thou cold;' how he entertained the Angels, and how he brought his beloved son to the Altar, and an 'excellent victim' (a ram from Paradise) was sacrificed in his stead; and so on. All this, though only sketched in its outlines in the Koran, is absolute Haggadah, with scarcely as much of alteration as would naturally be expected in the like fantastic matter, even as is the rest of that 'entire world of pious biblical legend which Islam has said and sung in its many tongues, to the delight of the wise and simple, for twelve centuries now, to be found either in embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah.'\*

But here, in the midst of our discourse, we are compelled to break off, reserving its continuation: notably with regard to the

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\* 'Talmud,' p. 455.



theoretical and practical bearing of the religion of Mohammed, and the relation of its religious terms\* and individual tenets to those of Judaism; also its progress and the changes wrought within the community by many and most daring sects; and the present aspect of the Faith and its general influence. And this our Exordium we will sum up with the beginning of the Surah, called the Assembly, revealed at Medina:—

‘In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. Whatsoever is in heaven and on earth praises God the King, the Holy One, the Almighty, the Allwise. It is He who out of the midst of the illiterate Arabs has raised an Apostle to show unto them his signs, and to sanctify them, and to teach them the Scripture and the Wisdom, them who before had been in great darkness. . . . This is God’s free Grace, which He giveth unto whomsoever He wills. God is of great Mercy!’

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ART. II.—*The Theological Works of Isaac Barrow, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.* In 9 vols. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by the Rev. Alexander Napier, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Holkham, Norfolk. With a Notice of Barrow’s Life and Academical Times, by W. Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1859.

THE once well known ‘Encyclopédie Méthodique’ speaks of Barrow as an obscure theologian, who was better known as a mathematician; most Englishmen would probably describe him as a standard divine of the seventeenth century, altogether ignoring his scientific attainments. Either of these estimates singly is inadequate, but the Frenchman’s is nearly that of Barrow’s own time, the Englishman’s that of posterity; for Barrow’s theological fame is to a great extent posthumous, while his repute as a mathematician was contemporary. His sermons, which appeal to the great unchanging principles of human nature, have an undying interest; his mathematical works have fallen out of the knowledge of a generation which has learned to work by more perfect methods. But whatever his present fame, Barrow was in fact in the front rank of the scholars, mathematicians, and divines of his time; no other Englishman represents

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\* e. g. Koran, Forkan (= Pirke, exposition of Halachah), Torah (Law), Shechinah (presence of God), Gan Eden (Paradise), Gehinnom (Hell), Haber (Master), Darash (search the Scriptures), Rabbi (teacher), Sabbath (day of rest), Mishnah (Oral Law), &c., all of which are bodily found in the Koran, as well as even such words as the Hebrew Yam (for Red Sea), &c.

so completely the culture, especially the Cambridge culture, of a very interesting period, the period of the great transformation both of academic and ecclesiastical thought which took place in the middle of the seventeenth century. His boyhood was passed under the primacy of Laud; in his mature age he enjoyed the friendship of Tillotson. When he entered Cambridge the study of mathematics there had scarcely advanced beyond Euclid and Apollonius; when he died, Isaac Newton, his own pupil, was mathematical professor. The life of such a man is well worth examining, both for its own interest and for the light which it throws upon the age.

Isaac Barrow was son of Mr. Thomas Barrow, a respectable citizen of London, linen-draper to Charles I.; a man probably of the same class socially as the greatest of city linen-drapers, Isaac Walton, himself brother-in-law of a bishop. Thomas Barrow's father was a Cambridgeshire justice, and his brother Isaac, a divine of good repute, became after the Restoration Bishop of St. Asaph's. The younger and more famous Isaac was born in London in 1630. At Charterhouse, whither he appears to have been sent at an early age, the vigour of the healthy and restless boy displayed itself rather in playing and fighting than in attention to his books; but at Felsted School,\* to which he was transferred, either changed by more judicious treatment, or prematurely sobered by the growing troubles of the times, which were deeply felt in the loyal household of Thomas Barrow, he became, what he ever afterwards continued to be, industrious and conscientious. While he was at Felsted, his name was placed on the boards of Peter-house, his uncle's college; but when he actually came into residence, in February, 1645, he migrated to Trinity College, of which another Isaac Barrow, his father's great-uncle, had been a fellow and a benefactor in the previous century. His father, who followed the court to Oxford, had by this time fallen into low estate, and young Isaac was indebted for his support, in the early part of his University course, mainly to the excellent Dr. Henry Hammond, who procured contributions from his friends for the maintenance of promising students, as a seed-plot for the future ministry of the Church of England.†

It does not appear that Barrow, like some of his contemporaries who came from the north, had to journey to his university through bye-ways to avoid the 'rapparees' who infested

\* Then a famous school, having, when Wallis the mathematician was there (1630), a hundred or six-score boys. Wallis, in Hearne's *Langtoft*, I. cxlv. (Ed. London, 1810.)

† Wordsworth's '*Ecclesiastical Biography*,' iv., 343. (3rd ed.)



the high-roads, but he found at Cambridge signs enough of a time out of joint. The civil war was approaching its crisis; the negotiations between the contending parties at Uxbridge were broken off in the very month that he reached Trinity; the decisive battle of Naseby was fought in June of the same year; and, a circumstance which more nearly concerned him, the Earl of Manchester, with the authority of Parliament, had in the previous year set about 'regulating and reforming' the University of Cambridge. During the years 1644 and 1645 nearly every head of a house was removed, and succeeded by one more favourable to the powers that then were. In some cases, no doubt, these intruders were recommended rather by their devotion to the Parliamentary cause than by their learning or ability; but the Commissioners seem, on the whole, to have been anxious to promote their best men. Thus, Cudworth became Master of Clare; the excellent Whichcot, certainly no vehement partizan, succeeded Collins at King's; Arrowsmith, a man of undoubted ability and of high character, became Master of St. John's; and, a few years later, the learned Lightfoot of Catherine Hall, and good Dr. Worthington of Jesus. In Barrow's own college the commissioners appointed Thomas Hill, who seems to have been at least a man of kindly sympathies, to judge by the story of his laying his hand one day on the head of the young royalist, with the words, 'Thou art a fine lad, 'tis pity thou art a cavalier.' Among the Fellows of Trinity who refused the covenant, and left the college with the ejected Master, Dr. Comber, were Herbert Thorndike and the poet Abraham Cowley. It is worthy of note that during the period of the Commissioner's authority, half the heads of houses were men trained in Sir Walter Mildmay's Puritan foundation, Emmanuel.

With all these arbitrary proceedings, however, towards the higher dignitaries, the opinions of undergraduates—boys for the most part under eighteen—were not much inquired into or interfered with. Barrow never at any time relinquished or disguised his royalist opinions, and yet he became, in due course, scholar and fellow of his college, and received, while still under Puritan dominion, the special grace of the House to permit him to travel on the Continent; on the one occasion when molestation was threatened by some of the fellows, in consequence of the vigorous expressions of his admiration for James I. and his sons, in a Fifth-of-November speech,\* we read that Dr. Hill protected him, with the words, 'Barrow is a better man than any of us.'†

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\* Works, ix. 55.

† Life of Barrow; Works, i. xl.



to investigate truth and to acquire knowledge, wherever sound and scientific knowledge was to be found.

To become a 'general scholar' was not so hopeless a task in Barrow's time as it has become in our own. Within the range of mathematical and physical science at least, it was not difficult for a man of clear and vigorous mind, once emancipated from the fetters of scholasticism, to make himself master of all that was really known. And at no time was the pursuit of science more tempting. The thirty years of Barrow's Cambridge life witnessed the victory of the new experimental philosophy over the old dogmatism in every country of Europe. The weighty maxims of Bacon, the experiments and researches of men like Kepler and Galileo, Gassendi and Gilbert, turned men's minds to the thought of questioning Nature, and frankly accepting her answers, instead of giving her laws which she often refused to acknowledge. The men of the older school of thought opposed a vigorous resistance to the new lights; those who had been accustomed to subject the universe to a few grand universal laws, as they seemed, thought touching and handling, weighing and analysing, but a poor and mean kind of philosophy, if indeed it were philosophy at all; and we must remember that it had not yet become manifest, in that age of fragmentary experiment and imperfect induction, that this dull material method was indeed leading on to a simplicity of law and a coherence of science at once grander and truer than the old hypothetical explanations of phenomena. But the vigorous men of the rising generation were enlisted on the side of the 'new philosophy,' and the victory of knowledge over prejudice was certain.

The seventeenth century was in Cambridge, as elsewhere, a period of transition from the mediæval system of education to that with which we are familiar. The statutable theory of the University was still, in almost all points, the mediæval; candidates for degrees were still regarded as a kind of intellectual squires, to whom the disputations in the schools were as tournaments in which they were to win their spurs, or rather their hoods. But this disputatious system no longer pervaded academic life, as it once had done; the sharpening of the wits for the scholastic arena was no longer the absorbing employment of almost every member of the University. The number and severity of these trials had evidently been very much diminished before Barrow entered the University.\* And even from the schools themselves

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\* For instance, Symonds D'Ewes (about 1620) says, 'Mine own exercises performed during my stay [in Cambridge] were very few, replying only twice in two philosophical acts.' See Mr. Mayor's 'Matthew Robinson,' p. 100.

the *quiddities* and *hæcceities*, the *præcisiones formales* and *objectivæ*, and the like, were being thrust forth. The study of logic was, of course, indispensable; but when such theses were discussed as 'the sufficiency of the Cartesian philosophy to explain the phenomena of Nature,' we see that the scholastic system did not exclude the topics of most interest in that age. The admission of a particular thesis depended upon the Professor or Moderator before whom the disputation was to be held, and these would themselves feel the movements of the time; so that unless the University excluded the new philosophy, as Utrecht and Leyden did,\* by a definite enactment, it would readily find its way into the schools. The subjects of academic study recognised by the University were still but few; no branch of physical science (except medicine) was represented by a Professor before the beginning of the eighteenth century; until the foundation of the Lucasian Professorship in 1663, the only official representative of mathematical science was one of the 'Barnaby Lecturers;' and as some of these, though bound to read four times a week in term, read not four times a year,† there was probably no very efficient mathematical teaching. But the system possessed considerable flexibility: as the demands of the University became less exacting, the teaching of the colleges improved; there were in the seventeenth century many excellent tutors in Cambridge who guided the studies of their pupils wisely and well, and the pupils seem to have been able to follow the bent of their genius with less risk of detriment to their academical prospects than at present.

At all events, the arts and sciences which belong to a liberal education were more or less successfully studied at Cambridge. As to this, we have the testimony of Barrow himself, in a Latin oration delivered probably about 1654.‡ We must not allow the high-flown phrases of an academic rhetoric to persuade us that all the studies which he describes were in a flourishing, or even a satisfactory condition; but the public mention of any study is a decisive proof that it did at least exist in the University. The statements in Barrow's oration are substantially as follows:—Greek was eagerly studied, both in its poets, its philosophers, its historians, and its scholiasts, under the guidance of Dupont,

\* Hallam's 'Literature of Europe,' iii. 316 (2nd edition).

† Report to Whitgift, in Peacock 'On the Statutes,' p. 61. The four 'Barnaby Lecturers' (on Terence, afterwards Rhetoric, Logic, Philosophy, and Mathematics) were so called from their being elected on St. Barnabas's Day. The lecturer on mathematics was paid by the University: the other three lectureships were founded by Sir Robert Rede early in the sixteenth century. The stipends once paid to these three now form the honorarium of the 'Rede Lecturer,' some distinguished man appointed annually by the Vice-Chancellor to deliver one public lecture.

‡ Works, ix. 35-47.

the Greek Professor, the first English scholar of his time; Hebrew, the primæval tongue, was so thoroughly learned—Cudworth was then Professor—that there were some almost competent to speak the language of Paradise; some read Arabic, which had just lost its excellent Professor, Abraham Whelock; many studied modern languages, especially French, Italian, and Spanish; rhetoric was successfully pursued, though the speaker (as he too modestly observes) could not exemplify its success in his own person; the old scholastic trifling, the unsatisfying dwelling among abstractions, whence no firm conclusion could be drawn, had much declined; a generous freedom of thought had been claimed, and the yoke of superstition, the great hindrance of science, had been shaken from their necks; sincere love of truth had led men to take up truth's favourite study, mathematics, a hard whetstone to sharpen wits; they no longer trembled at the names of Euclid, Archimedes, Ptolemy, and Diophantus; they could count the sand by their arithmetic, and measure the heavens by their geometry; men had been found hardy enough to triumph over the monster algebra; some had turned their attention to optics, including the phenomena of refraction and reflection; the study of natural philosophy, too, so necessary to clear the mind and teach humility, was also pursued and was daily receiving more serious attention; they no longer trusted solely to old authors for an account of natural phenomena, but used their own eyes and their own reason; never was there such anatomising of flesh, fish, and fowl; in botany\* they went beyond Dioscorides; but even these things were surpassed by the exploits of the votaries of the Hermetic (or chemical) philosophy, the complement not only of medical but of all science; some had ventured on the study even of Paracelsus himself: nay, there were some whose large faith did not refuse to admit the story of the gold-producing stone; in moral philosophy they could not fail to excel, having before their eyes the books of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Plutarch, Plotinus, Epictetus, and Seneca, and the precepts and examples of so many excellent men still living.†

We must not imagine that all these studies were pursued by a large number of eager students. Logic, which Barrow does not mention, occupied much time and labour; moral philosophy was more or less studied by most; rhetoric was not neglected; the study of the classical authors was never more general in the

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\* John Ray, the great botanist, was a Fellow of Trinity of Barrow's year, and Willughby was among his pupils at the time when this oration was probably delivered.

† With this oration should be compared the conclusion of the fine sermon on 'Industry in our Calling as Gentlemen and Scholars.' Works, iii. 444-452.



University, and the range of classical reading was wider than at present; and there was constant writing of themes and verses. On the other hand, mathematics were only gradually acquiring importance: John Wallis, himself one of the first mathematicians of that day, tells us that in his time at Cambridge—from 1632 to 1640—mathematics were scarce looked upon as academical studies, but as rather fit for traders, seamen, carpenters, land-surveyors, and perhaps a few almanack-makers in London, than for scholars; in fact, he says, there were very few in the whole University who knew more of mathematics than he did himself, and he knew but little—all the teaching he had was from his brother, who had learned arithmetic for trading purposes;\* and though there may have been some improvement in this respect between Wallis's time and Barrow's, the Cambridge mathematicians were probably in the latter's time a very select body indeed. The experimental sciences were evidently highly attractive to the more active-minded men of this period: chemistry, as Barrow's ironical allusion shows, was just emerging from its mystic or thaumaturgic stage into the light of science; anatomy, a science in which many discoveries had recently been made, presented the same kind of charm to investigators that geology has done in our own time. This study was fostered by Dr. Glisson, the Professor of Medicine, who, as he was one of the original members of the small club which ultimately became the Royal Society,† was no doubt a votary of the 'new philosophy.' And this rage for anatomy was not confined to medical students; Wallis himself, an arts' student, who had no design of practising physic, was the first who maintained the circulation of the blood in a public disputation;‡ indeed, the circulation of the blood, the *venæ lacteæ*, the lymphatic vessels, and the like, were matters of common conversation, and the 'chaff' of the high-table in hall frequently turned on the dogs which Mr. So-and-So had slaughtered in the interests of science.§ Of Hebrew we know that there were many students, as was natural when the elements of that language were not unfrequently taught in schools. Some students did, no doubt, learn French and other modern languages; yet this can hardly have been a very prominent study, for a correspondent of Sancroft's (not ill-informed about the University), writing to him in 1646, wishes that his son, then Sancroft's pupil at Emmanuel, may have the help of a French master, *if the place afford any.*||

\* In Hearne's Langtoft, I. cxlvii. (Ed. London, 1810.)

† Wallis in Hearne's Langtoft, I. clxii.

‡ Ibid., cl.

§ Mr. Mayor's 'M. Robinson,' pp. 31; 103-107.

|| Francis Gardiner to Sancroft, in Cary's 'Memorials of the Seventeenth Century,' i. 151.

Still, after making every allowance for exaggeration, there remains a wide range of studies more or less recognised in the University; and to all these Barrow at some time or other applied himself: from Arabic alone he soon turned back, finding, perhaps, little help in his early difficulties, for Whelock died in 1654, and his successor, Castell of the '*Lexicon Heptaglotton*,' was not appointed until after the Restoration; but in most he learned all that was in his power to learn. It is sufficiently evident from his oration, with its sharp assertion of the superiority of reason and experiment in matters of physical investigation, that he was entirely on the side of the 'new philosophy;' yet it is characteristic of his well-balanced and equitable mind that, while he repudiated with emphatic scorn the chimæras of the so-called Aristotelian philosophy, he mentioned Aristotle with the respect and admiration which he so well deserves; and, with all his admiration for Descartes, he was sensible of the manifold defects of his hypotheses; in an age when many impatient spirits, like Hobbes, cast scorn on the 'substantial forms,'\* or 'ideas' of the older philosophy, he still maintained that 'forms,' or laws impressed by the all-governing Mind, lay beneath the appearance: the world was not mere brute matter. In fact, we continually find in Barrow an express or implied protest against materialism. He was caught for a time by the prevalent rage for experimental science, and made great progress in anatomy, botany—aided by the companionship of Ray—and chemistry; but it lay upon his conscience that his oath as fellow bound him to make divinity the end of his studies, and he relinquished the thought of making medicine his profession. He was a favourite pupil in Greek of Duport, who, when he resigned his professorship in 1654, recommended Barrow, then but twenty-four years of age, as his successor. He was unsuccessful, however, on this occasion; for Cromwell, exercising a more than royal prerogative, appointed Ralph Widdrington, of Christ's, brother of Speaker Widdrington, to the Greek Professorship by letters patent.† It is thought by some that this disappointment gave rise to Barrow's desire to leave Cambridge for a time; but the supposition is not needed to account for the longing of so eager a seeker after knowledge to see with his own eyes the manners and customs of foreign lands. Whatever the cause, early in 1655 he received permission from

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\* Such theses were, however, probably to some extent stock subjects: two of the theses, on which Barrow wrote verses in 1651, were maintained by Cudworth on taking his B.D. degree in 1644: viz. 'On the eternal distinction between good and evil,' and 'On the existence of incorporeal substances.' See Cudworth's *Life* by Birch, in *Works*, i. pp. 8, 9.

† Dr. Whewell (*Barrow's Works*, ix. liv.) gives an extract from the Register relating to Widdrington's appointment.



scenes filled the poet with classical allusions. At Constantinople he read, with his usual thoroughness, the works of its greatest Patriarch, Chrysostom: a study which had a lasting effect upon his mind. There is no author whom he quotes so frequently, and his wealth of diction in his sermons often resembles that of the golden-lipped preacher. Here, too, he was drawn to inquire into the religion of the people about him, and to this study we owe the prose '*Épitome Fidei et Religionis Turcicæ*'—perhaps even to this day the best short account existing of the faith and practice of the Turkish Mohammedans—and the poem '*De Religione Turcicâ*.' After more than a year's stay in Constantinople, he returned home by way of Venice, Germany, and Holland, reaching England in 1659. All the statutable arrangement of the College with regard to the ordination of Fellows had been much confused by the abolition—so far as abolition lay in the power of the House of Commons—of episcopacy;\* but Barrow, nevertheless, thought it incumbent on him to take Holy Orders according to the statute; and in the year of his return received ordination at the hands of Dr. Brownrigg, the deprived Bishop of Exeter, then living in retirement at Sunning, in Berkshire.

In 1660, Widdrington resigned the Professorship of Greek; probably, having been appointed by Cromwell's letters-patent, without statutable election, he did not feel his seat very secure on the restoration of the King to England and of royalist electors to Cambridge. Barrow was chosen to succeed him without a competitor,—a circumstance which shows that his reputation as a Greek scholar must have been high. There can be no doubt that he applied to Greek scholarship the same industry, the same conscientious care and accuracy, that he did to every other study; nor did he fail to attain his end. Though his lectures as Greek Professor are unfortunately lost, his works contain sufficient indications of scholarship; probably no better scholar filled the chair of Greek between Duport and Barnes, but he did not succeed as a lecturer. We find from the '*Oratio Sarcasmica*,' delivered the year after his election, that he ruled in his lecture-room over the commonwealth of the '*I-by-myself-I's*' (*Solipsorum*); he had no chorus, nay, no tritagonistes, or third actor. If any unlucky youth strayed into the room, he hurried out again as if it had been the cave of Polyphemus. And this paucity of attendants seems to have induced him to change the subject of his lectures from Sophocles to Aristotle, on whom he pronounces a very high eulogium. The Rhetoric would, he

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\* See the documents given by Dr. Whewell, *Barrow's Works*, ix. xi.

thinks,

thinks, prove attractive, because the study of that work would be directly useful to the aspirants for degrees.

He did not, however, labour long at that philology, which was, after all, less pleasing to him than natural philosophy. In 1662, mainly through the exertions of his friend Dr. Wilkins, then a City rector, he was chosen to the Gresham Professorship of Geometry; and we may be sure that he did not—as really eminent Gresham Professors in more recent times have done—lecture to bare walls. There were probably more mathematicians in London than in Cambridge,\* and the Gresham Lectures were to the small scientific society of that day what the lectures at the Royal Institution are in our own time—means of diffusing the best and latest knowledge on scientific subjects. In May, 1663, at the first election which the Royal Society held under their charter, he was chosen a Fellow; and in the same year quitted his London office, for he was chosen First Professor of Mathematics on the new foundation of Mr. Henry Lucas, who had for some years represented the University in Parliament. Mr. Lucas wisely determined to provide an endowment for the then destitute science of mathematics;† and his executors, Mr. Raworth and Mr. Buck, on the recommendation of Dr. Wilkins, appointed Barrow the first Professor. He lectured on mathematics, probably with more pleasure and success than he had taught Greek; for, scholar as he was, he evidently thought that the reproaches of those who accused classical scholarship of engaging men too deeply in the pursuit of words, to the neglect of fact and reason, were not altogether groundless.‡ In the lectures of 1664-1666, he treats rather of mathematical reasoning than of mathematical processes; but in 1669 and 1670 he published two works important in the history of mathematics: his ‘*Lectiones Opticæ*’ and ‘*Lectiones Geometricæ*.’ In the former he treated of the mathematical part of optics with great ability, and, if his theory of colours is not satisfactory, his labours were, perhaps, the occasion of turning the great mind of Newton to the subject; for he tells us that Mr. Newton, a young man of distinguished

\* This is Wallis’s testimony, in Hearne’s *Langtoft*, I. cxlviii.

† It is worth observing that, in the grant of Charles II. confirming the ordinances for the Lucasian professorship, all Undergraduates after their second year, and Bachelors of Arts up to their third year, are bound to attend the lectures of the Lucasian Professor, under the same penalties as they are bound by the University statutes to attend the other professors. But we have seen, from Barrow’s own experience as Greek Professor, that the latter had become a dead letter, and probably the former was never otherwise. As far back as Whitgift’s time, attendance on public lectures had become irregular. See the Report in Peacock ‘*On the Statutes*,’ p. 61.

‡ ‘*Oratio Præfatoria*,’ Works, ix. 207, 208.

genius and mathematical skill, revised his copy and added some things of his own. But it was in the 'Lectiones Geometricæ' that he made his most ingenious suggestion: that of drawing tangents to curves by means of what has been called the 'incremental triangle,' in which a straight line is regarded as the *limit* to which a portion of a curve continually diminished approaches. In this he appears to be on the verge of the discovery of the Differential Calculus. He was not destined to pass it. The Preface to the 'Lectiones Opticæ' seems to indicate some weariness of mathematical work, and before the appearance of the 'Lectiones Geometricæ' he had already resigned the Lucasian Professorship into the hands of Isaac Newton, intending thenceforth to devote himself to theology.

In theology, he belonged to that school of independent and thoughtful men which had been gradually formed in the midst of the disputes and distractions of the Civil Wars and the Protectorate. We may see the germ of this school in the little company of able men who had frequented Lord Falkland's house in the days of Charles I. Among the Cambridge men of Barrow's time we find it represented by such men as More and Cudworth, Whichcot, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Wilkins. There were, of course, many shades of difference among men like these, but all alike were men learned in profane as well as ecclesiastical writings; all were more intent on maintaining the cause of godliness against atheism than on defending some theological shibboleth; all contended for the paramount importance of morality, and the eternal distinction between good and evil. It was mainly owing to the influence of this able and moderate party that the Church of England tided over the difficulties which followed the Restoration. This party was brought into a more conspicuous position by the Revolution of 1688, and from those days to our own it has supplied far the greater number of the higher dignitaries in the Anglican communion.

A great change passed over English preaching in the days of Charles II. The popular and homely style of Latimer had been superseded in the days of James by the conceits of Donne and Andrewes; and these were in their turn displaced by the more scholarly style and flowing rhetoric of Taylor, Tillotson, and their fellows. And this more elaborate style was greatly encouraged by the custom, which then became general, of *reading* sermons from the manuscript. A man of studious and retired habits like Barrow would, perhaps, hardly have preached at all, if his preaching had depended on extemporaneous facility. As things were, he became an occasional, though probably not a frequent or a popular, preacher. We hear of his preaching before

fore the King, before the University, at Westminster Abbey, at Gray's Inn, at a City church. His long sermons, however interesting to a trained mind capable of appreciating his vigorous reasoning and abundant illustration, were a weariness to an average congregation. Dr. Pope is not a very accurate reporter, yet we can well believe that when Barrow was preaching at Westminster Abbey the vergers, in their eagerness to show the chapels to the impatient sight-seers, caused the organ to 'blow him down.' On another occasion, he took the place of his friend Dr. Wilkins at St. Lawrence, Jewry. When he presented himself in the pulpit, with his pale and meagre aspect and slovenly dress, looking 'like a starved cavalier who had been long sequestered and out of his living for delinquency,' there was a general 'stampede' from the church; 'there was such a noise of pattens of serving-maids and ordinary women, and of unlocking of pews, and cracking of seats caused by the younger sort hastily climbing over them, that the congregation seemed to have gone mad.' Barrow preached his sermon, however, nothing daunted, to the two or three who remained, among whom chanced to be Richard Baxter, and a young man—seemingly an apprentice or shopman—who comforted the preacher, as he came down from the pulpit, with the assurance that the sermon was a good one. Not long after, a body of those theological wiseacres who are to be found in every parish, remonstrated with Dr. Wilkins for having permitted 'such an ignorant, scandalous fellow' to have the use of his pulpit, and were utterly discomfited by the emphatic testimony of Mr. Baxter (who was present at the interview), 'that Dr. Barrow preached so well that he could willingly have been his auditor all day long.' Barrow, however, could not be prevailed on to try their patience a second time.\*

But if Barrow's merit was not evident to the parochial mind of St. Lawrence, Jewry, it was visible enough to persons of greater discernment. In 1672, Charles II. gave him the Mastership of Trinity, saying, not unjustly, that he had given it to the best scholar in England. This is said to have been 'the King's own act,' and certainly does great credit to his judgment. Barrow was a zealous and active Master, and to his zeal and activity the College owes one of its most remarkable features, the Library, the design for which was furnished by his friend Christopher Wren. In 1675-6 he served the office of Vice-Chancellor; and in this capacity he urged the University to undertake a work similar to that which was already begun at Trinity. The ceremonies of Commencement, with their jesting and uproar, still

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\* Pope's Life of Seth Ward, quoted by

W, i. lxxvi.



took place in St. Mary's Church; the books of the University were not worthily housed; there were no schools to compare with those of Oxford. He was anxious that all these wants should be supplied by the building of a Theatre for University ceremonies, with new Library and Schools.\* His efforts, however, were unsuccessful: the foundation of the present Senate-house was not laid until 1722, the wing of the intended new Library remains a colossal fragment, and the Schools have undergone little, if any, change.†

Barrow was not destined long to hold the Mastership for which he was so eminently fitted. In April, 1677, he went to London, as usual, to assist at the annual election of Westminster scholars; on April 13 (Good Friday) he preached a sermon 'on the Passion of the Lord,' in the Guildhall chapel; and on that occasion (Tillotson thinks) caught the feverish cold which ended in his death. He died on the 4th of May 'in a prebend's house that had a little stair to it out of the cloisters, which made him call it a man's nest,'‡ and is buried in Westminster Abbey. The noble soul received that clear light and unclouded intuition for which he had all his life yearned. He was but a poor 'philosophe,' says Montucla, addressing the admirers of Helvetius and Diderot, for he believed in the immortality of the soul and in a deity distinct from the universe. Happily, in the England of the seventeenth century a believing philosopher was by no means so rare as in the France of the eighteenth.

At the time of his death Barrow had published, besides his mathematical work, nothing but one sermon, that on 'Bounty to the Poor;' the sermon on the Passion, which he had preached on Good Friday, was passing through the press as he lay in his last illness. On his death-bed he handed to his friend Tillotson his 'Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy,' which was, to ordinary apprehension, complete, though its unwearied author had looked forward to rendering it still more perfect. His papers were taken in hand—probably at the request of his venerable father, who survived him several years—by Tillotson and Abraham Hill. Barrow had probably rarely destroyed a manuscript; his friends found among his papers the verses and prose compositions of his earlier academic days, his orations on various occasions, his expositions of the Creed and the Decalogue, his paper on the

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\* 'Oratio habita in Comitiiis,' Works, ix. 222. The Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford had been built a few years before.

† The Schools are, however, no longer the centre of University education, and adequate lecture-rooms have been built elsewhere.

‡ So says Dr. John North, Barrow's successor in the Mastership of Trinity. (*Lives of the Norths*, ii. 253.) Dr. Pope is no doubt mistaken in supposing that he died at his usual lodgings, at a saddler's at Charing-Cross.

Unity of the Church, and a large number of sermons. At the arrangement and publication of these works Tillotson, a busy man, laboured lovingly for nearly ten years. The folio edition of Barrow's works was completed in 1687; the sketch of the author's life, inserted in the collection, was written by Abraham Hill. It is noteworthy that Mr. Barrow received from Brabazon Aylmer, the bookseller, for the copyright of his son's theological works, 470*l*.<sup>\*</sup> Milton had a few years before sold the copyright of 'Paradise Lost' for, at the utmost, 20*l*.

Tillotson was a careful editor, but, unfortunately, he was not content without *improving* Barrow's text; he not only divided sermons which appeared to him too long; he expunged many passages which did not suit his taste, and substituted his own words for such of Barrow's as sounded uncouth or obsolete; for 'avoce' he constantly inserted 'divert;' for 'meliorate,' 'improve;' for 'adultrous,' 'flattering;' for 'indesinently,' 'without ceasing;' for 'increate,' 'rebuke;' and the like. Perhaps Tillotson may have had a truer instinct than Barrow as to the classicalisms of which the English language is tolerant; but we wish to have Barrow's words as well as Barrow's thoughts. Tillotson's was, until lately, the base of all editions of Barrow's works; in the recent Cambridge edition, the damage done by his over-careful revision has been in a great measure repaired. Many of the Barrow manuscripts have been acquired by Trinity College, and these Mr. Napier has subjected to a careful examination.

The handwriting is singularly neat and clear,<sup>†</sup> and the papers reveal the great care and pains which Barrow bestowed upon his works. Two, three, or even four draughts of the same sermon are found; he was never satisfied until he brought his discourse to the highest perfection of which he thought it capable. It must not be supposed, however, that all the existing sermons have been brought to this last stage; several appear distinctly, from the examination of the originals, to be in an incomplete and almost fragmentary state,<sup>‡</sup> and as if they had received the author's clearness and power appear in all.

<sup>\*</sup> See the agreement in Mr. Napier's edit.

<sup>†</sup> Barrow had a great dislike for slovenly penmanship. See the 'Pro Lector Humanitatis componitis nitidè et distinctè scribendis cur hominum est hoc prestare.'

<sup>‡</sup> Mr. Napier mentions particularly, as 56, 58-60, of his edition; 27, 60-62, 6 observing, that the Sermon against 'Offer of that against 'Rash and Vain Swearing ii. 36-68.

and treatises of which manuscripts are extant, Mr. Napier has carefully restored Barrow's text; in some cases, as in the 'Exposition of the Creed,' he has been able to bring order out of chaos: one whole sermon, and portions of many sermons, he has published for the first time; he has verified the numerous quotations, and given at length the passages which Barrow merely indicated; moreover, he has compiled an excellent index. The late Dr. Whewell added an essay on the Academic Life of that great Master of Trinity whom in variety of accomplishment and power of mind he himself most resembled. We may add that the work is admirably printed. We have, in fact, in this Cambridge publication the first satisfactory edition of the works of one of our greatest theologians; if we do not call it complete, it is only because the existing manuscripts do not furnish the means of attaining absolute completeness. Those portions of which no manuscripts have been discovered are necessarily left as Tillotson published them, except where minor errors are removed by the editor's diligent care.

In these famous theological works of Barrow we see plainly imaged the clearness, directness, and thoroughness of his mind. We know that many of the subjects of which he treats, theological, political, and moral, were enveloped in a cloud of controversy, but the strong man pursues his path through the mist without losing his way for an instant. Scholastic subtleties had no charms for him; traducianism and creatianism, grace prevenient and grace efficacious, and such other ingenious devices of the schoolmen as still lingered in Anglican theology, have scarcely left a mark on his pages. Nor had mysticism any hold on his vigorous mind; we doubt whether he would have appreciated Leighton, or would have entered fully into the mental states imaged with such matchless skill in Bunyan's allegory. He is always in earnest, always reasonable; he expresses no contempt for those whose reveries and aspirations he does not understand, but he passes on his way unheeding. In an age when sermons and treatises were crammed with technical theology and references to the authority of this or that father or dogmatic writer, his arguments are always founded on the direct words of Scripture, or on the common reason and feeling of man-

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and vigorous ; but he does not lean upon his authorities ; he does not say, that the dignity of a speaker adds force to his words, simply on the authority of Euripides ; but he thinks it interesting to a classically-educated audience to be reminded of the well-known passage in the *Hecuba* ; and so in a thousand cases. He quotes, as it was the fashion of the age to quote ; but he does not, like some of his contemporaries, allow his learning to weigh down his reason. He bears his 'weight of learning' if not exactly 'lightly, like a flower,' at least with an easy gravity and unfaltering step.

That he was a learned and able dogmatic theologian is abundantly clear ; yet, on the whole, he viewed Christianity rather on its moral and social than its dogmatic side. He has himself given us, in few words, his conception of the design of Christianity ; which is, he says, 'to reduce mankind to the knowledge, love, and reverence of God ; to a just and loving conversation together ; to the practice of sobriety, temperance, purity, meekness, and all other virtues.'\* 'The design of Divine goodness,' he says in another place, in sending the Saviour, was 'to render us good and happy, to deliver us from sin and misery, to instruct us in the knowledge, and excite us to the practice of all virtue, and thereby to qualify us for the enjoyment of a blessed immortality.† And this leading conception colours the whole of his theology ; from this it naturally follows that he regarded the Christian ministry rather as a body of Church rulers and teachers than as channels of supernatural grace, and that he dwelt upon such themes as virtue and industry, the love of God and the love of our neighbour, with more emphasis and earnestness than on the perplexed and often irresolvable questions which have given employment to so many ingenious brains and pens.

Even in treating directly dogmatic subjects, he still leans to the practical side ; no statement of Christian doctrine is with him dry and abstract, every part of the Creed has its bearing on human life ; man is always present to him as a creature having duties and passions, working, loving, hating, aspiring, not as a mere bundle of opinions and judgments. It is interesting to compare his 'Sermons on the Creed' with Pearson's well-known 'Exposition' itself composed originally in the form of sermons. The latter is certainly one of the ablest dogmatic treatises in the language ; the terseness and precision, the skilful choice of the not superabundant quotations, and the evident mastery of

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\* 'Unity of the Church.' Works, viii, 200.

† Sermon 35 ; Works, ii. 529.

the subject which manifest themselves in its pages, will always command our admiration; but it hardly moves us more than a skilful and elegant setting forth of a mathematical proposition would do: in Barrow's 'Sermons on the Creed' on the other hand, not only does the full, free, vigorous style contrast strongly with Pearson's somewhat crabbed sentences, but the whole treatment indicates a wider view of revealed truth, and of the Divine government of the world. Compare, for instance, Pearson's somewhat hard account of Divine faith with Barrow's discourses on that great passion of the soul, which achieved 'such exploits of spiritual prowess,' which 'pricked the ruddy stripling forward, naked and unarmed, with undaunted heart and countenance, to invade the monster of Gath,' and 'inflamed the zeal of Elias, by which he alone did check and control the degenerate follies of his nation.'\* Where Pearson dwells by preference on the right way of believing, Barrow prefers to think of the excellency and the fruit of faith; where one speaks of the orthodox belief as to the divine and human nature of Christ, the other prefers to paint with loving touches the beauty and attractiveness of Messiah's life on earth.† And the same contrast is observed throughout; the one is learned and accurate; the other, not less learned or less accurate, is more imaginative and discursive; he paints with a broader touch and richer colours; the one states and defends orthodoxy in contrast with heterodoxy; the other rather delights to recommend by the arts of persuasion the great central truth, towards which men in all ages had been struggling.

Where he turns his mind to these great perplexities of the universe which have exercised men's thoughts from age to age, he treats them with an ease and readiness which shows how thoroughly he had apprehended their salient points; he is always conscious of the limitation of the human intellect; for the solution of many problems he is content to wait until God shall vouchsafe him fuller light; he will not lose himself in mazy discussions of 'Fixed Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,' for he knows already that he can there find no end.' He anticipates much of what Butler afterwards said so well on 'Christianity as a scheme imperfectly comprehended,' and it is both interesting and instructive to compare, on this point, Barrow's wealth of diction and copiousness of illustration with Butler's unadorned style and weighty solitariness.‡ In a remarkable sermon, printed for the first time by Mr. Napier,§ he treats of the great subject so much discussed

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\* Sermon 3 (On the Creed); Works, v. 108, 109.

† Sermon 17 (On the Creed); Works, v. 514 ff; compare Sermon 35; Works, ii. 538 ff.

‡ Sermon 48; Works, iii. 458.

§ Works, iv. 461-491.

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‘Power of the Keys;’ and when he illustrates the expression ‘keys of the kingdom of heaven’ by St. Paul’s ‘door of faith,’ ‘door of the word,’ and the like, ‘where opening a door denotes ministering opportunities, and advantages of performing the things specified;’ and again, by the ‘shutting the kingdom of heaven, and ‘taking away the key of knowledge’ attributed to the scribes, who discouraged and terrified men from embracing the doctrine or submitting to the rule of Christ,\* we see plainly enough to what line of interpretation he inclined. It is not that he disparages the power of Divine grace, but that he regards it as working in and through the natural powers, not acting upon man as an independent force. He regards the spiritual, in fact, as analogous to the political body, and the same methods of teaching and government as applicable, in the main, to both.

Dr. Arnold remarked in one of his letters, that they who regarded the Church as one polity were consistent in maintaining that it should have one earthly head and one system of laws. It was precisely in the same spirit that Barrow approached the great question of the Unity of the Church: ‘the question is,’ he says, ‘whether the Church is necessarily, by the design and appointment of God, to be in the way of external policy under one singular government and jurisdiction of any kind; so as a kingdom or commonwealth is united under the command of one monarch or one senate. . . . That such an union of all Christians is necessary, or that it was ever instituted by Christ, I cannot grant.’ †

It is to the discussion of this cardinal point of ecclesiastical polity that he devotes the latter part of the discourse to which we have just referred; a discourse which hardly any one could read carefully without finding his thoughts on the Union of Christendom the clearer for the study; nowhere do we find the fallacies latent under the terms ‘Church’ and ‘Unity’ laid bare with a more masterly hand; never was a clearer or more candid mind applied to the study of a perplexed question; whether we agree or not, we cannot fail to admire the vigour and skill with which ambiguities are removed, and the real points at issue placed before us. He finds the Unity of the Church in accordant doctrine, in the mutual love of Christians, in their ‘spiritual cognation’ and incorporation into the mystical body of Christ, in similarity of government and discipline; but that all churches are necessarily united in one system under one monarch he will by no means allow. The same thought is followed out, with

\* Exposition on the Creed; Works, vii. 360.

† Discourse concerning the Unity of the Church; Works, viii. 713.



admirable cogency and abundance of historical learning, in his great treatise on the 'Pope's Supremacy,' the design of which is to deny the constant assertion of Roman divines and canonists, in his days as in ours, that, 'to the Pope, as sovereign monarch, by divine sanction, of the whole Church, do appertain royal prerogatives (Regalia Petri, the royalties of Peter, they are called in the oath prescribed to Bishops).'\* He refers here, of course, not to the temporal power, but to the privileges which the Pope claimed over the Church at large; 'to be superior to the whole Church. . . . To define points of doctrine, or to decide controversies authoritatively; so that none may presume to contest or dissent from his dictates.' Such a power as the Pope claims necessarily becomes (he sees plainly) a worldly power, supported by the same 'means and engines, methods and arts, whereby secular governments are maintained.'

'Its majesty must be supported by conspicuous pomp and phantastry. Its dignity and power must be supported by wealth; which it must corrade and accumulate by large incomes, by exaction of tributes and taxes.

'It must exert authority in enacting of laws for keeping its state in order, and securing its interests, backed with rewards and pains; especially considering its title being so dark, and grounded on no clear warrant, many always will contest it.

'It must apply constraint and force for procuring obedience, and correcting transgression.

'It must have guards to preserve its safety and authority.

'It must be engaged in wars, to defend itself, and make good its interests.

'It must use subtlety and artifice for promoting its interests, and countermining the policies of adversaries.

'It must erect judicatories, and must decide causes with formality of legal process; whence tedious suits, crafty pleadings, quirks of law and pettifoggers, fees and charges, extortion and barrettry, &c., will necessarily creep in—all which things do much disagree from the original constitution and design of the Christian Church, which is averse from pomp, doth reject domination, doth not require craft, wealth, or force, to maintain it; but did at first, and may subsist without any such means.

'I do not say that an ecclesiastical society may not lawfully, for its support, use power, policy, wealth, in some measure to uphold or defend itself; but that a constitution needing such things is not divine; or that so far as it doth use them, it is no more than human.†

Such a subject as the Papal Supremacy was thoroughly suited to the bent of Barrow's genius; his manly English spirit revolted

\* Pope's Supremacy; Works, viii. 49.

† Unity of the Church; Works, viii. 729 f.



against the usurped domination of a foreign bishop, and his active research showed him that many of that bishop's claims were supported by fraud and falsehood. His accurate dissection of the Papal claims, and his calm discussion of the suppositions on which they rest—that St. Peter had the primacy among the Apostles, and transmitted the privileges of that primacy to his successors, that he was actually Bishop of Rome, and that universal supremacy and dominion over the Christian Church are consequently inherent in the Roman See—leave nothing to be desired, whether in respect of cogency or learning; and his cool reasoning presents a curious contrast to the vulgar antipapal ravings whether of his time or ours. The treatise of the 'Pope's Supremacy' has taken its place in the standard theology of the English Church; and though many questions have emerged through the changed condition of Europe which were invisible in Barrow's time, little has been added to that part of the discussion which he attempted to cover.

In 1663, Barrow preached in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster at the consecration of his uncle Isaac to the See of Man. In his Sermon he shows no desire to exalt extravagantly the episcopal office, but devotes himself mainly to the consideration of the advantages of an established and endowed clergy, and the respect due to religious persons; for the reaction against puritan austerity had then set in, and the ministry was in danger of being held cheap by the gay crowd of exulting cavaliers. A nation without an established religion was to him, as to Bishop Butler a hundred years later, a chimera, a monster which had never existed; 'all nations, by one common instinct of natural reason prompted, conferring extraordinary privileges of honour and convenience on their priests, to express their reverence of the Deity, and their affection to religion.' He will not 'ransack the closet of antiquity, nor with needless ostentation produce the Egyptian Hierophantæ, the Persian Magi, the Gaulish Druids, the Caliphs and Muftis of other nations. . . . The most wise and valiant Romans did set so high a value upon the priestly order, that if their principal magistrates did meet with one of Vesta's priests, they caused immediately those dreadful rods, the ensigns of their authority, to submit; and they themselves respectfully gave place, as if they meant to confess those priests in a manner their betters; and their greatest and noblest did not disdain, 'but rather ambitiously affect,' to be admitted into the College of Priests. And with this eagerness of noble Romans to undertake the priestly office he contrasts the unwillingness of high-born Englishmen to serve God in the ranks of his especial ministers; it proceeds, he says, from no true nobility of soul, but

rather from 'an inconsiderate delicacy of humour, or from a profane haughtiness of mind, to loathe (as now men do) and despise that employment which, in its own nature, is of all most noble and most beneficial to mankind;' very unlike this contempt or indifference was the spirit of 'our magnanimous ancestors,' to whose devotion we owe the privileges and revenues of the priesthood.

The feeling which in Barrow's time prevented men of high birth from entering into holy orders has long passed away: representatives of the noblest blood in England are to be found among the English clergy, and the clergy can no longer complain that they are not respected, or that they have not their just weight and influence. But some of the topics on which Barrow touched have a more immediate interest for us; it may perhaps be worth while, in these disendowing days, to quote the words of one of the ablest of English thinkers on the advantages of an endowed clergy:—

'The priest must be capable to instruct with advantage, and the people disposed to learn with readiness; he must lead, and they follow cheerfully in the paths of righteousness; which alacrity how can he be master of, whose mind care and grief, the inseparable companions of a needy estate, do continually distract and discompose? whose spirit is dejected with constant regret and frequent disappointments? Can he be free and expedite in the discharge of his duty, who is perplexed with the difficulties, and encumbered with the vanities of secular business, such as the exigencies of a narrow condition do necessarily induce? No: few there be that with Epictetus can philosophate in slavery; or like Cleanthes, can draw water all the day, and study most of the night.

'The priests are bound . . . . to deal impartially with all, to flatter no man: to admonish, yea, and (with prudence, seasonably) to reprove the greatest of men: not to respect the persons of the rich, nor to dread the faces of the most terrible among men. And how shall this necessary courage be engendered, be cherished, be preserved, in the breast of him who grovels upon the ground, and crouches under the depressing loads of want and disgrace? . . . . With what face shall a pitiful underling encounter the solemn looks of an oppressing grandee? With what hope of success, in his forlorn habit, shall he adventure to check the vicious extravagances of a ruffling gallant? Will he dare to contradict the opinion, or to disallow the practice, of that wealthy or this powerful neighbour, by whose alms, it may be, he is relieved, and supported by his favour?'

But it is on practical subjects that Barrow puts forth all his strength. Industry, the earnest application of the will to

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\* Sermon 14; Works i. 510-512.

overcome difficulty, to attain some desired end, calls forth his most ornate eloquence:—

‘ Industry reared these magnificent fabrics, and those commodious houses ; it formed those goodly pictures and statues ; it raised those convenient causeways, those bridges, those aqueducts ; it planted those fine gardens with various flowers and fruits ; it clothed those pleasant fields with corn and grass ; it built those ships, whereby we plough the seas, reaping the commodities of foreign regions. It hath subjected all creatures to our command and service, enabling us to subdue the fiercest, to catch the wildest, to render the gentler sort most tractable and useful to us. It taught us, from the wool of the sheep, from the hair of the goat, from the labour of the silkworm, to weave us clothes to keep us warm, to make us fine and gay. It helped us from the inmost bowels of the earth to fetch divers needful tools and utensils.

‘ It collected mankind into cities, and compacted them into orderly societies, and devised wholesome laws, under shelter whereof we enjoy safety and peace, wealth and plenty, mutual succour and defence, sweet conversation and beneficial commerce.

‘ It by meditation did extend all those sciences whereby our minds are enriched and exalted, our manners are refined and polished, our curiosity is satisfied, our life is benefited.

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‘ Even beings void of reason, of sense, of life itself, do suggest unto us resemblances of industry ; they being set in continual action, toward the effecting seasonable purposes, conducing to the preservation of their own beings, or to the furtherance of common good.

‘ The heavens do roll about with incessant motion ; the sun and the stars do perpetually dart their influences : the earth is ever labouring in the birth and nourishment of plants ; the plants are drawing sap, and sprouting out fruits and seeds, to feed us and propagate themselves ; the rivers are running, the seas are tossing, the winds are blustering, to keep the elements sweet in which we live. . . .

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‘ If we soar yet further in our meditation to the superior regions, we shall there find the blessed inhabitants of heaven, the courtiers and ministers of God, very busy and active ; they do vigilantly wait on God’s throne in readiness to receive and to despatch his commands ; they are ever on the wing, and fly about like lightning to do his pleasure. They are attentive to our needs, and ever ready to protect, to assist, to relieve us ! Especially they are diligent guardians and succourers of good men : officious ministers sent forth to minister for the heirs of salvation : so even the seat of perfect rest is no place of idleness.

‘ Yea, God himself, although immovedly and infinitely happy, is yet immensely careful, and everlasting busy : he rested once from that great work of creation ; but yet, “ My Father,” saith our Lord, “ worketh still ;” and he never will rest from his works of providence  
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reproof, who yet will patiently bear 'a jocund wipe.' 'Good reason may be apparelled in the garb of wit, and therein will securely pass whither in its native homeliness it could never arrive;' and that especially in an age 'wherein plain reason is deemed a dull and heavy thing; when the mental appetite of men is become like the corporeal, and cannot relish any food without some piquant sauce, so that people will rather starve than live on solid fare.' Such was Barrow's conception of the nature and uses of wit; that is, of all those ingenious turns of thought or phrase which render discourse elegant or entertaining; and it is, we think, to the desire to render his style acceptable to persons of fashion that we are to attribute his occasional use of cavalier-slang, rather than (as Coleridge supposed) to his anxiety to prove his loyalty. Perhaps, too, he was not unwilling to show his command of the language of the world as well as of the more stately and ornate academic diction.

His perfect command of the English tongue is certainly wonderful; a vocabulary of the words found in Barrow's works would furnish ample means of expression for nearly all discussions of morals and theology. It would be found, we think, somewhat deficient in the good homespun words which form the woof of the English tongue: he had not Milton's love for the racy vigour of the older English which is so often retained in country speech; he was probably no great student of Chaucer or Spenser; we cannot recollect a phrase which calls Shakspeare to mind; but in its own style, and for its own purposes, his vocabulary leaves nothing to be desired. And with all his richness of style he is not verbose; he never uses words needlessly for the mere pomp of sound; every word is introduced with a true sense of its exact value; every epithet, every phrase in his long-drawn paragraphs, adds something to the impression which he desires to produce; the ornate character of his style arises naturally from his wealth of thought and learning, joined with his remarkable power of expression. And yet with all this amplitude of diction, with readiness and fertility of fancy, with learning which never failed to supply illustration, Barrow's sermons are not, in the proper sense of the word, eloquent; they lack the easy transition, the subtle connexion of thought, the rapidity, the glow and warmth, the contagious fire, which are necessary for that eloquence which is to rouse the feelings of men and raise their thoughts; if we turn from a sermon of Barrow's to an oration of Chatham or Burke, we feel instantly the difference between the solemn movement of the one and the rapid, though still dignified, march of the other. This slowness in the development of the thought is not, however,  
peculiar

peculiar to Barrow; it is found also in the sermons of his contemporaries; indeed, to a certain extent, in all the prose literature of the early part of the seventeenth century; it was not merely that a certain stateliness of movement was thought to become grave subjects; the thoughts of the hearers of that age seem to have accommodated themselves well enough to the slow march of their own speakers, when they would have been left behind by the more rapid flight of the orators of the next age; it was not until the contemporaries of Dryden and Pope had given lightness and terseness to English style that the great age of English eloquence, as we now understand eloquence, began. The language was developed in the sixteenth and in the early part of the seventeenth century; but it was not until towards the end of that century that it acquired that ease and flexibility, that vigour and directness, which are necessary for the purposes of an orator.

Barrow's mind was of almost the highest order; he lacked somewhat of the creative energy, the quick intuition, the subtlety and plasticity of thought, which go to make up the very highest intellect; he was not a Bacon or a Pascal; but among minds of the second rank it is not easy to find one surpassing Barrow's in breadth and power. Always fair and candid, always ready to admit new conceptions into his mind, always eagerly and earnestly bent on acquiring knowledge and discovering truth, seizing new things with firm and dexterous grasp, and wielding his acquirements with easy power; never (so far as we can discover) stained with the slightest suspicion of intrigue or meanness; kindly, affable, and unassuming; unaffectedly pious and conscientious, worshipping God with all the faculties of his large soul; he comes before us as one of the noblest, purest, most massive intellects of an age certainly not wanting in intellectual force. Nourished in an age of religious turmoil, he presents a singular union of earnestness and calmness; bound by all the ties of his loyal nature to the old constitution of Church and State, he could yet deal fairly with those who were not contented with either; deeply read in antiquity, he saw that the venerable age of an opinion or theory was no conclusive proof of its soundness. In no one so completely as in Barrow do we find united the weighty learning and grave dignity of the older scholars with the spirit of inquiry which characterised the younger generation. Cambridge may well cherish his fame. Mr. Noble's fine statue in the Ante-Chapel of Trinity College is a worthy memorial of his bodily presence; the enduring products of his mind are enshrined in the Cambridge edition of his works.

And we may take Barrow as the noblest example of a class of divines



divines which from the latter part of the seventeenth century to our own time has especially characterised the English Church; the men with whom theology has been no exclusive study, but carried on in harmony with scientific pursuits. We may regard Barrow as the prototype of the long line of English clergymen who have been scholars, metaphysicians, historians, antiquarians, astronomers, mathematicians, physicists in various fields, as well as theologians. We believe that theology and science have both been gainers by this union; a well-balanced mind can hardly be formed by exclusive devotion to any one, even the highest, field of human thought; and the study of theology requires, above all others, a well-balanced mind. The sober thoughtfulness of English theology is due, we believe, in no small degree, to this many-sided culture of the English clergy. We do not deny that the cultivated clergy of the last and the early part of the present century were in some respects found wanting; they were not, for the most part, very active in discharging the practical duties of their ministry; they tended, as Barrow himself did, to treat too exclusively of the moral precepts of Christianity in their teaching; they needed the Wesleys, the Simeons, the Newmans, to force on them the consideration of the distinctive teaching of the Gospel and the nature and office of the Church; but, after all this deduction, we must admit that it is in a great measure due to the genial influence of many generations of scholars and scientific men scattered as clergymen over the length and breadth of the land, that the clergy have been so completely rescued from the contempt into which a large portion of them had fallen in Barrow's time. And we cannot but fear that it will not be well with England if a day should come when a race of ministers, trained solely or mainly in theological seminaries, shall supplant the academically-trained gentlemen who at present form the great bulk of the English clergy; but such a day is, we trust, far distant.

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ART. III.—1. *On the Anatomy of Vertebrates.* By Richard Owen, F.R.S. London, 1868.

2. *Lectures on the Elements of Comparative Anatomy.* By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. London, 1864.

3. *Facts and Arguments for Darwin.* By Fritz Müller. Translated from the German by W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. London, 1869.

THE two works which we have placed at the head of the list of books preceding this article are undoubtedly the most important systematic treatises on Comparative Anatomy of the present time,

time, and most probably will continue to take rank as the chief English works of the present century in that branch of science. As yet we are scarcely in a position to compare them ; for while the one is completed or may be considered as complete, the other is but just begun, one volume only of what we trust will be a long row of volumes having so far seen the light. Still it is hardly possible for any one to read ten pages of both works without becoming aware of the many and grave differences existing between the two authors. We are not now referring to special points of antagonism, though they are abundant enough. When in reading one author we are startled in the midst of a discussion from which technical language has filtered off any excess of excitement, by the sudden dash of a piercing sarcasm which makes a man wince even as it passes by him, we know at once whither the winged words were aimed. And when in the other author at unexpected corners and in *culs de sac* of notes we come upon heavy reproaches hurled against certain Roman numerals, we have no need to turn to the end of the volume to learn the name to which those numerals refer. But all these special matters of conflict are nothing more than tokens of a totally different way of thinking—of a certain incompatibility of scientific opinion. It is hardly too much to say that were the authors under an agreement to write in common a work on the Principles of Biology, in the form of a series of definitions or abstract propositions, they would not be able to put down on paper more than the bare title.

Even common biological phrases, untechnical words of general acceptance, they use with somewhat different meanings and in a different spirit. For instance, such phrases as 'higher animals,' 'lower animals,' 'high in the scale of creation,' 'low down in the scale of creation,' of very frequent occurrence in general conversation and literature, are found in the works in question. We are not aware that either author has given in these works any formal definition of the exact meaning he wishes to attach to these words ; but we venture to say that they may be regarded as centres of ideas totally different in the one case and in the other. The drift of the meaning, the tendency of the ideas, may perhaps not be very evident at first sight to one unaccustomed to biological discussions ; and we propose in the present article briefly to run over the subject, not so much with a desire of discussing the matter in order to arrive at a conclusion as with a wish to illustrate the various conceptions which the words open up.

When the question What is meant by high in the scale of creation? is first put, the answer that comes most readily is 'near to ourselves.' We naturally place mankind at the head of the animal

animal creation, and any given creature appears high or low, according as it seems to approach or to depart from our standard. This, however, is not an answer at all, unless it is accompanied by some declaration of the tokens by which approximation to ourselves is to be judged. And here we meet at once with difficulties. For instance, at the very outset of any comparison between animals in reference to Humanity as a standard, there comes the broad question, 'To which ought most value to be attached, to Structure or to Function? Which animal is nearest to man, the one which most closely resembles him in the plan and build of its body, or the one which most nearly rivals him in its manifestations of power and skill? Features of structure and characters of function run by no means parallel in the animal kingdom; and according as one or the other has most weight with the observer, so will the various forms of animal life be very differently arranged and a very different rank assigned to any given creature, though man be still left at the head.

If, for instance, the question be put, is the bee a higher animal than the fish? it is obvious that quite different answers will be given by those who think highly of power and by those whose minds dwell chiefly on build.

On the one hand we may ponder over the dreary simplicity of a fish's life, the monotony of its daily swim, the low character and even small amount of nervous energy required to move its uniform masses of muscle, and the feeble working of its diminutive brain, limited apparently to the stirring up, through rough and gross sensual perceptions, of a turbid consciousness, which the accumulation of even years of experience can hardly mould into anything like intelligence. Even in performing that duty, which generally calls forth the highest cerebral activity, viz., the care of the young, the greatest effort of the fish is perhaps to construct a nest of the rudest kind. Of all hunting-fields for the writers of stories about animals, the kingdom of the fishes is the most barren.

Turning from these cold and flabby creatures to the gifted bee, and meditating on its bright and varied life—on those wonderful exhibitions of its power and skill, which never fail to excite the admiration of mankind, and on its finely-wrought and compact organisation, put to use in the facile accomplishments of difficult and delicate tasks—we begin to think it not unnatural to rank so full a life above that of the plainer vertebrate. Nor would the advocate of such a view be driven from his position by the argument that the manifold labours of the bee are the result of a blind instinct, not the marks of a conscious intelligence. For the question of consciousness is one in which the *onus probandi* (in



skeleton is simply its hardened skin ; and its limbs are hollow tubes leading from the cavity of its body—not solid buds of flesh and bone as ours are. Its nervous system is formed by a chain of separate rounded masses, connected together by thin nervous cords. The arrangement of its viscera is quite unlike that of ours. While the great central mass of our nervous system lies in our back, that of the insect is placed beneath the alimentary canal, along the part of the body nearest the ground. The manner of its growth, too, the fashion of its development from the ovum upwards, is wholly unlike that of a vertebrate animal, except at the very beginning. Almost the first step in the transformation of the germ of a vertebrate animal is marked by the appearance of the rudiment of a backbone. In the egg, the chick acquires the shadow of a spine on the very first day of hatching ; but in the bee, never at any time is there so much as the trace of the rudiment of a vertebra. In the hatching egg of a silkworm, the insect features may be recognised as easily and as early as can the vertebrate features in the hatching egg of the hen.

Clearly, then, if we allow ourselves to be guided by type or plan of structure, there can be no question whether the bee or the fish be nearer to man. So near seems the fish, that the distinctions between it and man appear but trifling, while an impassable gulf comes in view between man and the bee.

And yet this view is not without very grave difficulties. There swims in certain seas a pale ghost-like creature bearing the image of a fish, and known by the name of *Amphioxus lanceolatus*. It must be counted as a vertebrate animal, for it is certainly built after the vertebrate type. Though not possessing an actual backbone, or indeed any bones at all, it has a vertebral column ; its body is transversed from one end to the other by a cylindrical cartilaginous core, by a notochord as it is called, quite similar to that notochord which appears as the first rudiment of the backbone in all vertebrate animals, and around which in most vertebrate animals the harder osseous spinal column and brain case comes in due time to be deposited. Without a brain—at least, with hardly more than the trace of one—it has nevertheless a spinal cord from which spinal nerves spring at regular intervals to supply the body with instruments of sense and motion ; and though the creature, as we have said, is destitute of vertebræ, yet, corresponding to the spinal nerves, spaces are left where vertebræ ought to be, like building land marked out in plots before the building has been begun. These rude and imperfect attempts at a vertebral column and nervous system are moreover disposed with reference to each other, to the digestive organs, to the feeble heart and to the breathing apparatus, in exactly

exactly the same way as are the more finished organs of more completely fashioned vertebrates. The whole being brings to the mind almost irresistibly the idea of a damaged and spoiled creature cast on one side before it was half made. All finish and shaping is wanting, but the rough plan of the vertebrate build is unmistakable; and if we take type to be all in all while deciding upon the rank of any being, we must admit that this strange creature, without red blood, without a brain, with hardly any organs of sense, with a mouth furnished not with jaws but with a fringe of lashes like the digestive orifice of some lowly polyzoon, with a respiratory chamber much more like the branchial sac of a tunicate than the gills of a fish, that this creature whose bare consciousness of being, if any such it has, is broken only by a blunt feeling of heat or cold, a dull craving for breath and food, and some dim sense of changing light and dark—whose life is one long dull mechanical swim, as its fan-like tail propels it forward in its search for purer water and fresh feeding ground or greater warmth—is higher in the scale of creation than the many-eyed, many-sensed bee or ant, whose ways we ourselves consider and are wise. Such a conclusion is hardly just.

We may, however, compromise the matter, and say that in allotting to any creature its rank in life, we must be guided neither by the type alone, nor alone by the complexity, finish, and activity of the organisation, but by both together. This, however, amounts to very much the same thing as saying that only while speaking of animals of the same type can we rightfully use the phrases higher and lower. Thus within the limits of a type we may say that the higher animals are those which build upon the common ground plan of the type, the more complex and varied organisation, and exhibit the greater energy and skill. We may regard the skilful bee as higher than the simpler fly, the predaceous powerful cephalopod with its large well shaped brain and sharp eyes as higher than the torpid, stupid snail, the passionate careful mammal as higher than the dull frog with its few wants soon supplied. It is when we attempt to pass from one type to another that we meet with stumbling-blocks. To say nothing of setting off the value of type against this or that amount of nervous energy, perfection and multiplicity of sensual perceptions, complexity and power of muscular actions, &c. &c., the mere attempt to estimate the comparative worth of various types at once lands us in many difficulties.

We may, it is true, be content to admit that the highest type of the whole animal creation is the Vertebrate Type. But our willingness



willingness to do so arises simply from the fact that that is the type to which we ourselves belong, and we have no right thus to reflect our own glory on to the type according to which we happen to be framed. Such an honour to the mere type itself is altogether an arbitrary assumption. Admitting that we stand at the head of creation, that we are the highest product of organic life, we can rightfully claim that position solely by virtue of our many powers and resources, solely by reason of our mastery over the circumstances of life.

In the preceding discussion we have been all the while considering the matter in reference to man as a standard, and have thus been led to weigh structure against function. But if we were to put ourselves entirely on one side, and try to look at animal life as a thing in which we had neither part nor lot, we should, of course, in attempting to fix the rank of any being, be guided almost exclusively by the range and complexity of the duties the creature was enabled to fulfil. We should use function almost by itself as a test of worth, and should look upon structure as simply the means to an end. We could not do otherwise than regard an animal body as a machine, and as that machine is the best which accomplishes the greatest amount of the most difficult work, in the shortest time with the least expenditure of force and least loss by waste, so the highest animal would seem to be the one through which for a given weight of living stuff, the universe is affected to the greatest degree. A pound of swiftly contracting muscle is worth a hundred weight of soft slowly creeping protoplasm; and the animal which is built up with the former must rank higher than those which are made only of the latter, while the highest places of all must be allotted according to the possession of those mysterious nerve cells and fibres, a few ounces of which in their finer forms are of more avail than tons of simple flesh. Dignity of function, springing as it does out of intricate and finished machinery, must, when we look at animals apart from ourselves, form the standard by which rank in life can be judged; and we take the first place because we have by far the widest and most varied powers.

But we have no warrant for the assumption that there is any absolute necessary causative connection between the scope and quality of the work we do, and the broad features, either vertebrate or mammalian, of the plan upon which our bodies are framed.

It so happens that we, and with ourselves many other vertebrate animals, do exhibit finer qualities and live a fuller life than do any other creatures; but proof is wanting that qualities as fine or even finer, that a life as full or even fuller, might not have been thrown round and worked into some rough ground plan  
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other than ours. The mammal does not differ from the fish more than does the crafty lobster from the tiny one-eyed crustaceans that breed in our fresh-water pools; as much power has been needed to raise the one as the other; and there is no *a priori* reason why the forces which have grafted on the insect type the features and powers of an intelligent bee should not go on to work the same type into something possessing powers and qualities as full, as great, and as varied as those which we ourselves possess.

The relative position of the great systems of organs so strikingly different in the insect and in the vertebrate types, cannot be looked upon as laying down a limit to the increase of vital power in the former. There is no reason why we, for instance, might be expected to fall short of any of our corporal or psychical energy, if we happened like an insect to carry our hearts in our backs, and our spinal cords in our breasts. The enormous activity of many insects would almost suggest that if the Insect type had any influence in determining the limit beyond which muscular power could not increase, its effect would be rather to put that limit beyond the line which marks out the greatest possible muscular strength and skill attainable by creatures built on the vertebrate plan. With regard to one point only could there be any doubt, and that we venture to think for a short while merely. The great nervous centre, the brain and spinal cord of vertebrate animals, is built up in a fashion so different from that in which the nervous system of all other animals is formed, constitutes so distinct a portion of the whole organism, is so markedly a something added on to, rather than an integral part of the rest of the body, that one might be led to suppose that the nervous life and psychical activity of these creatures was in some way directly connected with this peculiar arrangement and mode of origin of their nervous system. Yet one wholly fails to get a clue to the discovery of any such connection; and upon reflection, the assumption that the tubular structure of the vertebrate brain is better adapted for high nervous manifestations than the solid ganglionic disposition of the insect's nervous system, seems more and more unjustifiable. We already know of what great functional activity the enlarged ganglion, which in the bee is called its brain, is capable; and as far as we know, there is in such laws of nervous organisation nothing that has hitherto succeeded in discovering or forbidding the possibility of such a ganglionic structure, or that forbids the unlimited variety and power of work, as in the plan of its structure to put a stop to its division into any number of

Our present knowledge may perhaps give us the right to assume that the nervous manifestations of a mammal depend upon certain arrangements of nerve-cells and nerve-fibres within its brain, spinal cord and scattered ganglia, upon particular fibres being connected with particular cells, upon lines of communication being established between various cells and groups of cells; but farther than this we have no permission to go. We cannot, for instance, assume that the peculiar configuration of the cerebellum has any direct connection with the real functions of that organ, that the same cells and fibres spread out on a plane or rolled up into a sphere would not produce the same nervous effects, provided only that cells and fibres maintained their due communications. We may, of course, suppose that the present form of the mammalian cerebellum does bring some advantage to the creature, but the probability is that that advantage is connected with other parts and actions of the body, not with the inner working of the cerebellum itself, so that, perhaps, in a body of another fashion the same networks of fibres and cells might profitably be packed up in a different mould, though still doing the same work. So, also, in regard to the mode of origin of the nervous centres. Why should the brain and spinal cord of a vertebrate begin as a furrow on the outer surface which, becoming deepened into a groove, is rolled into a tube, then buried with a covering of flesh and bone, and finally converted into almost a solid core by the thickening of its walls? Why is the nervous system of an insect chiselled at once into its proper form out of the solid inner tissue of the growing body? In our present utter ignorance of the true laws of animal development, we can only put dim guesses in the place of answers to these questions; but the most probable guess is the one which suggests that the vertebrate method is the result of causes working in other parts of the body than the nervous system, and that it has least of all to do with the future requirements of nervous life; that vertebrate sense and passion would have been as full and rich had their instruments been moulded in the direct fashion of the insect; but that the changed method would have manifested itself in some new arrangement, it might be of limbs, or of skin, or of visceral organs.

Such considerations as these lead us, of course, into regions of purest speculation, and might perhaps seem to some justly to incur the reproach of being thought even childish. But it must be remembered that the theory of 'the best of all possible worlds' has no effect in biology as well as elsewhere, and that many biological theories are based upon, or at least derive support from, the assumption, that the vertebrate is the best of all possible

possible animal forms. It is this which leads us to re-assert that, in our present imperfect knowledge of fundamental biological laws, we have no right to work upon such an assumption as a truth.

In the same way we might argue that there is nothing in the Molluscan type to restrain it absolutely from aspiring to the enjoyment of the highest life. The sluggish habits of the snail are no direct or necessary consequence of the plan according to which its systems of organs are arranged. Certain molluscs, indeed, exhibit as swift and as eager a life as some creatures moulded on the Insect type. Nor is there any absolute reason why, for instance, an air-breathing cuttle-fish provided with muscular and nervous apparatus conformably to the Molluscan type, should not lead as active a life as a vertebrate, and be capable of doing all that has been done by them.

Granting, however, that the Vertebrate type is highest, we can carry our comparisons no further. Certainly we cannot decide whether the Insect type, for instance, is higher or lower than the Molluscan. Each differs from the other as much as both differ from the Vertebrate. All three are, as it were, at the angles of an equilateral triangle; or if the side between the Insect and the Vertebrate is rather shorter than the other two, it is so by a very little only. There is nothing distinct enough to justify us in saying that the Insect type is higher than the Molluscan, because it is nearer the Vertebrate. If there be any special connection between the three it is, perhaps, that the Vertebrate type is a mixture of the other two.

But it may be said, Surely there is another method, and that a very simple and easy one, by which this question of the dignity of animal form may be settled. We know that all animals in the midst of those mysterious operations, by which the initial spherical ovum is shaped into the features of the adult being, pass through a greater or less number of more or less varied changes, which changes, in each case, while they are doubtless in some way connected with the creature's own individual life, present as well a series of shadowy views and dim images of the permanent outlines of other lives. It would be wronging Nature to regard this succession as any other than a progress; and hence we may take the order of this succession as the gauge of the value and dignity of animal form. Watching the growing embryo, we may say that any shape which comes before us is a higher form than those which preceded it, and looking away from the individual embryo upon the world of life around, we may lay down as a measure of vital worth the principle that those animal forms which are ~~shy~~ <sup>embryonic</sup> in the early embryonic

embryonic phases of any creature's life, are of necessity lower than those whose images may be recognised in the later stages of the same being.

Were we to confine ourselves to the Vertebrate Kingdom, this maxim would seem to meet again and again with charming verifications. As the germ of the growing mammal, for instance, puts on with gradually increasing distinctness its proper adult form, we may, without any great stretch of fancy, recognise in the various phases through which its general outline and its special organs pass, pictures dim, it is true, but yet discernible, first of fishes, then of reptiles, and finally of birds. At least we see rough sketches, which might be filled up into pictures. And, in harmony with ordinary zoological classification, and the ascending scale of complexity of organisation and fulness of life, the sketch of the fish comes first, and the others follow in due order. Here we may say without hesitation, the later stages are the higher ones.

When, however, we extend our survey, and pass from the narrow, restricted kingdom of the Vertebrates to the region of the Invertebrates, where a redundant life seems to overflow in all directions untrammelled and unstinted, this test soon begins to fail us.

In the question, for instance, which we just now mooted, touching the relative values of the great Molluscan and Annulose or Insect type, the history of development gives us not one jot of aid. At no stage in its embryonic history does the Vertebrate being offer any image whatever of the distinctive Insectan type. At no period is there anything which can with truth be called a Molluscan phase. Still less even does either the insect or the molluscan embryo embody at any turn of its changes the plan of the other. At the very first, indeed, the young of all three kingdoms are alike, but merely because all three begin life as simple homogeneous germs. As soon as they really enter upon the march of development, each goes its own separate way. They part, never to touch again. And if the insect seems to keep company with the vertebrate a little longer than either with the mollusc, it is but for a very little while; so long only as neither has put on any very special features. They run parallel for a little stretch, and then each turns to its own type; the one in no sense treads in the footsteps of the other.

We may go further. We may assert that the succession of embryonic changes is by no means necessarily a progress, and that it would again and again fail us if we were to take it as a chief test of vital dignity. As we said above, granting that we are at the head of creation, we must regard ourselves as holding



other is taken as a leading idea, the theory that embryonic changes constitute a gradual progress from lower to higher things will be regarded either as of paramount importance or of secondary and incidental moment. On the one hand we may look upon all these phenomena as the result of certain imperious forces, acting from afar and from behind, moulding the germ into its proper adult form through a series of changes selected in order to secure during the whole course of development the maintenance of an ideal, it may be said an arbitrary, type. Under this view the adult form comes to be considered as a goal, and all embryonic changes as steps to that goal,—steps selected not entirely, if at all, as marking out the necessary path to that goal, but rather for the sake of manifesting the ideal type. And the goal itself is but a variation of that type. With such a conception, development is naturally regarded as a progress; the latter stages are naturally the higher ones. On the other hand, we may give ourselves up to the idea that one of the principles ruling animal form and organisation is that every organism should be especially fitted for the circumstances amid which it will be placed, fitted not during one stage of its life only but during all. It will then appear natural to us that when the circumstances of a being's earlier days are other than those of its adult phase, the creature should wear a different form at the one time and at the other. Whether the earlier form be less or more complex, and gifted with less or more energy than the later one, whether the course of growth be an ascent from low to high, or a descent from high to low, will depend upon the nature of the circumstances surrounding the creature at the different epochs of its life. Be the changes great or small, be there increase or decrease of complexity, be the life reckoned now as higher now as lower, in all cases the transformations may be recognised as alike witnesses to a general law. Moreover where, as is so often the case, there are embryonic events which bear no obvious relation to any change of circumstance, here we may recognise a conflict, as it were, between forces called forth by the actual needs of the growing creature itself, and other forces having ties with other circumstances to which the present life is a stranger. As these latter forces are more or less prominent and produce greater or less effect, so may we expect to have in embryonic histories more or less striking tokens (reminiscences, it may be) of those other circumstances, and accordingly more or less close resemblances with other forms to whom those circumstances are the very circumstances of their actual lives.

If we adopt this latter conception as the true one, the question of high or low position ceases in great measure to possess anything

thing more than a factitious importance. Complexity of organisation, variety and amount of power, appear secondary matters when compared with the degree in which the whole organism is adapted to the circumstances which surround it and to the work which it has to do. And many difficulties which press heavily upon the other view pass wholly or nearly wholly away.

One very common feature, for instance, of early embryonic life becomes no longer a stumbling block. The power of locomotion we naturally look upon as an animal function of no low order. It is one of our ordinary 'signs of life,' and is again and again appealed to as perhaps the most valuable mark distinguishing the animal from the vegetable kingdom. Any one, whose mind had not been biassed by biological discussions, looking upon a jelly-fish, on the one hand, gracefully beating its way through a clear, still sea, travelling apparently in whatever direction it pleases, and upon a polype on the other, rooted on a rock and moving only as it is stirred by the waves which fall upon it, would declare without hesitation that the former was the higher creature of the two. Many have held, many indeed still think, that polypes are vegetables; but every one agrees that free swimming jelly-fish are animals. It is by virtue of its locomotive power, and by virtue of that alone, that the jelly-fish seems to be the higher creature, for, in respect to the rest of their powers and to their organisation, jelly-fishes and polypes are much on a par. But if so, what is to be said to the fact that in its earlier days the polype enjoys for a season the same power of locomotion, swimming freely in the ocean or the pond, in this direction or in that, just as fancy seems to take it, and that it is only when it gets older that it settles down in some spot where it will continue to grow, but from which it will never move during the rest of its life? Does the polype then become a lower creature as its life goes on? Or what is to be said to those tunicate animals which begin life after the fashion of a tadpole, and lash themselves through the sea by the undulations of a long flapping tail, and then in due time losing their tails, become changed into sessile bags, into little stationary lumps of flesh, which the sea-side visitor often picks up wondering what they are, whether they are indeed animals? Or if it be urged that these roving children of rooted parents, notwithstanding their power to travel, are not higher in youth than in their later days, because it is only when they have ceased to move that they acquire the complex inner organisation proper to them, what is to be said to the sponge? Even in its ripest days the sponge has but little organisation, but scanty power. A mass of soft protoplasmic cells poured round a ~~skel~~ <sup>shell</sup> of horn or flint, with  
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internal currents sweeping in and out, but with no power to move from spot to spot; that is all that makes a sponge. The young sponge possesses the same protoplasmic structure, similar spicules as the groundwork of a skeleton, and like powers; but the powers which its cilia give it are employed to waft it through the water; it is locomotive like an animal, not rooted like a plant or like its parents. Surely if locomotion is a sign of vital dignity, and it must undoubtedly be regarded as such, the young sponge is a higher creature than its parent is, or than it itself will be.

Examples of this kind might be multiplied almost without number; and they all point in this direction, that if we insist upon higher and lower qualities, and upon a linear progress of animal development (or of zoological arrangement), we become entangled in difficulties, but that the way seems clear when we are willing to admit that this faculty or that faculty, be it high or low, is called into existence, it does not matter at what phase of existence, it does not matter amid what functional or structural arrangements, whenever and wherever circumstances require its presence. If creatures who spend their life rooted in one spot produced offspring which could flourish only just where they happened to fall, and which were carried from spot to spot as waifs and strays by waves and tides, and not by a selective energy of their own, most of the parents would soon be childless, and the race would soon die out.

We see the same thing in the barnacles, in the cirripedes, the same difficulty when the question of high and low has to be discussed, the same bending and shaping of the whole organism to the circumstances of life. The young cirripede is a free swimming crustacean, of active powers, probably with acute senses, with a general organisation, immature and unshaped, but betokening many relationships with other crustaceans. The older cirripede is chained for the rest of its days to one spot, and has lost the power of locomotion; with this change of life there have come many changes of structure, which, while on the one hand they have obscured the crustacean characters, particularly the locomotive and sensory features, of the organism, and thus have 'degraded' it, on the other hand they have raised other parts to an exquisite perfection, and so rendered the economy more complex and 'higher.'

Parallel instances may readily be gathered from the histories of insect life. The general course of insect life, the gradual or abrupt change from grub, the maggot, or the caterpillar, in which life is one long repast, in which senses, save the low one of hunger, are few and dull, in which movements are short and feeble,  
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in which everything that gives height and dignity to life seems wanting—the change from this condition to that of the butterfly, for example, with its exquisite senses, with its bright, delicate, and intricate economy, its life busy and gay with incessant flight, seems at first sight an example striking enough of progress from low to high. It is equally as striking an instance of adaptation to circumstances. In the caterpillar we may recognise a life wholly given up, and an organisation, a machinery, altogether fashioned for the accumulation of vital material; in the butterfly we see a life and a machinery equally devoted to the conversion of that material into power, and the expenditure of that power on the world around. In these cases, as in many other insects, the material is gathered before the power begins to be spent; the ‘lower’ phase precedes the ‘higher,’ and contrasts strongly with it. But it is not always so. As Sir John Lubbock has admirably pointed out, the apparently typical sequence of lower and higher features, as well as the special characteristics of the various stages, are among insects frequently and markedly overridden by the other principle of special adaptation to special circumstances.

To take one instance among many. Every one knows the cockchafer, and most persons know its grub-like larva. There is here a clear progress from a lower to a higher form. But the history of another insect, belonging like the cockchafer to the same great class of beetles, tells a different tale. A species of *Sitaris* lives, during the greater part of its life, a robber in the honeycomb of a wild bee. It issues from the egg, not as the cockchafer in the guise of a worm-like grub, but in the shape of a tiny black insect, with six powerful legs, a curious arrangement of hair-like spikes, a peculiarly constructed tail, and powerful jaws. It possesses great functional activity, and, small though it is, fairly deserves to be called a creature of high organisation. The grub of the cockchafer rises through the transitory stage of a pupa into the winged adult stage. But the *Sitaris* sinks from this active, legged, armour-bearing phase, into a condition in which it is well-nigh legless, practically motionless, and bereft of sense. It becomes in fact a tiny boat-shaped, soft, white, ringed sac, the mere casing of an insatiate stomach. This surely is a degradation. From this phase, in which it ranks lower than a maggot, it passes through a period of digestive as well as muscular quiescence, accompanied by a corresponding simplicity of form, into one in which it wears the ordinary features of the larva of a beetle, and thence into the perfect adult form. Viewed as a matter of high or low organisation, we have here first an exaltation above the natural condition of a coleop-  
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terous larva, then a fearful degradation, and finally once more a rise; altogether a flagrant contradiction to the law of general progress. But the changes at once appear simple and intelligible when we take into consideration the story of the creature's life. The Sitaris is born to live in the honeycomb of a bee, not like the cockchafer, to spend most of its days grubbing in the earth. The parent lays its eggs in the galleries of the bee's nest. The little black larvæ which issue from those eggs fasten themselves in due time to the bodies first of the male and then of the female bees as they flit in and out their nest and from flower to flower. Hence the strangely perfected structure of these little creatures. Hence it is they wear these hair-like spikes, are armed with this peculiar tail, possess these powerful legs. Hence it is that their whole economy is made to serve the one purpose of holding on to some body in constant motion, when a fall may be dreaded every instant. As the poor bee, little witting the enemy she is bearing on her body, places carefully her egg in the chamber of honey she has so anxiously prepared for it, the black guest springs from the mother to the egg, and floats securely on it in a lake of honey, while the bee with diligence closes the door of the cell on both. Tearing the egg-shell with its jaws, jaws constructed for this and for this alone, the beetle larva devours the egg, and so is left alone floating on the honey with the emptied egg-shell for a raft. But with its present organisation, the honey would be to it but a butt of Malmsey, stuff to be drowned in, not to feed upon. Hence it is that, having accomplished with these instruments of 'high degree' the first labours of life, it now throws them off, moults legs, jaw, tail, and spikes, and, boat-like, rides securely on its little lake of honey. The low organisation is here a better than the high one. Daily, hourly, it drinks in the honey, transforming it into flesh and blood, and storing it up as fatty tissue in the space between the untiring stomach and its all but lifeless integumentary casing; and having done that, enters into its period of rest. Then other forces come into play, forces belonging rather to long-past events than to present needs, and after the rest, the life wears the dress of an ordinary coleopterous larva. Soon from the honey-cell there issues not a bee, but a beetle, and then the same tale is told all over again.

The further we extend our survey over the Invertebrate Kingdom, the oftener is the idea of an arbitrary progressive impulse, driving the animal form from lower through higher phases towards a standard of dignity, obliged to give way to the conception of a benign influence, moulding the plastic organism to fit into every variety of circumstance, and to make the best of all the accidents of life. We see, according as occasion demands,

demands, here muscular power brought out, here cerebral activity developed; in this creature the organs of digestion acquire surpassing power and finish, in that the organs of sense; a third is marked by a respiratory apparatus of wondrously subtle and delicate make; in a fourth everything is centred in the production of beauty of external form. And all these may be varieties wrought upon a single type, or unlike types may seem to be bent and turned in order to produce like creatures having like habits, and seeking like ends; or a type may appear to be wholly lost in the earnest endeavour to mould an unwilling ground plan to suit some special end.

Many striking illustrations of these points in one small province of the animal kingdom may be gathered from Fritz Müller's little work, which has been so excellently translated by Mr. Dallas, and which we have included in the list of works at the head of this article. We object to the title, inasmuch as we are very jealous that biology should belong to no school, and to no master; and 'Facts for Darwin' seem to us to have the same hollow ring as 'Facts against Darwin.' We object to the manner of the book, as being too polemical, and disfigured by an obtrusive flippancy. But in spite of all this, the small volume contains much matter of real worth. As Mr. Dallas says, there is a great deal in it having no reference to Darwinism; and if the reader is able to study it without either Darwinian or anti-Darwinian feelings being constantly aroused, he will find much new and suggestive material.

It is not to the Invertebrate Kingdom alone, however, that we need run for instances of this mixture of high and low degrees. We may find instances in the smaller, more compact, and less varied Kingdom of the Vertebrates. We ourselves are not in all respects the head of the animal creation. In some points other creatures are further developed, more highly organised, than ourselves; and we carry about in our bodies as permanent structures, things which are but temporary and embryonic with them. In birds whose great organic speciality is flight, at a certain stage of the life within the egg, the lungs are free in the chest, and the bones are full of marrow, as ours are all our lives long. It is not till afterwards that the lungs become tied down to the back of the chest, that air sacs communicating with them spread over various parts of the body, and the bones become hollow and thin. These are features specially adapted for flight, later (higher) developments of which we show no sign. In the same way, it cannot be denied that feathers are more complex, and therefore higher developments of the simpler structures we call hairs. Instances of this kind drawn from ~~these~~ and from other animals,

animals, might be multiplied almost without limit, and there is at least considerable ground for the sarcastic suggestion of Von Baer that birds (and indeed other creatures as well), if they were to discuss their own zoological position, might show abundant reason why they were at the head of creation, were they allowed to use the degree of perfection of special organs or embryonic sequence as tokens of rank.

The story of an animal's growth is then not necessarily the record of a progress from low to high, is not the tale of a journey (even fragmentary and broken short) towards the human form. And what is true of the development of a single animal seems also true of the development of the whole animal kingdom. As we think over the great flood of life spreading in all directions in time present and past, flowing everywhere, eagerly surging into every corner left for it by chance and circumstance, we may fancy that we recognise a general current setting from the Protozoan towards the Vertebrate type, towards the type of Man, a general current broken by many cross tides and eddies. Or is it merely one current among many, a current which seems to us strong because it points our way? This, at least, may be said, that it is only within the region of the Vertebrate type that this current becomes at all plain. Outside that type we are fain to cease speaking of the goal of creation. In what after all forms the great bulk of animal life we must call this or that animal high or low, not because it draws near or far off from man, but because its organisation is more or less completely furnished for the accomplishment of more or less difficult and important tasks.

Within the type, moreover, the goal is pointed at not by the characters of the individual creature, but by the bare type itself. To recognise the man in the fish, we must lop off all the distinctive features of both, and reduce each to a shadowy sketch. Every step in piscine development is a step away from the goal, away from the common type; the highest fish is the one farthest from man. Within the Vertebrate type we get a Piscine type with, as it were, a new goal of its own; and ever and again even that closer type is overridden, and the apparent goal deserted for the sake of bringing to perfection some particular gift. There are types within types, and the more sharply defined the type the less is nature careful of it. For the sake sometimes of a mere trifle, she will twist it almost beyond recognition, or if needs be, break it. Or rather shall we say she knows nothing of types? We may fitly use them as symbols of our own thinking, as the residues of likeness between animals from whom, in our minds, we have stripped away all unlikenesses. But what objective reality

reality have they, unless it be that they are the residues of ancestral features which have not been rubbed out by the wear, or pushed away by the gains of a succession of generations?

Natural affinity and vital dignity run by no means parallel. Sometimes they meet and cross, but as often, perhaps more often, they are apart. Identity of type, the possession of the same general plan of structure, must be always the chief token of affinity. By it we must group creatures together, even if we are unwilling to regard it as a sign of a common ancestry. But of two animals of the same broad type one may be taken to fill a place of high vital rank, while the other is left to an ignoble life. A little patch of highly wrought nervous tissue may overshadow all arrangements of fundamental parts.

To avail ourselves of an illustration. If the animal creation could be arranged in a linear series, if the various forms of animal life could be regarded as a ladder, one on which one might mount from round to round, until, on the topmost round we found our own kind, then zoological position and rank of like would be identical. But such is not the case. It is impossible so to arrange the prolific offspring of mother earth. Rather may animal life be likened to a great tree with countless branches spreading widely from a common trunk, and drawing their origin from a common root, branches bearing all manner of flowers, every fashion of leaves, and all kinds of fruit, and these for every use. A sphere enveloping such an umbrageous tree would touch many twigs equidistant from the root. These topmost twigs might symbolise many kinds of animals; one of them, but only one of them, would signify the human race.

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ART. IV.—*Macmillan's Magazine*. September, 1869. Fifth Edition. Art. I. *The True Story of Lady Byron's Life*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE controversy raised by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's pretended discovery and revelation has excited an unprecedented amount of interest at home and abroad. The fair fame of Lord Byron is dear to all admirers of his genius in both hemispheres; and his personality is so mixed up and blended with his poetry, that to blacken his moral character is to lower his literary reputation and excite a mischievous prejudice against his works. A number of minor questions, critical, moral, and social, is involved; and a great deal of curious information, well worth preserving, has been elicited in the shape of scattered letters and desultory notices. For these (amongst other) reasons we think that



that a complete summary and analysis of the controversy are imperatively required, and will not be deemed out of place in these pages.

If we had any doubts or scruples about the course to be pursued, they would be removed by the views and language of an influential portion of the press, which nothing short of searching investigation and unsparing exposure can counteract. Whilst one organ of opinion declared that a black mark had been set for all time to come against Byron's most perfect poems, and intimated a doubt whether it would be consistent with fine feeling or propriety ever to open his works again,—another regretted that, since so crushing an exposure was to come, it had not come in time to benefit the generation that read him, and took an interest in him, instead of being delayed till his fame and influence have passed away.

Now, no man of matured understanding, moderately versed in European and transatlantic literature, would hesitate to declare that Byron stands immeasurably higher for world-wide fame and influence than any living English poet; and there is something almost ludicrous to our minds in testing genius by morality. Are we not to relish Sterne because he preferred 'whining over a dead ass to relieving a dying mother'? or Rousseau, because, whilst expatiating on parental love, he sent his illegitimate children to a foundling hospital? or Alfieri, because he committed adultery with Lady Ligonier? or Dante, because he exalted his early love, Beatrice, far, far above '*la fiera moglie*,' his wife? or Milton, because (according to Johnson) he was a harsh father, and drove the first Mrs. Milton from his house. David Deans would not take physic from a doctor who 'had not a right sense of the right-hand and left-hand defections of the day.' Miles Peter Andrews (as recorded by Boswell) could see no fun in a man who owed him three guineas. The sensitive journalist can derive no pleasure from Byron's poetry, since the terrible disclosure of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and almost feels that he shall never open his works again. It will, therefore, be a kind and good deed to take 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' out of quarantine and fumigate them for family use. To do this effectually, to clear up a mystery which deeply affects the happiness of the living as well as the reputation of the dead, we must venture into a tainted atmosphere and handle things it is disagreeable to touch; but the critical tribunal resembles ordinary tribunals in this respect: conventional rules of delicacy must give way when truth and justice are at stake.

Moore, who had the best possible information and was best qualified to interpret any doubtful allusions in the journals and letters,



letters, says: 'With respect to the causes that may be supposed to have led to this separation, it seems needless, with the character of both parties before our eyes, to go in quest of any very remote or mysterious reasons to account for it.' This was, and is, the only rational and consistent theory. The case of this ill-assorted pair was a clear, undeniable, inevitable one of incompatibility. Each had fixed habits and modes of thought which neither was disposed to give up. They were both accustomed to have their own way. Each possessed no common amount of self-consciousness and self-esteem. His was the genuine poetic temperament, which required soothing and could not bear argument or contradiction. It was impossible for him to get on with a reasoning strictly reasonable wife, who made no allowance for the caprice or waywardness of genius, and was resolved on being always in the right. Granting that, in the minor differences which preceded the decisive one, she *was* always in the right, this does not much mend the matter. It was not the less evident that if, instead of making the best of the situation, she aggravated it by remonstrance or reproach, a catastrophe was inevitable sooner or later. There was some domestic sparring, no doubt. But there is ample evidence in his familiar letters that he was much attached to her, and that he accepted the (with his notions and habits) uncongenial part of husband in good faith. Their only daughter was 'the child of love, though born in bitterness.' Three weeks after the ceremony (Feb. 2, 1815) he writes to Moore:—

'Since I wrote last, I have been transferred to my father-in-law, with my lady and my lady's maid, &c., &c., &c., and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says "no wise man ever married;" but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all future states. I still think one ought to marry upon lease; but am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety-and-nine years. . . . My papa, Sir Ralpho, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax meeting; and not only at Durham, but here several, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep—as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience.'

March 8, 1815, from Seaham:—

'We leave this place to-morrow and shall stop on our way to town (in the interval of taking a house there) at Colonel Leigh's, near Newmarket, where any epistle of yours will find its welcome way. I have been comfortable here—listening to that d—d monologue, which  
elderly

elderly gentlemen call conversation, and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening—save one, when he played upon the fiddle. However, they have been very kind and hospitable, and I like them and the place vastly, and I hope they will live many happy months. Bell is in health, and unvaried good-humour and behaviour. But we are all in the agonies of packing and parting; and I suppose by this time to-morrow I shall be stuck in the chariot with my chin upon a band-box. I have prepared another carriage for the abigail, and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them.'

The unwonted restraint of the married state becomes more galling as the novelty wears off. He proposes to Moore excursions *without* their wives: he contemplates another journey to the East *alone*: he partially resumes his bachelor habits, his irregular hours and meals, with the solitary musings, the fits of despondency and gloom, by which his wild bursts of mirth were alternated through life. The time of trial for the wedded partner of his cares was come, but if she had really studied and understood his character, she should have been prepared for it:—

- ' Don J6se and the Donna Inez led  
For some time an unhappy sort of life,  
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;  
They lived respectably as man and wife,  
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,  
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,  
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,  
And put the business past all kind of doubt.
- ' For Inez call'd some druggists, and physicians,  
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,  
But as he had some lucid intermissions,  
She next decided he was only *bad*;  
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,  
No sort of explanation could be had,  
Save that her duty both to man and God  
Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.
- ' She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,  
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,  
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;  
And then she had all Seville for abettors.'

Whilst they were living together in London, curiosity was all alive to discover what he was doing in poetry, and Lady Byron (he complained) was in the habit of rummaging amongst his papers, when he was out, in company with a female friend. In one of these voyages of discovery, they came upon some com-  
promising

promising letters from a married woman to him previous to his marriage; these Lady Byron seized and enclosed to the husband, who threw them into the fire, told his wife he had done so, and took no further notice of them.

His own account of the separation, supplied to Moore, is that she left London on a visit to her father's house, where he was to join her. 'They had parted in the utmost kindness. She wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection on the road, and immediately on her arrival at Kirby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.' This letter began 'Dear Duck,' and ended 'Yours ever, Pippin:' a name he had given her in reference to the form of her face.

Lady Byron's account is thus introduced by Mrs. Beecher Stowe:

'A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go, *that he could not and would not longer have her about him*—and when her child was only five weeks old he carried this expulsion into effect.

'Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account—the only one she ever gave to the public—of this separation. *The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting.*

'Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed for ever in this world. Moore's memoirs had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent these memoirs to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon them. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him, the first and only one that had come from her during all the years of the separation, and which appears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet, of being the instigators of the separation.'

These alleged circumstances may be affecting, but they are imaginary. Lady Byron's own account, which Mrs. Beecher Stowe proceeds to quote, is comprised in 'Remarks on Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron by Lady Byron,' and written subsequently to the publication of the first volume of that work; as Mrs. Beecher Stowe might have seen from the references to the printed volume.\* It runs thus:

'In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible,

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\* These 'Remarks' were first printed as a pamphlet for private circulation. They will be found in the Appendix to the sixth volume of the small octavo edition of Moore's 'Life of Byron.' The 'Life' originally appeared in two volumes quarto; the first was published separately; and in the Preface to the second, Moore alludes to the 'Remarks' as 'a document which made its appearance soon after the former volume, and which I have annexed without a single line of comment to the present.' His account of the separation was in the first volume.

avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his *nearest relatives* and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie, as a friend (Jan. 8th), respecting the supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined, that in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's *conduct towards me from the time of my marriage*, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury.'

His nearest, his only near, relative was his sister, who was with him when his wife left him. Colonel and Mrs. Leigh, and two or three cousins, constituted his family. Lady Byron proceeds:

'When I arrived at Kirby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that "they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady," and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions, my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him, ~~the~~ doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, of the alleged disease, and the reports of his

far from establishing the existence of anything like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's *past conduct* as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. *She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother.* Being convinced by the result of these enquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, *in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power.* Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2nd of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation.'

The professional advisers were Sir Samuel Romilly, Dr. Baillie, and Dr. Lushington, who came to the conclusion that there were no sufficient proofs of insanity. Two of them showed no lack of zeal:—

'I was surprised one day,' says Lord Byron, 'by a doctor (Dr. Baillie) and a lawyer (Dr. Lushington) almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent; but what should I have thought, if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity? . . . I do not, however, tax Lady Byron with this transaction; probably she was not privy to it. She was the tool of others.'

Dr. Lushington, on Lady Byron's applying to him in January, 1830, wrote her the following letter, which is printed in her 'Remarks':—

'MY DEAR LADY BYRON,

'I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of the aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; and so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a reconciliation with Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of it.

ciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it.

‘ Believe me, very faithfully yours,

‘ STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

‘ Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830.’

Now what were these facts? It has been ingeniously argued by a writer who had the good fortune to anticipate Mrs. Beecher Stowe, that they must have involved an extraordinary amount or degree of crime, something worse than ‘neglect, bitterness, and adultery’ put together, and that ‘although it is worse than useless to speculate upon the precise offence,’ incest offers the most plausible clue to the mystery. In reference to the statement imputed to Lady Byron in ‘Don Juan,’ that her duty both to man and God required this conduct, the same writer argues: ‘When Dr. Lushington declares reconciliation to be impossible, and that, if attempted, he could take no part in the attempt, professionally, or otherwise, he must be understood to mean that duty both to God and man forbade Lady Byron’s return to her husband.’\*

This

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\* ‘Temple Bar Magazine,’ for June, 1869. Article headed ‘Lord Byron’s Married Life.’ Although ingenious in a special-pleading way, this article abounds in one-sided statements and gratuitous assumptions; as that ‘neither to the public, nor in his private letters, did he (Byron) profess to be ignorant of the charge against him.’ In January, 1820, Lord Byron informed Lady Byron of his having given Moore his Memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offered her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer was:—

‘ Kirby Mallory, March 10, 1820.

I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada’s future happiness. For my own sake I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the *consequences*.

‘ To Lord Byron.’

‘ A. BYRON.

His reply, forwarded through Moore, was:—

‘ Ravenna, April 3, 1820.

‘I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, as before it could take place, I shall be where ‘nothing can touch him further.’ I advise you, however,

This is a fair specimen of the common mode of reasoning ; fallacious in the extreme, but justified in some sort by the original vagueness and attendant mystery of the charge. Its bare adoption, be it what it may, by Dr. Lushington has been deemed tantamount to proof ; and no one has so much as noticed the incongruity of Lady Byron's language in her 'Remarks' with the language she is known to have used at later periods, or with the language which (if she specified a crime) she must have used in her final consultation with Dr. Lushington. Lady Byron states that 'whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards her from the time of his marriage,' yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for her to manifest at that moment a sense of injury ; and that she deemed it right to communicate to her parents that, if she were to consider Lord Byron's 'past conduct' as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce her to return to him. It was his past conduct towards herself, then, of which she complained ; and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, assuming to speak on her authority, says :

'Lord Byron's treatment of his lady during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of the child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. . . .

'A day or two after the birth of his child, Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was a specimen of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her.'

Another story was that he fired off a pistol in her room after threatening to shoot himself ; and the crowning slander of the time was that he hoped these repeated shocks would prove fatal. Now Lady Byron, when she took professional advice, must have made up her mind to one of two alternatives, either to have him put under medical treatment and restraint, or to separate from him. She says she prepared a written statement, in which sixteen symptoms were mentioned as evidence of insanity. Was the avowal of incest one of them ? If not, mark what follows. Remorse for a

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to anticipate the period of your intention ; for, be assured, no power of figures can avail beyond the present ; and if it could, I would answer with the Florentine—

‘Ed io, che posto son con loro in croce  
 \*                    \*                    \*                    e certo  
 La fiera moglie, più ch' altro, mi nuoce.

‘To Lady Byron.’

‘BYRON.

She attempted no rejoinder (‘Memoirs, Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.’ Edited by Earl Russell, vol. iii. p. 115).

fancied



fancied crime, with constant dread of detection, is a common form of monomania. The wife of a man afflicted by it in its most aggravated shape, draws up for her mother, with a view to professional advice, a detailed statement of his case, and, in the account of his symptoms, omits the capital one, the worst! In allusion to the pistol story, Moore says:—

‘For this story there was so far a foundation, that the practice to which he had accustomed himself from boyhood of having loaded pistols always near him at night, was considered so strange a propensity as to be included in that list of symptoms (sixteen, I believe, in number), which were submitted to medical opinion in proof of his insanity. Another symptom was the emotion, almost to hysterics, which he had exhibited on seeing Kean act “Sir Giles Overreach.” But the most plausible of all grounds, as he himself used to allow, on which these articles of impeachment against his sanity were drawn up, was an act of violence committed by him on a favourite old watch that had been his companion from boyhood and gone with him to Greece. In a fit of vexation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was now almost daily a prey, he furiously dashed this watch upon the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker.’

From bringing a pistol into his wife’s bedroom, to firing it off, is a step which the female imagination would easily over-leap. In one of his letters he tells a story of his getting into a rage one night with an ink-bottle and dashing it through the window into the garden, where it struck against a plaster image of Euterpe, and sadly defaced the Muse. Why was not this added to the list? A good deal was made of his morbid dislike to seeing women eat,—a peculiarity which he had in common with Goethe. But the popular charge which most excited public, especially female, indignation at the time was based on his Green-room intimacies; and a beautiful actress, Mrs. Mardyn, with whom he had never exchanged a word, narrowly escaped being driven off the stage on his account:—

‘Not content with such ordinary and tangible charges (says Moore), the tongue of rumour was emboldened to proceed still further; and, *presuming upon the mysterious silence maintained by one of the parties*, ventured to throw out dark hints and vague insinuations, of which the fancy of every hearer was left to fill up the outline as he pleased.’

Telling his own story, in ‘The Adventures of a Young Andalusian Nobleman’ (a fragment), he says:—

‘My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed, and little less than an *auto-da-fè* was anticipated as the result.

Few

Few who ever heard of Lady Anne Barnard, her intellectual qualifications, and her social position, will deny that her report of conversations with Lady Byron in 1816, directly after the separation, on its cause or causes, is better deserving of attention than Mrs. Beecher Stowe's account of communications on the same subject thirty years afterwards. Lady Anne writes :

'The separation of Lord and Lady Byron astonished the world, which believed him a reformed man as to his habits, and a becalmed man as to his remorse. At that period a severe fit of illness had confined me to bed for two months. I heard of Lady Byron's distress ; of the pains he took to give a harsh impression of her character to the world. I wrote to her, and entreated her to come and let me see and hear her, if she conceived my sympathy or counsel could be any comfort to her. She came—but what a tale was unfolded by this interesting young creature who had so fondly hoped to have made a young man of genius and romance (as she supposed) happy ! They had not been an hour in the carriage which conveyed them from the church when, breaking into a malignant sneer, "Oh ! what a dupe you have been to your imagination. How is it possible a woman of your sense could form the wild hope of reforming me ? Many are the tears you will have to shed ere that plan is accomplished. It is enough for me that you are my wife for me to hate you ; if you were the wife of any other man I own you might have charms," &c. I, who listened, was astonished. "How could you go on after this," said I, "my dear ? Why did you not return to your father's ?" "Because I had not a conception he was in earnest ; because I reckoned it a bad jest, and told him so,—*that my opinions of him were very different from his of himself, otherwise he would not find me by his side.* He laughed it over when he saw me appear hurt, and I forgot what had passed till forced to remember it. I believe he was pleased with me, too, for a little while. I suppose it had escaped his memory that I was his wife." But she described the happiness they enjoyed to have been unequal and perturbed. Her situation in a short time might have entitled her to some tenderness, but she made no claim on him for any. He sometimes reproached her for the motives that had induced her to marry him—all was "vanity, the vanity of Miss Milbanke carrying the point of reforming Lord Byron ! He always knew *her* inducements ; her pride shut her eyes to *his* ; *he* wished to build up his character and his fortunes ; both were somewhat deranged ; she had a high name and would have a fortune worth his attention,—let her look to that for *his* motives !" "O Byron, Byron !" she said, "how you desolate me !"

'He would then accuse himself of being mad, and throw himself on the ground in a frenzy, which she believed was affected to conceal the coldness and malignity of his heart—an affectation which at that time never failed to meet with the tenderest commiseration. I could find by some implications, not followed up by me lest she might have condemned herself afterwards for her involuntary disclosures, that he soon attempted to corrupt her principles both with respect to her

her own conduct and her latitude for his. She saw the precipice on which she stood, *and kept his sister with her as much as possible*. He returned in the evenings from the haunts of vice, which he made her understand he had been, with manners so profligate! "O, the wretch!" said I, "and had he no moments of remorse?" "Sometimes he appeared to have them. One night, coming home from one of his lawless parties, he saw me so indignantly collected, and bearing all with such a determined calmness, that a rush of remorse seemed to come over him; he called himself a monster, *though his sister was present*, and threw himself in agony at my feet. 'I could not—no—I could not forgive him such injuries. He had lost me for ever!' Astonished at the return of virtue, my tears, I believe, flowed over his face, and I said, 'Byron, all is forgotten; never, never shall you hear of it more.' He started up, and, folding his arms while he looked at me, burst into laughter. 'What do you mean?' said I. 'Only a philosophical experiment, that's all,' said he; 'I wished to ascertain the value of your resolutions.'" I need not say more of this prince of duplicity, except that varied were his methods of rendering her wretched, even to the last. When her lovely little child was born, and it was laid beside its mother on the bed, and he was informed "he might see his daughter," after gazing at it with an exulting smile, this was the ejaculation that broke from him, "Oh! what an implement of torture have I acquired in you!"'

This, we should have thought, completely disposes of the specific charge, and must be taken with many grains of allowance in its bearing on the general one. Byron admitted that his wife, who never would or could understand him, might well have mistaken his mystifications (for which he had a morbid fancy) for insanity. But the obvious course, after having been taken in once or twice, was to let him see that he was playing the fool to no purpose and to laugh at him. She should have gone on as she began, when she told him that he was guilty of a bad jest. She might have said, an old one; for it was a French roué of the ante-revolutionary period, Lauzun or Richelieu, who said of his wife a month after marriage, 'If she was but another man's wife, how fond I should still be of her!' Byron was annoyed at finding that the lady's maid was to travel in the same carriage; but the expression of annoyance on that account was the reverse of offensive, and the presence of the abigail (if she was present) affords an unanswerable presumption that he said nothing of the kind attributed to him.\*

Again

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\* A correspondent of the 'Newcastle Daily Chronicle' has collected some curious information from Mrs. Minns, aged 84, but in full possession of her faculties. She was Lady Byron's maid for several years before the marriage, and (having left her on her own marriage) came back at her particular request to act as her maid

Again, may not the ejaculation that broke from him on the first sight of his child, have been identical with the reflection in his journal, 'What a torture she may be to me!' Or he may have meant nothing more than what he said of his cousin's child, 'She will grow up a beauty and a plague.' A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it. Lady Byron had no taste for jesting at any time, and, with all her show of candour, did not spare him in the relation of her wrongs. In the case of any other woman, she or her friends would have been asked to explain why she kept her father and mother persistently in the dark? Why she reserved a part of her case from 'even' them? Why she sent her mother to London imperfectly instructed? Why she pursued a course a thousand times more damaging and annoying to Lord Byron than a direct and open charge? And (above all) why she persisted in making a mystery of her specific charge until his death, his sister's death, the destruction of his autobiography (in which she concurred), and the lapse of time, had destroyed all or most of the direct evidence in refutation of it? What she must have told her parents was more likely to shock and alarm them on her account than what she is asserted to have kept back; we cannot so much as imagine anything that might be told to Dr. Lushington and not be told to them; and when she says in effect that, if the insanity had been established, she would not have resisted a reconciliation on his recovery, she implies that, in such a contingency, the specific crime (whatever it was) would not have prevented her from returning to him.

The additional information supplied to Dr. Lushington did not consist of new facts, that is, of facts new to Lady Byron. It consisted of facts known to her when she first consulted him and kept back till a new light broke in upon her. If this was made clear to Dr. Lushington, we must be permitted to say,

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maid during the first period of her married life. She says that the marriage took place by private license in the drawing room at Seaham House; that, after being present at it, she preceded the bride and bridegroom to Halnaby Hall, where they were to pass the honeymoon. She saw the bride alight from the carriage 'buoyant and happy as a bride should be;' but in less than three weeks the irregularities of Lord Byron occasioned Lady Byron the greatest distress: and Mrs. Minns recommended her to tell her father. All, however, was passed over and forgotten on their arrival at Seaham, where they spent six weeks. Mrs. Minns says that Lady Byron always spoke of Mrs. Leigh in terms of the deepest affection, often designating her as her best friend. Mrs. Minns solemnly promised never to divulge the nature of Lord Byron's irregularities, and sticks to her promise. She says they had nothing in common with the received imputation, of which she speaks with unmitigated disgust. She does not believe that Mrs. Beecher Stowe had her story from Lady Byron; whose cause she warmly adopts, without speaking harshly of Lord Byron. His irregularities, we believe, were his habit of sitting up all night, going to bed by day, and leaving her to take her meals by herself—distressing, no doubt, to a young bride in her honeymoon.

with

with the highest possible respect for the venerable judge, that the course he took is utterly unaccountable to our minds. He is consulted, as are two other eminent professional men, by the mother of a young married woman, and a case carefully based on that young woman's written statement is laid before them. They give opinions which do not suit her views, or do not justify her in acting as she has determined to act; and in a private interview with him she informs him of facts kept back from her parents, which entirely change his opinion, and induce him to lend the full weight of his high authority, private and professional, to blast the reputation of her husband, one of the three or four most gifted men which England has produced for centuries. Such was not the intention, but such was certainly the effect, of Dr. Lushington's second opinion and confirmed silence.\*

If young women of rank and personal attractions, who desire a separation, could always make their case good by the decision, without inquiry or appeal, of a young counsel, many husbands would be in a bad predicament. Dr. Lushington was what is considered young at the Bar in 1816. We are informed that the facts withheld from the father and mother were communicated to a young military man at the same time; and a second mine was thus charged, with the train laid. The young man becomes old and distinguished; he grows into a high authority; he says nothing; but he shakes his head, like Burleigh in the 'Critic,' and the shake is interpreted by his family and friends to mean something too repulsive to be translated into words.

That their interpretation must be a lamentable mistake, or that Lady Byron is one of the most inexplicable of human beings, is proved by the following letters and extracts, addressed by Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, now published for the first time. The first, not dated, was evidently written by Lady Byron in January, 1816, shortly before she left for Kirby Mallory, her sister-in-law being then under the same roof with her. Mrs. Leigh remained with Lord Byron in Piccadilly for

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\* Not less than six families (Leeds, Chichester, Lovelace, Conyers, Byron, Leigh) are affected by this and the associate scandals. For this reason (although the language of Lady Byron's 'Remarks' and Dr. Lushington's letter leads to an opposite inference), there is great force in the argument that, if the charge had been other than the specified one, Dr. Lushington would at once have relieved so many innocent sufferers from the pain and stain of it. When a client has spoken out, inaccurately or injuriously, the rule of professional confidence is no longer applicable. The same reasoning partially applies to another contemporary confidant, a man of the highest honour, whose family have uniformly stated that, to the best of their belief, the charge was the specified one.

several weeks after the departure of Lady Byron; and only left him when she found she could be of no further use to either party:—

‘You will think me very foolish, but I have tried two or three times and cannot *talk* to you of your departure with a decent visage—so let me say one word in this way, to spare my philosophy. With the expectations which I have, I never will nor can ask you to stay one moment longer than you are inclined to do. It would [be] the worst return for all I ever received from you. But, in this at least, I am “truth itself” when I say that whatever the situation may be, there is no one whose society is dearer to me, or can contribute more to my happiness. These feelings will not change under any circumstances, and I should be grieved if you did not understand them. Should you hereafter condemn me, I shall not love you less. I will say no more. Judge for yourself about going or staying. I wish you to consider *yourself*, if you could be wise enough to do that for the first time in your life.

‘Thine, A. I. B.’

Addressed on the cover ‘To the Hon. Mrs. Leigh.’

‘MY DEAREST A.,

‘Kirby Mallory, Jan. 16th, 1816  
(the day after she left London).

It is my great comfort that you are in Piccadilly.’

‘DEAREST A.,

‘Kirby Mallory, Jan. 23rd, 1816.

‘I know you feel for me as I do for you, and perhaps I am better understood than I think. You have been, ever since I knew you, my best comforter, and will so remain, unless you grow tired of the office, which may well be.’

‘MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,

‘Jan. 25th, 1816.

‘Shall I still be your sister? I must resign my rights to be so considered; but I don’t think that will make any difference in the kindness I have so uniformly experienced from you.’

‘MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,

‘Kirby Mallory, Feb. 3rd, 1816.

‘You are desired by your brother to ask, if my father has acted with my concurrence in proposing a separation. He has. It cannot be supposed that, in my present distressing situation, I am capable of stating in a detailed manner the reasons which will not only justify this measure, but compel me to take it; and it never can be my wish to remember *unnecessarily* [*sic*] those injuries for which, however deep, I feel no resentment. I will now only recall to Lord Byron’s mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state, and the desire and determination he has expressed ever since its commencement to free himself from that bondage, as finding it quite insupportable, though candidly acknowledging that no effort of duty or affection has been wanting on my part. He has too painfully convinced me that all these attempts to contribute towards his happiness were wholly  
useless,

useless, and most unwelcome to him. I enclose this letter to my father, wishing it to receive his sanction.

‘Ever yours most affectionately,  
A. I. BYRON.’

‘Feb. 4th, 1816.

‘I hope, my dear A., that you would on no account withhold from your brother the letter which I sent yesterday, in answer to yours written by his desire; particularly as one which I have received from himself to-day renders it still more important that he should know the contents of that addressed to you. I am, in haste and not very well,  
yours most affectionately,

‘A. I. BYRON.’

‘Kirby Mallory, Feb. 14, 1816.

‘The present sufferings of all may yet be repaid in blessings. Do not despair absolutely, dearest; and leave me but enough of your interest to afford you any consolation, by partaking of that sorrow which I am most unhappy to cause thus unintentionally. *You will* be of my opinion hereafter, and at present your bitterest reproach would be forgiven; though Heaven knows you have considered me more than a thousand would have done—more than anything but my affection for B., one most dear to you, could deserve. I must not remember these feelings. Farewell! God bless you, from the bottom of my heart.

‘A. I. B.’

We do not see how negative evidence can well be carried farther. But

‘Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.’

The critics who were not convinced by Lady Anne Barnard’s statement, may yet find a loophole for escape. We may be told that there was a subsequent discovery, a second revelation,—to Lady Byron’s own mind, if not from without; or that, if no new facts reached her, old facts again appeared to her in new lights. Then there is the ‘half-truth-at-a-time theory,’ which, we are assured, in no degree weakens credibility; and the angelic theory which justifies a lady (if she is pure, chivalrous, and religious) in alternately exalting and vilifying, trusting and distrusting, the same person, according to her mood.\* It will be hard, too, if something cannot be made out of the ‘*unnecessarily*,’ or the reasons which she was not ‘capable of stating in a detailed manner,’

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\* In what is regarded as a *communiqué* by the American press, Mrs. Beecher Stowe justifies Lady Byron’s alleged *attenuation* of the crime she subsequently denounced, on the ground of her being a pure, chivalrous, religious woman. ‘Perhaps the world cannot yet comprehend the difference. Perhaps it is more angelic than womanly. It certainly is so,’ says the *Macmillan* article, p. 394.

although



although she goes on to state them in general terms. In dealing with such antagonists, it is not enough to cut away the groundwork of the calumny: we must sweep away the materials in the shape of conjectures, surmises, insinuations, and inferences, with which the dirty work may be recommenced; and we hope to do this so effectually as not merely to clear Lord Byron's memory from all taint of guilt, but to refute the incidental charges of unfeeling or ungenerous conduct towards his wife.

It seems clear that Lady Byron complained of language or conduct sufficient, in Dr. Lushington's opinion, to render a reconciliation impossible. But it does not follow that any of her worst complaints were well-founded. Admitted unfitness for the married state was rather his misfortune than his fault; and she took him for better for worse with her eyes open. There is not the shadow of collateral or confirmatory proof that Lord Byron treated her cruelly or brutally, whilst there is strong presumptive evidence to the contrary. The 'Dear Duck' letter would not have been written by a proud woman who had been harshly treated and was writhing under a sense of wrong. They had lived a good deal with her father and mother, who must have had ample opportunities of observing his tone and manner, and were too wrapped up in their daughter not to notice any approximation to unkindness. But when (in January, 1816) she suddenly arrived at Kirby Mallory, they had not the least suspicion that there was anything amiss; and the day after her arrival Lady Noel wrote to him in the kindest terms to press him to join her: which Lady Noel would certainly not have done if she had anticipated anything disagreeable, or thought that her daughter had been driven from his house or harshly treated in any manner. His language, so long as there was a hope of reconciliation, was uniformly generous and conciliatory. He writes to Moore, March 8th, 1816:—

'I must set you right on one point, however. The fault was not—no, nor even the misfortune—in my "choice" (unless in *choosing at all*), for I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her *while with me*. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself; and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.'

He did his best to redeem it; and it was only when every effort failed, and his very reluctance to bring matters to an extremity was turned against him, that he occasionally broke into bitterness. His fixed and deliberate state of ~~feeling~~ <sup>feeling</sup> towards his wife will be best collected from his ~~communications~~ <sup>communications</sup> with Dr.

Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia the year before his death. Dr. Kennedy is defending the doctrine of eternal punishment:—

“ ‘Whatever God does is right. If it depended on me, judging by mere feelings of humanity, I would have all saved. Nay, I would go further than you,—I would have no hell at all; but would pardon all, purify all, and send all to equal happiness.’ ” “Nay,” exclaimed some of them, “I would not save all.” “I would save,” cried his lordship, “my sister and my daughter, and some of my friends,—and a few others, and let the rest shift for themselves.” “And your wife also,” I exclaimed. “No,” he said. “But your wife; surely, you would save your wife?” “Well,” he said, “I would save her too, if you like.””

Here the bitterness which he betrayed in ‘Don Juan’ and some minor poems of a domestic character peeps out. But a day or two afterwards we find:—

“ ‘If I said anything disrespectful of Lady B., I am very much to blame. Lady B. deserves every respect from me, and certainly nothing could give me greater pleasure than a reconciliation.’ ”

“ ‘With such sentiments, how is it possible that a separation has taken place, or how is it that a reunion cannot be effected? Under such circumstances, neither you nor she can be happy; and the cause must be singular, which two persons of such rank and understanding cannot find out and remove.’ ”

“ ‘I do not, indeed, know the cause of separation,’ said Lord B. “I know that many falsehoods have been spread abroad—such as my bringing actresses to my house—but they were all false. Lady B. left me without explaining the cause. I sent Hobhouse to her, who almost went on his knees, but in vain: and at length I wished to institute an action against her, that it might be seen what were her motives.”

“ ‘Perhaps,’ I said, “Lady B. is to be commended. No wife, from motives of delicacy, would like the public to be acquainted with the causes of her sorrow and grief, in circumstances where her husband was concerned; and if she acted under misapprehension or bad influence, it was your lordship’s duty to have acted in such a way as in time to remove this.”

“ ‘What could I have done? I did everything at the time that could be done, and I am, and have always been, ready for a reconciliation.’ ” \*

A suit for the restoration of conjugal rights is a proceeding from which any man might reasonably refrain at any time, and Byron was not in a position to face the additional scandal, whether he was right or wrong.

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\* ‘Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and Others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship’s Death. By the late James Kennedy, M.D., of H.M. Medical Staff.’ London, 1830.

‘Their friends had tried at reconciliation,  
Then their relations, who made matters worse.’ \*

The fact of friends and relations trying at reconciliation tells strongly against any criminal charge. Neither of the many crimes suggested is such as the most lenient advisers could palliate or the most forgiving wife condone. Nor is this all —when Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton, acting for her, met Lord Broughton (Hobhouse), acting for Lord Byron, with a view to an amicable arrangement, Lord Broughton insisted as a preliminary, that all the specific charges circulated against Lord Byron should be disavowed, to which Mr. Wilmot Horton readily assented on her behalf. Lord Broughton was wont to relate that he ‘racked his imagination’ to exhaust them, and put each categorically. ‘Do you adopt or believe this?’ to which the invariable answer was; ‘We disclaim it—we do not believe it.’ We are not aware whether this specific charge was named among the rest. We should think that, though no novelty, it ranked in the minds of all parties with the Florence tragedy to which Goethe gave temporary credence, the Giaour story, or the many other wild inventions which fully bear out the noble poet’s statement that his case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Wilmot Horton’s disclaimer was virtually complete. When, in the presence of the arbitrators, Lord Byron put his name and seal to the deed of separation, he added: ‘This is Mrs. Clermont’s act and deed.’ Mrs. Clermont was the lady so disagreeably immortalised in ‘A Sketch.’

Lord Broughton made no secret of what passed between Mr. Wilmot Horton and himself. We were, therefore, rather surprised to see (quoted from an Irish paper) a letter from a gentleman, Mr. Percy Boyd, acquitting Lord Byron of moral culpability, but stating that the real and specific cause of the separation was well known in society, and had been communicated to himself by the late Mr. Mackinnon, who had it from Thomas Campbell. Now Thomas Campbell was known under alcoholic influence to specify what he called *the* cause, and to adduce Lady Byron as his authority. It was a series of brutalities, coming very nearly within the description of crimes that could not be committed. It certainly was not what was repeated to Mr. Boyd. Campbell printed in the ‘New Monthly Magazine’ (in which he had written a foolish defence of Lady Byron), a letter from her to himself, in which she says she cannot tell him ‘the causes’ of the separation.

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\* ‘Don Juan,’ Cant. I.

In 1818, two years after her first communications, Lady Byron writes thus to Lady Anne Barnard :—

‘He has wished to be thought partially deranged, or on the brink of it, to perplex observers and prevent them from tracing effects to their real causes through all the intricacies of his conduct. I was, as I told you, at one time the dupe of his acted insanity, and clung to the former delusions in regard to the motives that concerned me personally till the whole system was laid bare. He is the absolute monarch of words, and uses them, as Buonaparte did lives, for conquest, without more regard to their intrinsic value, considering them only as ciphers which must derive all their import from the situation in which he places them and the ends to which he adapts them with such consummate skill. Why, then, you will say, does he not employ them to give a better colour to his own character? Because he is too good an actor to over-act, or to assume a moral garb which it would be easy to strip off. In regard to his poetry, egotism is the vital principle of his imagination, which it is difficult for him to kindle on any subject with which his own character and interests are not identified; but by the introduction of fictitious incidents, by change of scene or time, he has enveloped his poetical disclosures in a system impenetrable except to a very few, and *his constant desire of creating a sensation makes him not averse to be the object of wonder and curiosity, even though accompanied by some dark and vague suspicions.*’

In this severe analysis (written when the angel of love was absent on leave) she has hit intuitively on one marked peculiarity at least—his tendency to be *le fanfaron des vices qu’il n’avait pas*. In his Journal for March, 1814, he sets down :

‘He (Hobhouse) told me an odd report—that I am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in piracy. Um! people sometimes hit near the truth; but never the whole truth. H. don’t know what I was about the year after he left the Levant; nor does any one—nor—nor—however, it is a lie—but, I doubt the equivocation of the friend that lies like truth.’

The habit of mystification is so inveterate, that he here palters with himself. He had already laid the ground for being identified with Lara, by travelling about with a damsel in male attire, though this was a plagiarism from ‘Marmion.’

‘Say, hast thou given that lovely youth  
 . To serve in lady’s bower?  
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
 A gentle paramour?’

Anything for a sensation. His return in the evenings from ‘haunts of vice,’ where he made his wife understand he had been (the best proof he had not), was no more real than his piracy. He was then

then (1815) living as in a glass case : his journals and letters show that his evenings were not passed in haunts of vice, unless Brookes's, Holland House, and dinner-tables where he met poets, wits, and orators, can be so designated. 'Moore (says Mrs. Beecher Stowe) sheds a significant light on this period by telling us that about this time Byron was drunk day after day with Sheridan.' This is another specimen of this lady's inaccuracy. Moore tells nothing of the sort : he merely prints a letter from Byron, dated Oct. 31, 1815, containing the following passage :—

'Yesterday, I dined out with a large-ish party, where were Sheridan and Colman, Harry Harris of C. G., and his brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Ds. Kinnaird, and others, of note and notoriety. Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputations, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder, it was difficult to get down again without stumbling ; and to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a d—d corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. We deposited him safe at home, where his man, evidently used to the business, waited to receive him in the hall.

'Both he and Colman were, as usual, very good ; but I carried away much wine, and the wine had previously carried away my memory ; so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation.'

'Lord Byron's actions,' writes the Rev. W. Harness, his schoolfellow and friend, 'so far as they fell under my own observation, were kind-hearted, generous, and amiable. All the evil I ever knew of him was told me by himself, in those fits of self-accusation which he had so strange a habit of indulging.'

There is a scene in 'Woodstock,' in which, when Cromwell is in one of his most excited moods, verging on insanity, his daughter enters the room, walks up to him, gently but firmly passes her arm through his, and saying, 'Father, this is not well : you have promised me this should not happen,' leads him off obedient as a child. Byron's sister had the same kind of influence over him. It may have been a spell of his own weaving, but it was a spell of power ; and we are convinced that he never spoke lightly or irreverently of *her*. And here, before going further, it may be as well to ascertain what sort of person the sister was ; for though the poetic imagination can build on a slight foundation, there must be some semblance of one, and we have to decide not simply whether Mrs. Leigh was

likely to inspire an incestuous, lifelong, and all-absorbing passion, but whether she was the sort of woman to reciprocate it, and in position to indulge it with impunity. The recklessness with which this lady's reputation has been assailed and the feelings of her family have been outraged, is one of the most extraordinary and repulsive features of the controversy.

Earl Stanhope has kindly permitted us to print the following extract from a private letter written by him :—

‘ I was very well acquainted with Mrs. Leigh about forty years ago (alas!), and used to call upon her at St. James's Palace to hear her speak about Lord Byron, as she was very fond of doing. That fact itself is a presumption against what is alleged, since, on such a supposition, the subject would surely be felt as painful and avoided. She was extremely unprepossessing in her person and appearance—more like a nun than anything, and never can have had the least pretension to beauty. I thought her shy and sensitive to a fault in her mind and character, and, from what I saw and knew of her, I hold her to have been utterly incapable of such a crime as Mrs. Beecher Stowe is so unwarrantably seeking to cast upon her memory.’

The Dowager Lady Shelley, a woman of large experience, penetration, and sagacity, well acquainted with Byron and his contemporaries, writes thus :—

‘ I have seen a great deal of Mrs. Leigh (Augusta), having passed some days with her and Colonel Leigh, for my husband's shooting near Newmarket, when Lord Byron was in the house, and, as she told me, was writing “The Corsair,” to my great astonishment, for it was a wretched small house, full of her ill-trained children, who were always running up and down stairs, and going into “uncle's” bedroom, where he remained all the morning. Mrs. Leigh was like a mother to Byron, being so much older, and not at all an attractive person. I afterwards went with her, at her request, to pay a wedding visit to Lady Byron when she returned to town, and she (Mrs. Leigh) expressed the greatest anxiety that his marriage should reform him. He opened the drawing-room door himself, and received my congratulations as savagely as I expected, looking demonlike, as he often did. But my astonishment at the present accusation is unbounded. She, a Dowdy-Goody, I being then, I suppose, a young fine lady. Scrope Davies used to come to dinner, and talked to me a great deal about Byron afterwards, when he resided in the country, and I never remember a hint at this unnatural and improbable *liaison* when all London was at Byron's feet. I have heard from Lady A—— I——, relative to ——, and to Mrs. Leigh, that my recollection of her was perfectly correct. She says “she was an amiable and devoted wife and mother of seven children. Her husband was very fond of her, and had a high opinion of her.” She must have been married (in 1807) when Byron was quite a boy (he was nineteen). She had no taste for poetry. She had sad misfortunes in her later years. *Her excellent and only surviving daughter*



*nursed her with the tenderest affection in her last illness. How any one could have been so wicked as to write so horrible a story of one too long dead to have friends left who could refute the story, seems beyond belief."*

Lord Stanhope's and Lady Shelley's impressions are confirmed by all the surviving friends and acquaintance of Mrs. Leigh. Her husband, Lieut. Colonel Leigh, of the celebrated 10th Hussars, had seen service, and was a man of social distinction in his day. He was the friend and constant companion of the Prince Regent, the Dukes of Bedford, Rutland, and Cleveland, the Earl of Egremont, Lord Rivers, and other distinguished patrons of the turf. He and Mrs. Leigh occupied apartments in Flag Court, St. James's Palace, given to her on being appointed bedchamber-woman to Queen Charlotte in 1814 or 1815. She died there November, 1851; one of her daughters never quitted her, and was with her when she died. A daughter and a son are still living, whose feelings may be guessed. She left the most favourable impression on all who had an opportunity of observing her, and the co-inmates of palaces generally contrive to know whatever can be known about one another, good, bad, or indifferent. In fact, her habits, manners, and appearance were a complete antidote to calumny, especially this sort of calumny.

It is well worth while to run over Byron's printed allusions to his sister in prose and verse, if only to shew what the perversity of the critical mind can do in the way of misconstruction when there is a foregone conclusion to be worked out. The attempts to extract proofs of guilty passion from them have been such utter failures. His manner of idealizing her negatives the charge; and if he had been conscious of guilt, it is to the last degree improbable that he would have persevered in drawing closer and closer the suspected tie, or in flaunting it before the world. His accusers must be hard pushed when they couple together sentences apart from the context in this fashion. He writes from Newstead to Mr. Murray, February 4, 1814:—"Mrs. Leigh is with me; much pleased with the place, and less so with me for parting with it, to which not even the price can reconcile her." The first member of this sentence—"Mrs. Leigh is with me"—has actually been quoted as of ominous import, coupled with a letter of the following March to Moore, intimating that he (Byron) had something 'uncomfortable' to communicate; as well he might, considering his multiform entanglements, amatory and pecuniary. Guilt has also been discovered in this entry of his Journal for March, 1814:—

'Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused every body else, but I can't deny her anything, though I had as lief "drink up Eisel—eat a crocodile."'

On



On April 10th, 1816 (he left England on the 25th), three months after the separation, he writes to Mr. Rogers :—‘ My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow ; we shall not meet again for some time at all events, if ever ; and under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr. Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening.’ The last verses he wrote in England were ‘ Stanzas to Augusta,’ including :—

‘ Oh ! blest be thine unbroken light,  
That watch’d me as a seraph’s eye,  
And stood between me and the night,  
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,  
Which strove to blacken o’er thy ray—  
Then purer spread its gentle flame,  
And dash’d the darkness all away.’

She was the purifier, the comforter, who lightened his darkness instead of deepening it. So, in the second set of ‘ Stanzas to Augusta,’ evidently alluding to the calumny :—

‘ Though human, thou did’st not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou did’st not forsake,  
Though lov’d, thou forborest to grieve me,  
*Though slander’d, thou never could’st shake ;*

Though trusted, thou did’st not disclaim me ;  
Though parted, it was not to fly ;  
Though watchful, ’twas not to defame me,  
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.’

The ‘ Epistle to Augusta ’ begins thus :—

‘ My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine ;  
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.’

This is the poem, written at Diodati in the autumn of 1816, in reference to which he writes to Mr. Murray :—‘ There is amongst the manuscripts an “ Epistle to My Sister,” on which I should wish her opinion to be consulted before publication.’ In a subsequent letter :—‘ My sister has decided on the omission of the lines. Upon this point her opinion will be followed.’ They were first published in 1830. On the title-page of the presentation copy of the two first Cantos of ‘ Childe Harold,’ he wrote—‘ To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her *father’s* son and most affectionate brother,—B.’

‘Manfred,’ again, would never have been written by a man conscious of guilt and morbidly apprehensive of detection. Besides, if ‘Manfred’ proves anything, it proves too much:—

‘I have shed  
Blood, but not hers; and yet her blood was shed.  
I saw and could not stanch it.’

These lines led Goethe to believe ‘Manfred’ based on the Florence tragedy, in which the husband kills the wife, and the lover (Byron) kills the husband. ‘Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after. This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems.’ The small importance he attached to the poem may be collected from his correspondence with Mr. Murray:—

‘March 25, 1817. With regard to the “Witch Drama,” I repeat that I have not an idea if it is good or bad. If bad, it must on no account be risked in publication.. If good, it is at your service. I value it at three hundred guineas, and less if you like it. Perhaps, if published, the best way will be to add it to your winter volume, and not publish separately. The price will show you that I don’t pique myself upon it; so speak out. You may put it into the fire if you like, and Gifford don’t like.’

And this is the poem that reveals the grand secret of his life! It is lucky for him that he had no step-mother, as he would certainly have been identified with Hugo in ‘Parisina.’ In a letter to Mr. Murray, in August, 1821, he writes:—

‘With regard to additions, &c., there is a journal which you must get from Mrs. Leigh, of my journey in the Alps, which contains all the germs of “Manfred.”’ \*

The tenderest verses addressed to his sister, were those on the Rhine in the Third Canto of ‘Childe Harold’:—

‘But one thing want these banks of Rhine,  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.’

They were written after every effort had been made to blacken him, and are thus introduced:—

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\* ‘The whole poem has been misunderstood, and the odious supposition that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened that none of the critics have noticed that the story is derived from the human sacrifices supposed to have been in use amongst the students of the black art. . . . It intimates that his sister had been self-sacrificed in the pursuit of their magical knowledge.’ (Galt’s ‘Life of Byron,’ chap. 32.) This is quoted to shew that the calumny preceded the poem.

‘—Though

‘—Though unwed,  
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
Still undivided.’

In a subsequent stanza of the same Canto, addressing Lake Lemman :—

‘—Thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a sister’s voice reproved,  
That I with stern delights should e’er have been so moved.’

Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh never met after he left England in April, 1816, but she is always affectionately remembered in his letters; and Mr. Delme Radcliffe, who claims to have been ‘nurtured under the shadow of her wing,’ and is ready to go to the death for her respectability, says, ‘she would ever discourse in sisterly sympathy, in weal or woe, with pride in his renown and with grief for his cares.’ She was in frequent communication with Lord Byron and (what Mrs. Beecher Stowe must explain) occasionally with Lady Byron too :—

‘*To Mr. Murray, Feb. 21, 1820.*

‘*Pray tell Mrs. Leigh to request Lady Byron to urge forward the transfer from the funds. I wrote to Lady Byron on business this post, addressed to the care of Mr. Kinnaird.*’

‘*To Mr. Murray, Sept. 21, 1820.*

‘P.S.—My sister tells me that you sent to her to inquire where I was, believing in my arrival, driving a curricule, &c., into Palace Yard. Do you think me a coxcomb or a madman, to be capable of such an exhibition? My sister knew me better, and told you that could not be me.’

‘*To Moore, Ravenna, March 1, 1821.*

‘I have received your message through my sister’s letter, about English security, &c., &c. . . . Thinking of the funds as I do, and wishing to secure a reversion to my sister and her children, I should jump at most expedients.’

Mr. Trelawney states (in his ‘Recollections’) that Lord Byron was in the act of writing to his sister when he was seized with his last illness. The letter, left unfinished, is dated Missolonghi, Feb. 23, 1824, and begins :—

‘My dearest Augusta, I received a few days ago your and Lady Byron’s report of Ada’s health.’

The last sentence but one, alluding to symptoms of epilepsy in his own case, contains these words :—

‘So far as I know it is not hereditary; and it is that it may not  
become

become so, that *you should tell Lady Byron to take some precautions in the case of Ada.*'

Lord Byron left the whole of his disposable property to his sister and her children, his reason being thus stated in his will, dated the 29th of July, 1815:—

'I make the above provision for my sister and her children, in consequence of my dear wife, Lady Byron, and any children I may have, being otherwise amply provided for.'

Dr. Lushington, as we have said, regarding what passed between Lady Byron and himself as a matter of professional confidence, states that he never has revealed what passed and never will. But surely the obligation to secrecy has been virtually cancelled by Lady Byron, who, during the last ten years of her life, had made no scruple of repeating the charge right and left to almost anybody who chose to listen to it. The following letter is one of many to the same purport that have been addressed to the newspapers:

*'To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette.*

'SIR,—Lady Noel Byron resided, on and off, many years in Brighton, and her circle of friends coincided very closely with my own. For most of these years I heard but of one crime of which she accused her dead husband, but latterly of two, which need not be named. Six or seven persons more or less known to me received her communications, three of whom were Americans. Her communications were not given as secrets, but, on the contrary, as facts to be used for the defence of her conduct, character, or memory. Some of these persons received them as Mrs. Beecher Stowe did—the Rev. Frederick Robertson for one; others thought "her mind was touched upon the subject of the separation." In 1847 one of her best friends asked me to talk with her on the liabilities to error of private judgment when deciding questions involving criminal charges which can be properly investigated only by public tribunals. No one, I told her, had a right to repeat such charges, except as decisions of courts of law. Her stories differed. Her narratives and memoranda were given away right and left. The confidantes who knew her best, her peculiarities, her troubles with her daughter, her elder grandson, her servants, never would have repeated her stories with pens and types. They thought her mind was touched. Suspicions had become delusions. Three of her friends, myself being one, came separately to this conclusion. The sealed papers held by her trustees, if they contain the accusations she made, can only be records of her delusions; for the charge she made most frequently is not capable of proof; and the charge Mrs. Stowe has published is comparatively recent and utterly incredible.

' JOHN ROBERTSON.

' 12, Norfolk Road, Sept. 12, 1869.'

The

The Rev. Francis Trench, after stating, first, his conviction that any public revelation of the kind recently made would have been deemed most objectionable by Lady Byron herself, proceeds in a letter to the 'Times':—

'Secondly, it is desirable to obviate the impression that Mrs. Beecher Stowe was anything like an exclusive or even a rare depository of the statement which she has made, so as to obtain any title to publication on this account. At many successive periods Lady Noel Byron had fully stated the cause of her separation to many of her relatives and intimate friends. But in all these instances she knew whom she could trust; and, so far as I know, not one of them, much to their honour, judgment, and propriety, has broken that profound silence and secrecy which, so far as the public is concerned, should have been continued for ever.'

A secret is no longer a secret when it is told at successive periods to many relatives and friends; and whatever liberties Lady Byron might take with Lord Byron's character, we do not recognise her right (except as an angel or on the angelic theory) to whisper away Mrs. Leigh's. Mr. Trench, in a subsequent letter, disputes Mr. Robertson's conclusion that Lady Byron was acting under a delusion; but surely this is the more charitable hypothesis, when we consider the frequency with which her damning revelations were volunteered, the extent to which they differed from one another, and the variations with which the main charge was occasionally dished up. The story told as coming from her by a lady of unimpeachable veracity, was this: 'That not only had Lord Byron confessed the charge, but that the partner of his guilt, on the faith of a promise to be spared exposure, had delivered to Lady Byron a written and signed confession, which Lady Byron had forthwith deposited with the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) as a bar to any future proceedings that might be taken by Lord Byron to obtain the custody of his daughter.' There can be no mistake in this instance, so far as our information is concerned. We are convinced that it was her story (or rather one of her stories) and, 'like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.' To expatiate on its improbability would be to insult the reader's understanding. A written confession to avoid exposure or punishment would only be given when there was overwhelming evidence to convict. Judges are not in the habit of receiving *ex parte* statements in non-existing suits. Lady Byron, by her own showing, broke faith. In all her other versions, so far as we are acquainted with them, she relies on what she calls Lord Byron's confession, and makes not the remotest allusion to Mrs. Leigh's story.

The story of the confession was

It is impossible to fix precisely when Lady Byron threw off all restraint in her communications, as described by Mr. Robertson and Mr. Trench. In a letter to Miss (the Hon. Amelia) Murray in 1820, she writes: 'I hope to leave this world without having said a word that could damage anybody, so I must let people say what they will of me.' Her tongue, like Conrad's sabre, 'made fast atonement for its first delay;' and surely somebody was damaged by her words, oral and written, in 1816, or still more cruelly by

'The insignificant eye  
Which learns to wound with silence.'

Was not her husband damaged by her words when (in the September of that year) he wrote—

'The means were worthy, and the end is won :  
I would not do by thee as thou hast done?'

Mr. William Howitt, who had known her intimately, gives the following instance of 'a constitutional idiosyncrasy of a most peculiar kind, which rendered her, when under its influence, absolutely and persistently unjust':—

'She was in great difficulty as to the selection of a master for her working school at Kirby Mallory. It was necessary for him to unite the very rarely united qualities of a thoroughly practical knowledge of the operations of agriculture and gardening with the education and information of an accomplished schoolmaster. She asked me to try and discover this *rara avis* for her. I knew exactly such a man in Nottinghamshire, who was at the same time thoroughly honourable, trustworthy, and fond of teaching. At her earnest request I prevailed on him to give up his then comfortable position and accept her offer. For a time he was everything in her eyes that a man and a schoolmaster could be. She was continually speaking of him when we met in the most cordial terms. But in the course, as I remember, of two or three years, the poor fellow wrote to me in the utmost distress, saying that Lady Byron, without the slightest intimation of being in any way dissatisfied with him or with his management of the school, had given him notice to quit. He had entreated her to let him know what was the cause of this sudden dismissal. She refused to give any, and he entreated me to write to her and endeavour to remove her displeasure, or to ascertain its cause. I felt, from what I had seen of Lady Byron before, that it was useless. I wrote to him, "Remember Lord Byron! If Lady Byron has taken into her head that you shall go, nothing will turn her. Go you must, and you had better prepare for it." And the poor fellow, with a family of about five children, and his old situation filled up, turned out into the world to comparative ruin.'

One morning Lady Byron requested the attendance of the  
clergyman

clergyman of Ham. He came obedient to her summons, and she immediately proceeded to expatiate on her unremitting kindness to her grandson (Lord Ockham, now deceased), the ungrateful return she had received, and the infinity of trouble he had given her. After she had run on in this strain till she had fairly run herself out, the clergyman ventured to suggest that he did not see how he could be of any use to her under the circumstances; a proposition to which she assented, and then stiffly bowed him out. The pleasure of hearing herself talk on her own merits and sacrifices was apparently her sole motive in sending for him.

The solicitors of the representatives of Lady Byron have addressed a letter to the 'Times' (Sept. 2) distinctly repudiating and discrediting Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and stating that all Lady Byron's manuscripts have been left to three trustees, who alone are authorised to make use of them 'as might be judged best for the interests of her grandchildren.'

Lord Wentworth, who writes under evident restraint and embarrassment—as well he may, considering his conflicting obligations to the memories of his maternal grandfather and grandmother—has addressed a letter to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' in which he says:—

'About three years ago a manuscript in Lady Noel Byron's handwriting was found among her papers, giving an account of some circumstances connected with her marriage, and apparently intended for publication after her death; but as this seemed not quite certain, no decision as to its publication was come to. In the event of a memoir being written, this manuscript might, perhaps, be included, but hitherto it has not been proposed to publish any other matter about her separation.

'This statement in Lady Byron's own handwriting does not contain any accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stowe asserts was told her, and Mrs. Stowe's story of the separation is inconsistent with what I have seen in various letters, &c., of Lady Byron's.'

From this recapitulation it will be seen how matters stood when Mrs. Beecher Stowe appeared upon the scene, and what are the real objections she has to meet. That Lady Byron repeated the charge to her, is no justification or apology at all. She would have found on inquiry, if she did not know already, that she was one amongst many depositaries of the supposed secret: that, in point of fact, it was no secret at all: that, instead of trusting to an American lady of whom she knew comparatively little, Lady Byron had made careful provision for the posthumous vindication of her fame. Before taking any step in the matter, Mrs. Beecher Stowe should have placed herself  
in



in communication with the family. If, in defiance of all rules of propriety and taste, she was resolved on printing her story, she should have been severely simple in her statements ; scrupulously accurate in her facts ; resolutely self-denying in her comments and inferences. She has been the exact contrary ; and the story in her version is so coloured, amplified, and overlaid, that it is utterly impossible to distinguish what rests on Lady Byron's authority from what has been added on other or no authority by Mrs. Stowe. The truthful and probable bears about the same proportion to the fanciful and improbable that Falstaff's bread bore to his sack ; and if the charge rested exclusively on her article, we should have adopted a much more succinct and summary mode of dealing with it. To point out its incoherency and inconsistency would have been enough. It is principally as a literary curiosity that we now propose to deal with it : the problem being no longer whether it is true or false, but what amount of original material was supplied to her, and by what mental process it was worked up.

She starts with the preposterous assumption that the first refusal of Miss Milbanke was what precipitated Lord Byron into guilt :—

‘ From the height which might have made him happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret, adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society.

‘ From henceforth this damning, guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish *and insane dread of detection*. Two years after his refusal by Miss Millbank, his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed a marriage upon him.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘ There is no reason to doubt that Byron was, as he relates in his “ Dream,” profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic ; *but it was not the memory of Mary Chaworth, but another guiltier and more damning memory that overshadowed that hour.*

‘ The moment the carriage-doors were shut upon the bridegroom and bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair—unrepentant remorse and angry despair—broke forth upon her gentle head.

‘ “ You might have saved me from this, madam ! you had all in your own power when I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased ; but now you will find that you have married a *devil* ! ” ’

We have seen that they got on very well together for some months ;

months; and that the first refusal had any marked effect upon him, or was vehemently resented, is disproved by his journal:—

‘Nov. 30, 1813. Yesterday a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right—an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and yet withal very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension.’

‘March 15, 1814. A letter from Bolla, which I answered. I shall be in love with her again, if I don’t take care.’

The manner in which the second proposal was made implies that a second refusal would not have much mortified him, for the letter containing it was despatched principally because it was too pretty a letter to be lost, and not till after a proposal to another had been declined.

Not one woman out of twenty would be deterred from marrying a man for whom she had a fancy by knowing him to be a rake. She would trust implicitly to her own sweet influence for reforming him. But when Miss Milbanke is set up as a model of saintlike purity, when we are told that she was endowed with ‘an almost supernatural power of moral divination,’ it seems odd that she should have kept up a sustained correspondence with Byron with full knowledge of his character, and marry him with full knowledge that he continued unreclaimed. She had read ‘Childe Harold,’ where he gives romantic young ladies who were sighing for him fair warning of the sort of husband they must bargain for:

‘For he through Sin’s long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
Had sigh’d to many, though he loved but one,  
And that loved one, alas! could ne’er be his.  
Ah, happy she! to ’scape from him whose kiss  
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;  
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
And spoil’d her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
Nor calm domestic peace had ev

During the two years preceding his fancies and *liaisons*) he had two new hands; and the dates shew that he wrote the letters which betray annoyance or discontent in the autumn of 1814, just before the second proposal to Miss Milbanke, that he was thrown over by her.

an illustrious warrior, and wrote the verses (never printed) beginning:

‘Go triumph securely, the treach’rous vow  
Thou hast broken, I keep but too faithfully now;  
But never again shalt thou be to this heart  
What thou wert, what I fear at this moment thou art.’\*

His prior affair with Lady Caroline Lamb, the wife of Lady Byron’s first cousin, created an unusual amount of scandal and caused him great annoyance through her pertinacity. He complained to Lady Palmerston, Lady Caroline’s and Lady Byron’s first cousin, that he was pursued by a ‘mad skeleton.’ The scene at Lady Heathcote’s, where she stabbed herself with a pair of scissors, took place in the spring of 1813, after the first proposal. Did no sound of these strange doings ever penetrate the sanctuary of pure imaginings in which Aurora Raby, *alias* Annabella Milbanke, dwelt? If any one woman ever swayed his destiny (which we doubt), it was Mary Chaworth; and we should be content to rest the whole question, involving Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s critical capacity and credibility, on this: whether it was or was not the memory of Mary Chaworth that haunted him in ‘The Dream’? a question which must be decided by the poem, not by the dogmatic assertion of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. After the beautiful description of the boy’s feelings, come these lines:—

‘But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
Even as a brother—but no more; ’twas much,  
For brotherless she was, save in the name  
Her infant friendship had bestow’d on him;  
Herself the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honoured race.—It was a name  
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?  
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved  
Another; even *now* she loved another,  
And on the summit of that hill she stood  
Looking afar if yet her lover’s steed  
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.’

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\* A copy of these verses was given by Lord Byron to Lady Charlotte Harley (Ianthé) and is now in the possession of her sister, Lady Langdale. ‘Byron,’ said Scrope Davies, ‘came one morning into my lodgings in St. James’s Street in a towering passion, and, standing before the fire, broke out, “D—— all women, and d—— that woman in particular!” He tore from his watch-ribbon a seal she had given him, and dashed it into the grate. As soon as he left the room, I picked it up, and here it is.’ It was a large seal, representing a ship in full sail, a star in the distance, with the motto, ‘*Si je la perds, je suis perdu.*’ Two or three days afterwards his Lordship came again with a copy of verses addressed to the lady, from which Davies with some difficulty induced him to omit four lines.

Mary Chaworth was an only child, the solitary scion of her race, and she loved another, Mr. Musters, who became her husband. After her marriage the poet saw, or thought he saw, a sad expression in her face:—

‘What could her grief be?—She had loved him not,  
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;  
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed  
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.’

The localities, ‘a hill, a gentle hill,’ ‘the old mansion and the accustomed hall,’ are all redolent of Annesley. Mrs. Beecher Stowe will next tell us that the lines on the Rhine were really written on the Danube, and that, when he spoke of the castled crag of Drachenfels, he was thinking of the castled flat of Belgrade; or, under the insane dread of detection, may he not have been acting like the lover who, on engaging a painter to paint a portrait of his mistress, a married woman, directed that it should not be made like for fear of its leading to suspicion or discovery?

According to this lady, not only must his poems be interpreted by the rule of contraries, but, to explain his conduct, all the ordinary motives of human action must be reversed. We are actually required to believe that, under that same insane dread of detection, which would have been ‘utter ruin and expulsion from civilised society,’ he marries one woman when he would as lief have married another, treats her brutally, forthwith confides to her the dread secret of his life for no imaginable purpose but to increase the risk of detection, and, with full knowledge of her character, endeavours to make her an accomplice in his guilt. Marriage is the very last step a man absorbed by a guilty intrigue, and morbidly afraid of detection, would venture upon; thereby creating an additional responsibility for his actions, as well as a legitimate spy on them:

‘A rib’s a thorn in a gallant’s side,  
Requires decorum and is apt to double  
The horrid sin, and what’s still worse, the trouble.’

Let who can, reconcile Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s account of the carriage scene with the one given to Lady Anne Barnard—the rambling incoherence, with the utter confusion of times and periods, renders it impossible to reconcile any two consecutive paragraphs of Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s narrative with any other two:

‘Only a few days before she left him for ever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron’s handwriting, of the “Siege of Corinth” and “Parisina,” and wrote:—

“I am

“I am very glad that the handwriting was a favourable omen of the *morale* of the piece; but you must not trust to that; for my copyist would write out anything I desired, in *all the ignorance of innocence*.”

\* \* \* \* \*

‘But there came an hour of revelation,—an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and accomplice of this infamy.’

\* \* \* \* \*

‘She would neither leave him nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin. And hence came *two years* of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain the ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

‘Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He repudiated Christianity as authority, and asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called “the impulses of nature.” Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reasoning by which he justified himself in incest.’

So, only a few days before she left him for ever, after two years of convulsive struggle, during which he had been sedulously endeavouring to justify incest, she copies ‘*Parisina*’ (a tale of incest), and ‘would write out anything he desired in all the ignorance of innocence!’ She had neither seen nor suspected the cloven foot, though it had been daily thrust into her face. She was in a state of mind resembling that of our first parents before the fall, though she had eaten of the tree of knowledge; though an hour of revelation had come in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt: though she had long seen the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover. He repudiated Christianity as an authority, and yet directly afterwards (p. 395) we are assured that confirmed belief in its harshest tenets was his destruction.

The following letter was written by Lady Byron to the late Crabb Robinson the year before her communication to Mrs. Stowe :

‘Brighton, March 5th, 1855.

‘I recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy’s book which bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you doubt his being so. Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron’s feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator, I have  
always

always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . It is enough for me to remember, that he who thinks his transgressions beyond forgiveness (and such was his own deepest feeling), has righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner ; or, perhaps, of the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ("I love the virtues which I cannot claim") would have conquered every temptation. Judge then, how I must hate the Creed which made him see God as an avenger, not a Father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe*, with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be "turned into a curse" to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. "The worst of it is, I do believe," he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why "The Deformed Transformed" is too painful to me for discussion.'

To judge from her letters, Lady Byron's religious creed was of a singularly heterogeneous description, and very far from orthodox. She objects to Creeds and Articles, on the ground that the Christian Scripture is 'the charter of mankind,' and that 'to fashion it into cages is to deny its ultimate objects.' Even the Christian Scripture is too sectarian: 'The revelation through Nature never separates: it is the revelation through the Book which separates.' She thinks that, 'if St. Paul had edited a Review, he might have admitted Peter as well as Luke or Barnabas.' In fact, she was a broad-bottomed Christian, a very broad-bottomed one. She misunderstood her husband's religious opinions, as she misunderstood every other portion of his mind. They were those of many eminently intellectual, conscientious, and cultivated men. He did not absolutely disbelieve Christianity; but he was never able to arrive at unhesitating belief or faith, which is not quite so much a matter of volition as those who, happily for them, have attained it may suppose. His main difficulty arose from his very exalted conception of the Deity.

Neither does Lady Byron appear to have understood Dr. Kennedy, who proves that Byron's belief in predestination, and in his own sinfulness, had nothing to do with the inspiration of the Bible:—

"Of the wickedness and depravity of human nature, I have no doubt," said Lord B.: "I have seen too much of it in all classes of society; and under the mask of politeness and patriotism I have found

so much vileness and villany, that no one, except those who have witnessed it, can have any conception of, but these doctrines, which you mention, lead us back into all the difficulties of original sin, and to the stories in the Old Testament, which many who call themselves Christians reject. Bishop Watson, if I mistake not, rejected, or did not value, the Bible.”

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“But,” answered he, “I am now in a fairer way. I already believe in predestination, which I know you believe, and in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular; thus you see there are two points in which we agree. I shall get at the others by-and-bye; but you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once.”

We take it for granted that the following passage in the ‘Conversations’ attracted Lady Byron’s attention, if it did not give her a qualm:—

“I READ MORE OF THE BIBLE THAN YOU ARE AWARE,” SAID LORD B., “I HAVE A BIBLE WHICH MY SISTER GAVE ME, WHO IS AN EXCELLENT WOMAN, AND I READ IT VERY OFTEN.” HE WENT INTO HIS BEDROOM ON SAYING THIS, AND BROUGHT OUT A POCKET BIBLE, FINELY BOUND, AND SHEWED IT TO ME.’

This allusion to his sister was accidentally let drop a few months before his death in an earnest and solemn frame of mind. On another occasion, Dr. Kennedy states, he left the room ‘to fetch his sister’s Bible.’

The marriage took place on January 2nd, 1815. Lady Byron left him for ever January 15th, 1816. They lived together just one year and thirteen days. Mrs. Beecher Stowe talks of two years of struggle after the complete revelation, and she repeats herself on this essential point:—

‘These two years in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self were a series of passionate convulsions.

‘During this time such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were *ten* executions for debt levied on their family establishment; and it was Lady Byron’s fortune *each time* which settled the account.’

Lady Byron’s fortune did not come into possession till 1822, and her family refused to help him.\* This may be collected from a letter to Moore, March 8, 1816, in which he says:

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\* ‘You tell me the world says I married Miss Milbanke for her fortune, because she was a great heiress. All I have ever received, or am likely to receive (and that has been twice paid back too), was 10,000*l*.’ (Byron to Medwin). When her fortune came into possession by the death of her mother in 1822, the division of the income was left to arbitrators, Lord Byron being represented by Sir Francis Burdett.

‘I still



‘I still think, however, that if I had had a fair chance, by being placed in even a tolerable situation, I might have gone on fairly.’

In a conversation reported by Galt, he said:—

‘I was beset by duns, and at length an execution was levied, and the bailiffs put in possession of the very beds we had to sleep on. This was no very agreeable state of affairs, no very pleasant scene for Lady Byron to witness, and it was agreed she should pay her father a visit till the storm was blown over, and some arrangement had been made with my creditors.’\*

Moore says: ‘He had been even driven by the necessity of encountering such demands, to the trying expedient of parting with his books, which circumstance coming to Mr. Murray’s ears, that gentleman instantly forwarded to him 1500*l.*, with an assurance that another sum of the same amount should be at his service in a few weeks, and that if such assistance should not be sufficient, Mr. Murray was most ready to dispose of all his past copyrights for his use.’ This was two months before the separation, as appears from the date of his letter to Mr. Murray:—

‘November 14th, 1815.

‘I return your bills not accepted, but certainly not *unhonoured*. Your present offer is a favour which I would accept from you, if I accepted such from any man. . . . The circumstances which induce me to part with my books, though sufficiently, are not immediately, pressing.’

He was subsequently compelled to part with them; and if any account was settled out of his wife’s fortune, it would have been this. On March 6th, 1816, in the third month from the separation, he writes to Mr. Murray:—

‘I sent to you to-day for this reason; the books you purchased are again seized, and, as matters stand, had much better be sold at once by public auction. . . . This is about the tenth execution in as many months, so I am pretty well hardened; but it is fit I should pay the forfeit of my forefathers’ extravagance and my own.’

Did it ever occur to Mrs. Beecher Stowe that very strong language may be applied to people who, when reputation is at stake, are guilty of inaccuracy upon inaccuracy, which moderate attention would prevent? There is an amount of negligence which the English law holds tantamount to fraud. Even if Lady Byron told her that the ten executions happened in her time, and were settled out of her money, she should have verified the statement before adopting it.

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\* Galt’s ‘Life of Byron,’ ch. 23.

The improbabilities of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's drama thicken with the plot, and culminate in the catastrophe. After quoting and mis-describing Lady Byron's 'Remarks' of 1830, which she calls a letter, she goes on:—

'Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not *leave* her husband, but *was driven* from him,—driven from him that he might follow out the guilty infatuation that was consuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers in his house.

'For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room, and stopped to caress his favourite spaniel which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into the room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good-bye," offering at the same time her hand.

'Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantelpiece, and looking round on the two that stood there, with a sarcastic smile said, "When shall we three meet again?"

'Lady Byron answered: "In heaven, I trust." And those were her last words to him on earth.'

It is wonderful that even a sensational novelist should risk her reputation upon such incongruities. Intending to endow her heroine with all human, and some superhuman, virtues, she has forgotten a quality essential to the true dignity of the sex. She has forgotten to endow her with self-respect. To represent her living for years or months on the same footing with Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh, after the disclosure or discovery, or so much as tolerating Mrs. Leigh under her roof, was bad enough in all conscience, but to introduce her seeking them out to take a kindly farewell and give them a rendezvous in heaven, would excite contempt if it did not inspire incredulity. The scene is a moral impossibility.

Again, in one paragraph it is stated that the reaction of society broke up the guilty intrigue: in another, that Lady Byron made it a condition that the unhappy partner of his sins should not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. The fact is, nothing existing was broken or given up at all; there was never a thought of Mrs. Leigh's leaving England with or without him: but she remained with him at Lady Byron's request, and their correspondence (as we have shewn) continued unaltered till his death, and his tenderest words were addressed to her, when, according to Mrs. Beecher ~~Stowe~~

theory, 'Oh, no, we never mention her,' should and would have been the burthen of his song. The time for making the one condition (which never was made) was when the revelation came 'in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt.'

'She had him in her power, and he stood at her mercy!' Yet it was he who turned her out of doors, refused to take her proffered hand, kept the greater part of her fortune to himself, complained bitterly of her not speaking out, defied her, ridiculed her, insulted her, and by the frequency of his domestic revelations in prose and verse, provoked Curran's sarcasm, that 'he wept for the press, and wiped his eyes with the public.'

The audacity of misrepresentation cannot be pushed farther than in the following passage:—

'On his death-bed, it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him: "Go to my wife and tell her. . . ."

'Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the name of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. Suddenly he turned and said: "You will tell her all this—have you written it down?"

'*"My Lord,"* said his attendant, "I really have not understood a word you have been saying."

'*"O God!"* said the dying man; "then it is too late!" and he never spoke more.'

The authentic report, Fletcher's, runs thus:—

'On the same day, when he knew that he was dying, he was most anxious to make Fletcher, his old servant, understand his last wishes. The servant asked whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words. "Oh, no," he said, "it is now nearly over. Go to my sister—tell her. Go to Lady Byron; you will see her, and say ——" His voice faltered, and he continued to mutter to himself for nearly twenty minutes with much earnestness of manner, but in such a tone that only a few words could be distinguished. These, too, were only names: "*Augusta," "Ada," "Hobhouse," "Kinnaird."* He then said, "Now I have told you all." "*My Lord,"* said Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying." "Not understand me?" exclaimed Byron, with a look of the utmost distress; "what a pity! Then it is too late; all is over." "I hope not," answered Fletcher; "but the Lord's will be done."

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except to make it appear that Lady Byron was the sole object of his dying thoughts—which she was not, nor even the principal object—or to suggest (as would seem from what goes before in the Magazine) that the message to her expressed repentance for the crime which had separated them.

It is difficult to conceive anything more offensive or in worse taste than the paragraphs relating to Lady Lovelace, or the wretched cant by which what ought to be a plain narrative is defaced :—

‘As a mother her (Lady Byron’s) course was embarrassed by peculiar trials. Her daughter inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother’s life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother. During her early girlhood, her career was a source of more anxiety than of comfort.’

In other words, Lady Byron did not get on much better with her daughter than with her husband or her eldest grandson, and for the same reason. She could not understand characters so different from her own. The daughter learnt enough of the family history to come to the conclusion (which she decidedly expressed to Mr. Fonblanque) that the sole cause of the separation was incompatibility. It will not be forgotten that she was christened Augusta Ada. To proceed with Mrs. Beecher Stowe :—

‘She (Ada) married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant course as a gay woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease.

‘In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick-room, the daughter came wholly back to her mother’s arms and heart; and it was on that mother’s bosom that she leaned, as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Saviour.

‘To the children left by her daughter she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel; and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are some of the best and noblest of mankind:

‘The person whose connexion with Lord Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, *felt Lady Byron’s gracious and loving influences, was reformed and ennobled*; and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help.

‘There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother’s tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though the task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to *evil* in the subject of it,

it, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, till death took the responsibility from her hands.\*

‘During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron *would finally conquer* was unshaken.

‘To a friend who said to her, “Oh, how could you love him?” she answered, briefly, “My dear, there was the angel in him,”—it is in us all. It was in this angel that she had faith.’

And a very odd faith it was! What is meant (forty years after Byron’s death) by ‘would finally conquer,’ unless she believed in purgatory, or in the Manichæan doctrine, and assumed that the struggle was still pending between the good angel and the evil one? The spirit of evil would appear to have had uniformly the best of it, so far as all nearest in blood to him were concerned, unless and until Lady Byron came to the rescue with the Ithuriel spear of her purity; and even the memory of poor Mrs. Leigh (who died, as she had lived, unconscious of guilt, with her family and friends about her) must perforce be stained by the posthumous calumny of having been ‘reformed and ennobled by the gracious and loving influences’ of her calumniator; who, before she was well cold in her grave, industriously circulated the calumny, and finally supplied the most damning version of it to an American novelist to be dished up, seasoned, envenomed, and trumpeted to the world!

These extra-pious people, with their spiritualism, their ‘salvation made easy,’ and their intrusiveness at death-beds, must have an odd notion of ‘gracious and loving influences.’ They remind us of Isaac Walton and the frog when they treat their alleged converts, their sinners saved, ‘tenderly as if they loved them.’ They worry you when dying, and libel you when dead. They believe the worst of you in this world, and hope the best for you in the next. They fix a stigma upon your name, cast a reflected disgrace on your family, and pray for your soul.

Lady Byron certainly never had occasion to try her gracious and loving influences on Mrs. Leigh; and if she gave Mrs. Beecher Stowe to believe as much, it was another of those delusions which are most charitably accounted for by monomania. It is because she had many good qualities and did some good in her generation, that we are driven to this excuse for her. Her mind was not a weak one, but she had impaired it by religious speculations beyond her reach, and by long brooding over her trials, involving some real, and many imaginary, wrongs.

A mad world, my masters! Lady Byron could at first account

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\* As the child was not what the context may suggest, and has nothing to do with the story, this paragraph is to the last degree wanton and cruel; as every one who knows who that child was must feel.

for her gifted husband's conduct on no hypothesis but insanity; and now, by a sort of Nemesis, there is no other hypothesis on which the moralist can charitably account for hers. But there is this marked difference in their maladies: he morbidly exaggerated his vices, and she her virtues; his monomania lay in being an impossible sinner, and hers in being an impossible saint. He was the faulty, and she the faultless, monster the world ne'er knew. He in his mad moods did his best to blacken his own reputation, whilst her self-delusions invariably tended to damage the characters of all that were nearest and should have been dearest to her. Which was the more dangerous or less amiable delusion of the two?

We are not surprised to learn that Mrs. Beecher Stowe's triumphant reply, announced for November, has been indefinitely postponed; for we do not see how (independently of Lady Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh) she is to better her case, except in the very suspicious manner in which Lady Byron bettered hers, to the entire contentment of Dr. Lushington—by bringing up a reserve. Her wisest course would be deep contrition and apology. Neither do we see how any of the minor or incidental charges are to be confirmed. The only remaining sources of information, or confirmation, are the 'paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole, with the dates affixed;' the paper bequeathed to the three trustees by Lady Byron; the letters and documents in the possession of her grandchildren; and (last, not least) Dr. Lushington. If they tell a different story, they will not help the case: if they tell one and the same, they still, one and all, depend exclusively on the testimony, oral or written, of one shifting and mutable witness—*varium et mutabile semper*. In an Indian mythology, the elephant supports the earth, and the tortoise supports the elephant, but what supports the tortoise? It rests on empty space, on vagueness and hollowness. With regard to persons who reject evidence altogether, and contend that a man is guilty of a given crime because they think him capable of anything, it is simply impossible to argue with them. They forget, moreover, that two persons (one of stainless reputation) are involved.

If the editor, who played the part of literary Barnum to Mrs. Beecher Stowe in this country, had not been over-eager to certify her originality and authenticity, he would have been startled by her opening sentences:—

'The reading world has lately been presented with a book,\* which  
we

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\* 'My Recollections of Lord Byron, and those of Eye Witnesses of his Life;' in two volumes, 1869; certified by the publisher as 'the production of the celebrated Countess

we are informed by the trade sells rapidly, and appears to meet with universal favour.

'The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated. The mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast on him by his wife.'

The trade know better: the book has not sold rapidly, and instead of meeting with universal favour, has met with mingled censure, indifference, and neglect. The subject (meaning, object) is equally misstated. The 'mistress' of Lord Byron does not come before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast upon him by his wife: unless Mrs. Beecher Stowe wishes to imply that all the slanders and aspersions cast on him come from that quarter.

The book, divided into twenty-five chapters, contains 912 pages. A single chapter of the second volume (Ch. 12), headed 'Lord Byron's Marriage and its Consequences' (containing 57 pages), is devoted to his vindication in the character of a husband: it is little more than an amplification of Moore's remarks on the same subject, and comprises nothing but what was strictly necessary for his defence, which she rests, with Moore, on incompatibility.

What checked the circulation of her book was its prolixity, with its want of freshness and originality. Though not devoid of value and interest from the personal reminiscences interspersed, it disappointed the public; it repelled, instead of attracting, readers, which we regret; for she has brought together ample evidence that Lord Byron—if not the paragon of perfection he appeared to her—was largely endowed with many fine and noble qualities which it has been too much the fashion to deny to him. He died in the sustained conviction that the time would come when full justice would be done. That time has come, suddenly and unexpectedly, accelerated by the attempt to thrust him down into the lowest abyss of infamy. There are charges so damning that they compel inquiry; so shocking that people instinctively lay aside their partialities and prejudices to investigate them; and the public mind recovers its balance as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety. The charge against Lord Byron, as reproduced by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, was of this nature and intensity. Dragged by her from the murky twilight of insinuation and suspicion into the broad light of day, it has been tested and found wanting in every

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Countess Guiccioli.' This book, which originally appeared in French, had the advantage of an excellent translator in Mr. Hubert Jerningham, of the British Embassy at Paris. Any undue influence exercised by it was more than neutralised by an article of remarkable power and brilliancy from a female pen in the 'Times.'

element



element of probability and truth. The result no longer admits of doubt. Let her reiterate it, if she thinks proper; let her misstate, misquote, misunderstand, misrepresent as she will: long before the year closes, her true story will be almost universally pronounced a false story, and be flung aside with loathing and contempt.

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- ART. V.—1. *Report of the Royal Commission on Water-supply.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. June, 1869.
2. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on East London Water Bills, &c.* June, 1867.
3. *Report by Captain Tyler to the Board of Trade on the Quantity and Quality of the Water supplied by the East London Water-works Company, &c.* May, 1867.
4. *Weekly Return of Births and Deaths in London.* Published by authority of the Registrar-General.
5. *On Rivers.* Address at the Meeting of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art. By G. P. Bidder, Esq., President. Dartmouth, 1869.
6. *Water-analysis.* By J. Alfred Wanklyn and E. T. Chapman. London, 1868.

**T**HE duty of supplying water to three millions of people congregated in a large city is one of no light character. Of all the daily provisions which modern civilisation renders necessary for health and comfort, water is the most indispensable, as we may easily convince ourselves if we imagine a household deprived of it for a single day. The quantity required for domestic use is very large; it has often to be gathered from distant sources, dependent on uncertain meteorological conditions; and yet it must be supplied daily with unfailing regularity, and delivered on the topmost floor of every house; it must be of unquestionable purity, and must be charged for at a rate which will bring it within the means of the poorest of the community. But the domestic supply forms only a portion of the service. If we choose to set up a brewery, a dye-house, a public laundry, or any other large establishment where water is used, we expect it to be furnished in any quantity; we require it for cleaning our premises, slaking the thirst of our horses, watering our gardens, laying the dust on our roads, supplying our drinking and ornamental fountains, flushing our sewers, and extinguishing our fires; and, by a modern ingenious device, water is now used in towns as a motive power, to turn lathes, blow organs,

organs, actuate cranes, and perform, to some extent, the functions of the more subtle prime mover, steam. Yet, onerous as is the duty of supplying all these extensive and varied requirements, it is performed, amply and well, under the modern arrangements of large Water-works—arrangements which do credit at once to commercial enterprise and engineering skill.

The supply of water differs materially from ordinary domestic provisions, in that it is beyond the control of the individual member of the community. The consumer, in a large town, has no power to choose his own source, or dictate his own conditions; he is at the mercy of the parties undertaking the supply; he must be content with both the quantity and the quality of the water they furnish, and must submit to the terms they impose. Hence it is that the water supply of a large city assumes a public interest, for it is only by public action that its administration can be controlled. In the case of the metropolis, this interest has been manifested by frequent public investigations as to the manner in which the service has been performed. During the last few years, for reasons we shall hereafter mention, attention has been more prominently drawn to the subject than heretofore, and occasion has arisen for three distinct public inquiries into the condition and management of the metropolitan water supply. The latest and most comprehensive of these has just been concluded, and we propose to lay before our readers a general review of the present state of the question.

To make this clear, we must give some preliminary description of the different modes in which modern engineering science is applied to effect the water service of large towns.

The great source of all water supply is rain. When rain falls upon the earth some part of it will be re-evaporated or absorbed by vegetation, but the larger portion will either sink into the ground or flow off its surface by rivulets, streams, and rivers. The proportionate quantities disposed of in these two ways will depend on the geological formation of the country. If this consists of hard rocks, such as granites or slates, or of impervious strata, such as clays or marls, but little water will enter, the greater part running off in the streams; but if the strata are permeable, such as chalk, porous limestone, or sand, a much larger quantity will be absorbed. The strata thus saturated with water will then form great subterranean stores, from which will issue springs feeding the rivers at distant points and at lower levels.

There are three modes by which the water thus provided by nature is made available for the supply of towns. The first is to draw directly on the stores in the porous strata, by utilising the springs issuing from them or by sinking wells into their mass.

Wells

Wells in superficial alluvial ground have always afforded an easy means of obtaining water, and with the aid of suitable boring apparatus and efficient pumping power deeper permeable rocks may be laid under contribution. Brighton, for example, is supplied entirely by pumping from deep wells sunk in the chalk, and Liverpool partially by wells in the new red sandstone.

Secondly, towns may be supplied from rivers or streams running through or near them. Large towns are so frequently situated upon rivers, that it is a natural thing to use the water flowing so near at hand for the supply of the inhabitants; the service being effected, as in the case of wells, by mechanical pumping power.

The third mode is by forming large reservoirs, in hilly districts, to collect and store the surface-water, which is conveyed, by pipes or artificial conduits, to the place where it is to be used. If we look at a good map of any mountainous district, we shall see that, by the natural conformation of the ground, the rivulets draining different portions of the higher area gradually unite into one stream or river of considerable volume. By throwing a dam across such a stream, at a suitable place, we may form a reservoir, or artificial lake, which will collect all the drainage-water of the land-surface above it, this surface being then called the *drainage-area*, or *gathering-ground*. Hilly districts are chosen for this system of supply, because the rainfall is there more ample and the ground less interfered with; and the reservoirs generally lie at so high a level as to allow the water to flow by its own gravity to the town. From this latter circumstance, plans for water works on this principle have acquired the name of *gravitation* plans, in contrast to those for supplying from rivers, which are called *pumping* plans. In the former the sources are above, in the latter below, the levels of the places supplied. Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool (partially), Edinburgh, Sheffield, and many other towns lying near hilly districts, are served on the gravitation system.

There are certain important differences in the quality of the water obtained by these three modes. Water collected in mountainous districts generally approaches rain water in quality, there being little opportunity for it to gather foreign matters before it reaches the store reservoirs. On the other hand, water from springs and wells has, in traversing the porous strata, taken up mineral matter, which it retains in a saline form. River water combines the qualities of both these; much of it may flow down in a tolerably pure state from the upper lands, but this becomes mixed with springs, which impart to it the saline ingredients. There are, however, other impurities peculiar to river waters.

Rivers

Rivers drain cultivated and low-lying lands, and bring from them traces of manure and other animal and vegetable refuse, and when they flow by populous places they are often polluted by foul drainage. These causes give rise to what are called *organic* impurities, a class to which much attention has been devoted of late years.

London is supplied partly from springs and wells, but chiefly by pumping from the two neighbouring rivers, the Thames and the Lee. It will be interesting to trace the steps by which this service has arrived at its present important position. The earliest supplies were derived either from the river by direct carriage; or from wells in the superficial strata; or from out-lying spring-waters conveyed by artificial conduits into the town. In 1581, one Peter Morrys, an ingenious Dutchman, erected a pumping establishment at London Bridge, which forced water from the Thames through leaden or wooden pipes laid in the streets, and by branches into the houses. But as London extended, these works proved insufficient to reach the higher and more remote parts; and shortly after 1600 a great conduit, called the New River, was constructed, for bringing to the centre of the metropolis the waters of certain copious chalk springs near Hertford, which were supplemented soon afterwards by drawing on the head streams of the River Lee. The Thames, however, was not abandoned, as the London Bridge works still remained in action, and additional pumps were established at the same place for supplying the Surrey side. As the population went on increasing, further demands arose; and the seventeenth century and the first few years of the eighteenth saw the rise of seven or eight companies, who supplied different parts of the metropolis with water taken from the Thames and the Lee.

But now appeared the first symptoms of an evil which has ever since been prominent in a greater or less degree, but which is only now beginning to be properly understood: that is, the antagonism between the interests of the public and those of the commercial bodies on whom they were dependent for one of the necessities of life. The companies soon found they had a virtual monopoly of the supply of water, and took advantage of it by combining to raise their charges. This produced loud complaints, and led to a Parliamentary inquiry in 1821, which, though it was not followed by any special legislation, acted as a check to the evil.

Seven years afterwards, new complaints arose as to the quality of the water, which the companies supplied without any purification, just as it was drawn from the river. A Royal Commission  
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of three scientific men was appointed to investigate this question, and their report led to the adoption, for the first time, of *filtration*—one of the greatest advances ever made in the improvement of the water-supply. About twenty years later, however, it was found that, by the development of drainage works and the consequent increase of sewage matter discharged near London, and from other causes, the Thames was becoming foul to an extent and in a manner which filtration was powerless to purify. The General Board of Health took up the subject, and in a Report dated 1850 recommended that the river sources should be abandoned, and the supply be obtained from the drainage of certain porous strata in Surrey. The Government referred the matter to a second scientific commission, who disapproved of the Board of Health scheme, and expressed a more favourable opinion of the natural Thames water, if it could be procured free from accidental impurities; but they manifested a preference for spring water obtained from the chalk around London.

The Government appear to have been much perplexed by these conflicting opinions; but as it was evident that legislation of some kind was desirable, they, in 1851, introduced a Bill proposing to amalgamate the entire supply under one great company, who should be compelled to obtain water from such sources as the Secretary of State might direct. But the public had no confidence in the judgment of this official on such an important matter, and the proposition was modified, the following session, into an Act,\* which, while it did not interfere with the individuality of the companies, imposed on them some new and very important conditions. The chief of these was a change of the locality whence the water was drawn. The flux and reflux of the tide, extending as far as Teddington Lock, about twenty miles above London, carried backwards and forwards the filth discharged, now in large quantities, near the metropolis; and it was manifest that the only way to escape the contamination was to take the water from the pure descending stream of the river above Teddington. The Act of 1852 made it incumbent on all the companies drawing water from the Thames to remove their points of intake above the tidal range; and it laid down stringent provisions for the effectual filtration of the water, and for its preservation in good condition. The changes required by the Act were completed in 1856, and this brings us to the present state of things.

The water supply of London is now furnished by eight companies, each serving a separate and defined district. On the

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\* 'The Metropolis Water Act,' 15 & 16 Vict., cap. 84.

north side of the Thames we find, first in importance, the *New River* Company, who supply the whole of central London with water brought from springs and streams near Hertford by their well-known artificial conduit, formerly 40 miles in length, but now reduced to 28 miles. The portion of London eastward of the New River district is supplied by the *East London* Company with water pumped from the Lee near Walthamstow. The north-western districts are appropriated by three companies, the *Chelsea*, the *West Middlesex*, and the *Grand Junction*, who all take water from the Thames above Kingston. On the south side of the river are the *Lambeth* and the *Southwark and Vauxhall* Companies, who also take water from the same part of the Thames, and serve the southern and south-western districts. The south-eastern area is supplied on a different system by the *Kent* Company, who pump water from wells sunk into the chalk strata prevailing in the neighbourhood.

The mechanical arrangements for effecting the supply are pretty nearly the same with all the companies. The water is first allowed to stand for a day or two in large subsiding tanks, and is then filtered through fine sand; the filtered water is stored in covered reservoirs, and is forced by pumping-power into the street mains, from which it passes by service-pipes entering the houses. The Kent Company are allowed to dispense with the subsidence and filtering, in consideration of the natural clearness of their water.

The aggregate capital of the eight companies amounts to 8,769,514*l.*; their districts cover 224½ square miles of ground; and they distribute among three millions of inhabitants above 100,000,000 gallons of water per day. It may give an idea of the magnitude of this quantity to state that it would fill Westminster Hall twelve times over, and is as much as is contained in the Thames at low water between London and Blackfriars Bridges.

After the new works consequent on the Act of 1852 had come into full operation, an investigation of the effect of the change was made on the part of the Government, and the result showed a marked improvement in the quality of the supply. But attention began now to be more closely directed to the quality of potable waters, and to the effect upon health of the impurities they might contain. During the outbreaks of cholera in 1849 and 1854, some suspicious facts had been observed which seemed to connect the spread of the disease in some manner with the drinking water; the attention of the Registrar-General's department became drawn to the subject, and an arrangement was made under which the waters supplied

by the various companies were analysed monthly by competent chemists, the reports being published in the official Returns of the Health of the Metropolis.

On the re-appearance of the epidemic in the eastern districts of London in 1866, the mortality was again ascribed to bad water, and the Board of Trade instituted a public enquiry into the circumstances. This was conducted by Captain Tyler, with great impartiality and diligence, and his report showed that, by some faulty arrangements at the East London works, the foul waters of the lower part of the river Lee had found their way into the company's reservoirs, and that thus a case of grave suspicion was made out, although some doubt appeared to hang over the actual connexion of the water-supply with the spread of the disease.

The case, however, was of sufficient importance to warrant a more general investigation; and on the occasion of a committee of the Commons being appointed in 1867 on some metropolitan water-bills, the House took the opportunity of instructing them to enquire generally into the operation and results of the Metropolis Water Act, of which, as it came into operation in 1856, ten years' experience had been gained. The committee entered fully into the whole subject, and reported favourably of both the quantity and quality of the existing supply.

The third enquiry was more comprehensive still, as it extended to the fundamental principles on which the supply of the metropolis was based. The reports of the Registrar General had tended to create a popular impression not only that the water actually furnished was impure and unfit for domestic use, but that it was objectionable on principle to supply, for human consumption, water drawn from large rivers draining the country through which they flowed. Taking advantage of this impression, several proposals were publicly brought forward for abandoning the present sources, and supplying the metropolis on a different principle, namely, that which we have defined as the *gravitation* system. The most prominent of these was a scheme projected by Mr. J. F. Bateman, an eminent civil engineer, who had recently constructed large gravitation water works for Manchester and Glasgow, and who now proposed to bring into London, by an artificial conduit 180 miles long, water collected in great reservoirs to be formed on the head streams of the Severn, in the mountains of North Wales. A somewhat similar project was proposed by Messrs. Hemans and Hassard, their source being the high natural lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, 90 miles farther away.

In December, 1866, a Royal Commission was appointed to consider these schemes, their instructions being afterwards extended



tended to the supply of the metropolis generally, both present and future. The commissioners were, the Duke of Richmond; Sir John Thwaites, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works; Colonel Harness, C.B., of the Royal Engineers; Sir Benjamin Phillips, Alderman of the City of London; Mr. T. E. Harrison, Vice-President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and Mr. Prestwich, the eminent geologist. The commissioners devoted two years and a half to the investigation, and their report is now before us. Passing over all minor details of the distribution, it gives a full and careful discussion of the general principles, both scientific and administrative, involved in the question. It is accompanied by minutes of evidence from a large number of witnesses, many of whom are of high authority; and it is illustrated by various explanatory appendices, and numerous and elaborate maps and drawings. It forms altogether one of the most valuable and comprehensive documents extant on the subject of the metropolitan water-supply.

The commencement of the report is devoted to the investigation of the various new schemes and sources brought under the notice of the commissioners; but they afterwards pass on to consider, at much length, the capabilities of the basin of the Thames. They say,

‘The gigantic schemes proposed for supplying London with water gathered in the distant mountain ranges of the country have been projected on the assumption that the nearer and more natural supply derived from the Thames valley was either deficient in quantity or unsuitable in quality, or both. It becomes, therefore, our duty to inquire whether there is sufficient justification for either of these suppositions; and we will consider them each in turn.’

We cannot do better than follow the commission in this order of enquiry.

The element of *quantity* is soon disposed of. Objectors to the present state of things have sometimes assumed an almost unlimited prospective increase of the demand for water, while they have hinted at a large possible diminution, in dry seasons, of the sources of supply. But these vague assumptions vanish before plain facts and logical reasoning. The present demand is, as we have stated, about 100 millions of gallons per day, and no doubt it will increase, as it has done heretofore; but we must be careful how we apply the past *rate* of increase to the future. The population of London has doubled itself in about forty years, but the commission, after well considering the subject, are of opinion that this high rate has been abnormal, and is not likely to continue. They assume that the largest population that need be  
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looked forward to is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 millions. Then as to the daily allowance of water per individual; it has increased from 23 gallons in 1829 to 32 gallons in 1867; but this the commission account for by a general advance in sanitary arrangements and domestic cleanliness, believing that further increase is unnecessary except in the poorer districts, where it should be obtained, not by augmenting the supply, but by diminishing the waste. By a somewhat elaborate calculation, taking these considerations into account, the commission estimate that a maximum consumption of double the present amount, or 200 millions of gallons per day is the highest demand that need be anticipated.

It remains, therefore, to be seen whether this quantity can be conveniently obtained from the Thames basin. We have full and trustworthy data as to the flow of the Thames, given before the commission by Mr. John Thornhill Harrison, formerly a member of the Commission on the Pollution of Rivers. The flow of the Thames at Kingston averages about 1350 millions of gallons per day, but it varies much at different times. In floods the stream is so large as scarcely to admit of accurate measurement, but in dry seasons it is reduced to about 600 or 700 millions. In extreme droughts it has been found somewhat below 400 millions of gallons for a month at a time; 350 millions are said to be an exceptional thing, occurring only for a few days in the course of many years.

The present quantity abstracted from the Thames is only 50 millions of gallons daily, but the companies have power to draw 110 millions of gallons, and if this full quantity were taken, the only evil would be the diminution of the stream for a few days or weeks, in exceptional dry seasons, by one-third or one-fourth of its volume. But even this diminution would only be felt for the four or five miles between Hampton and Teddington, as below that point the river would be kept at its normal volume by the action of the tide.

To provide for further increase of the demand, a plan would be adopted which is in very common use on variable rivers, namely, the formation, in the upper part of the valley, of store reservoirs, which would be filled during floods, and would give out water in dry seasons. The application of this plan to the Thames is pronounced by competent engineers to be very easy, and by it the commission believe that double the authorised quantity, or 220 millions of gallons per day, might safely be drawn from the stream. To this they add the present amount of 50 millions obtainable from the Lee, and 30 millions which they estimate might be procured from the chalk strata to the south  
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and south-east of London; thus making the practicable yield of the Thames basin 300 millions of gallons, or 50 per cent. more than, in their opinion, will ever be required.

The *quality* of the Thames water comes next under review, and from its importance it requires careful investigation. 'It admits of no question,' say the commissioners, 'that the metropolis ought to be supplied with water that is perfectly wholesome in quality; and if it could be clearly proved that either now, or in a proximate future, wholesome water could not be obtained from the Thames basin, the question of the abandonment of the source would demand prompt attention.'

Much of the foreign matter contained in river waters is of a nature perfectly harmless. Large rivers are almost always more or less turbid, but the matter that gives this appearance is only mechanically *suspended* in the water, and is easily removable by the processes of *subsidence* and *filtration*. If a quantity of such water be allowed to stand at rest for some time, its heavier impurities will be deposited by their own gravity; and if it be then passed through a properly constructed filter, the lighter particles will also be arrested, and the water will come out as bright and pellucid as spring water. Indeed, filtration is only an artificial substitute for the natural clarifying process which spring waters undergo.

But there are other matters chemically *dissolved* in river water, which pass through the filtering material. These matters are divisible into two classes, broadly distinguishable from each other, namely,—

(a) Mineral or *inorganic* substances, such as alkaline and earthy salts, which are chiefly derived from the springs.

(b.) *Organic* substances, which become added to the waters during their flow.

Objections have been urged to the Thames water in regard to each of these, and we will consider them in turn.

(a.) The mineral or inorganic contents of Thames water amount to from 15 to 20 grains in each imperial gallon; more than one half is carbonate of lime, and the rest sulphate of lime, with salts of magnesia, soda, potash, and silica, and traces of alumina and iron. The question then arises, Do such matters, in such quantities, render the water at all unwholesome for drinking purposes? The Board of Health, in 1850, expressed an opinion in the affirmative; but the Chemical Commission who followed them—a body having much greater authority—reversed their judgment. This commission say—

'No sufficient grounds exist for believing that the mineral contents

of the water supplied to London are injurious to health. No reasonable doubt, indeed, can be entertained of its salubrity. The portion of lime and magnesian salts in the water drunk must indeed be greatly exceeded in general by the quantity of the same salts which enter the system as solid food.'

They further produce instances where waters containing four or five times the quantity of such salts are drunk with impunity, and they point out that the objections have been erroneously based on experience with water containing salts of other kinds. They even go so far as to say that the amount and nature of the saline constituents of Thames water 'probably contribute to its general acceptability as a beverage.'

The Commission of 1866, after hearing evidence on the point, fully adopt this opinion. 'Perfectly pure water,' they say, 'does not exist in nature; all springs and river waters contain more or less mineral ingredients, and it is only in mountain districts, where hard and non-calcareous rocks prevail, that water is found approaching a nearer standard of purity.' Geology informs us of the great prevalence of calcareous formations on the earth's surface, and it is estimated that four-fifths of the drinking water provided by nature for man's use must be impregnated with such salts as those found in the Thames, and often in a higher degree. The natural preference for spring waters is well known; an eminent authority says: 'The bright, sparkling, hard waters which gush out in frequent springs from our chalk and other limestone rocks are relished to drink, not merely because they are grateful to the eye, but because there is something exhilarating in the excess of carbonic acid they contain, and give off as they pass through the warm mouth and throat, and because the lime they hold in solution removes acid matters from the stomach, and thus acts as a grateful medicine to the system. To abandon the use of such a water, and to drink daily in its stead one entirely free from mineral matter, so far from improving may generally injure the individual or local health.'\*

The municipal authorities of Paris found it necessary a few years ago to choose new sources for an extensive supply. Their attention was directed to soft water obtainable from the granite range of the Morven; but through mistrust of the quality, preference was given to the waters of the calcareous formations. The French engineers and chemists attached great importance, for drinking purposes, to the presence of the bi-carbonate of lime,

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\* 'Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' vol. lxxv. p. 499.

and they held that about the proportion of that salt contained in the chalk waters was not only unobjectionable, but positively beneficial, and hence this source was adopted by the city.\*

Another and better-founded objection to the mineral contents of the Thames water applies to its use as a detergent. Water charged with salts of lime has the property of decomposing soap to a certain extent, by the combination of the lime with the fatty acids. Such water is popularly termed 'hard,' and it consumes a larger quantity of soap than soft water. Great stress has been laid on this objection, and calculations have been made of the waste thus occasioned; but these have been much exaggerated, as the water loses the greater portion of its hardness by boiling, and the simple corrective of a little soda is familiar to every washerwoman.

The Water-supply Commission give their opinion on this point as follows:—

'There is no doubt that this evidence is conclusive and cogent as to the great advantage of soft water over hard for washing and, with some few important exceptions, for general manufacturing purposes: and if we were treating of the supply of a town like those in the manufacturing districts of England, where large quantities of water were required for these purposes, the objection to the present supply would assume a more serious aspect. But the amount of manufacturing industry in the metropolis, of a kind to demand large supplies of soft water, is exceedingly small in proportion to the population, and it must be recollected that . . the hardness of the Thames water is moderate in degree, and . . the softening influence of boiling largely diminishes the evil. To these exceptional cases, also, the softening process of Dr. Clark would be easily applicable.

'There is no doubt also that in personal ablutions and washing generally the use of soft water is more pleasant and economical, but we think the latter advantage has been much over-estimated. The soap is usually applied out of the water, and therefore it is with the small quantity of water adherent to the object washed that we have to deal, and not with the total quantity used for rinsing to remove the soap. It is certain, however, that when a soft water or rain water can be obtained for these purposes it will always be preferred. . . . On the whole we cannot see that the advantages of soft water in this respect are of sufficient importance to justify going to a great distance to obtain it, in place of the ample supply nearer at hand.' †

Against the disadvantages of hard water for detergent and manufacturing purposes, may be set off some considerations on the other side. Soft waters are often liable to be discoloured by peat, and from their greater solvent power they are more apt

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\* 'Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' vol. xxv. p. 481.

† Report, paragraphs 173 and 260.



from town refuse passed designedly into them by sewers. The Thames, above Hampton, drains 3676 square miles of area, on which dwell 888,000 people; and although, as the commission show, only portions of this area and of these inhabitants effectively contribute to the organic contamination of the river, there is still enough to demand serious attention.

But, fortunately, this evil is met by a most beneficent provision of nature for effecting spontaneously the purification of the stream. We cannot better describe this than in the words of the report:—

‘Some of the noxious matter is removed by fish and other animal life, and a further quantity is absorbed by the growth of aquatic vegetation; but in addition to these abstractions, important changes are effected by chemical action. The organic compounds dissolved in the water appear to be of very instable constitution and to be very easily decomposed, the great agent in this decomposition being oxygen, and the process being considerably hastened by the motion of the water. Now as such waters always contain naturally much air dissolved in them, the decomposing agent is ready at hand to exert its influence the moment the matter is received into the water; in addition to which the motion causes a further action by the exposure to the atmosphere; and when (as in the Thames) the water falls frequently over weirs, passes through locks, &c., causing further agitation and aëration, the process must go on more speedily and more effectually. The effect of the action of oxygen on these organic matters, when complete, is to break them up, to destroy all their peculiar organic constitution, and to rearrange their elements into permanent inorganic forms, innocuous and free from any deleterious quality.’

This purifying process is no mere theoretical speculation; there is abundant practical evidence of its real action in the Thames and other rivers, and its beneficial influence, to a certain extent, is, we believe, universally admitted. But chemists are not agreed as to the degree of purification effected, and the question presents itself,—Is the Thames water at Hampton liable still to contain such undecomposed organic impurity as will render it dangerous or unwholesome for human consumption?

In attempting to answer this question, the most natural appeal will be to chemical analysis; but here we are met at once by the intricate nature of the investigation. The commission say:—

‘The question now naturally arises, can we not, by careful analysis of the Thames water, discover what quantity of organic matters it contains; what is the nature and character of such matters; and how far they are deleterious or otherwise? We have endeavoured to arrive at a solution of this question, but unfortunately without much success.’



success. The inquiry seems beset with difficulty. The organic matter is present only in very small quantities, and in shapes and conditions which are very difficult to identify and to reduce to actual measure. The treatment of them is still a problem in chemical science, only now beginning to be effectually studied, and the most eminent chemists are yet by no means agreed either as to the processes most proper to be followed in the analyses, or as to the value and bearing of the results obtained.

‘It does not follow that all organic matter in water is prejudicial; great mistakes have arisen on this point, as it is often given out that the very suspicion of organic contents of any kind in a drinking water should disqualify it for use. But almost all our drinks other than water owe their distinctive qualities to the varieties of their organic contents, and hence it is clear that the presence of organic matter *per se* is not necessarily prejudicial. It is however necessary, in potable waters which contain organic matter, carefully to distinguish between such combinations as are innocent and such as are noxious; and here lies one of the greatest difficulties.’

Let us see, however, what chemical analysis can and does say of the organic impurities of the Thames water.

The Chemical Commission of 1851, analysing waters taken within the tideway, found a quantity of organic matter varying from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 grains per gallon, giving from 1-30th to 1-10th of a grain of nitrogen. They add, ‘The existence of nitrogen is generally supposed to imply the animal origin of organic matter, and on such evidence a minute and probably unimportant portion of animal organic matter would be admitted to be present.’ Messrs. Hofmann and Blyth’s analysis, made in 1856, after the intake of the companies had been removed above the tideway, shewed that a very considerable diminution had taken place in the amount of organic matter, which was not more than half that present in 1851.

Coming to a later time we find considerable difference of opinion among the most eminent chemists as to the best mode of determining organic matter in water. Captain Tyler alludes at some length to this, but the controversy has extended since his report was published, and is yet, we believe, far from conclusion. In this unsettled state of the scientific question we cannot hope for very positive data, but by giving the results obtained by different chemists and different processes, we can at least show how exceedingly minute are the matters under discussion.

An analysis made in 1867, by Messrs. Letheby, Odling, and Abel, showed that the quantity of organic matter in the filtered London waters could not exceed one grain per gallon, and that the ammonia (indicating animal origin) was almost infinitesimally small. Professor Wanklyn and Mr. Chapman, adopting a method

a method of testing for exceedingly minute quantities of animal matter, give the amounts of 'albuminoid ammonia' in well filtered Thames water, at 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  part in *twenty million* parts of water, or about 1-250th of a drop in each gallon; a quantity which we may indeed call infinitesimal. These chemists add the following statement illustrating the organic condition of water from different sources.

'Taking properly filtered samples of Thames water, we shall on looking through the table, see an extraordinary regularity in the albuminoid character of good town waters during the summer months. Thus—

During Summer Months.							Albuminoid Ammonia in 1,000,000 parts.	
Thames (well filtered) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	·06	to ·08
New River (London) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	·05	to ·064
Manchester ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	·06	to ·07
Edinburgh (town supply) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	·063	to ·075
Glasgow (Loch Katrine) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	·08	

'The great constancy of these numbers is a most remarkable thing, especially when it is borne in mind how very different are the sources of the waters which yield them. The Thames water, as it exists in the river near Hampton Court, has received much refuse of various kinds, even sewage. The Manchester water comes off the moorlands of Derbyshire, being collected in reservoirs at Woodhead, and conveyed thence in pipes to Manchester. The Edinburgh supply comes partly from springs which are carefully tended and which arise some miles from that city. The Glasgow water comes from Loch Katrine. And yet notwithstanding this diversity of origin and of history we find the character of all of them so much alike that the albuminoid ammonia is comprised between the narrow limits of ·05 to ·08 parts. It would seem as if there were natural processes at work, tending to equalise the quality of natural water that is freely exposed to air and light.'

Dr. Frankland, the chemist to the Registrar-General, determines several elements which have to do with organic impurity, and the mean amounts of which for 1868 were about as follows:—

							In 100,000 parts of Water.	
Organic carbon ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0·16	
Organic nitrogen ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0·025	
Ammonia ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0·001	
Nitrogen as nitrates and nitrites ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0·23	

The first of these is supposed to be largely of vegetable origin; the last refers, not to present organic matter, but to inorganic salts, on the import of which we shall speak hereafter; only the second and third items apply to this part of the case.

It will now be seen what exceedingly minute quantities we  
are

are dealing with in treating of the organic matter in Thames water. Those chemists who venture to determine the quantity of the matter itself, put it at a single grain—about the weight of a pin's head—in a gallon of water; those who measure it by the ammonia or by the nitrogen are obliged to resort to fractions so small that we may almost doubt whether they represent anything tangible, and may still more reasonably hesitate to draw from them any practical argument against the wholesomeness of the water. So small, in fact, is the proportion of organic matter that if it were prussic acid or strychnia it would do us no harm, much stronger solutions of both these substances being daily administered in medicine.

The commission, finding that the analyses already existing had reference only to water drawn at one point of the Thames, caused a hydrological survey to be made of the river basin, and samples of the water from various parts to be analysed by Drs. Frankland and Odling. This examination shows the remarkable and satisfactory result that 'the water of the Thames is purer and better adapted for domestic purposes at Hampton (where the supply is taken) than at any other point in its course.' Some remarks and calculations added by Dr. Odling are singularly instructive in regard to the degree of contamination and subsequent purification of the river. It is known by physiological chemistry that if the excretions of the 800,000 inhabitants on the banks of the upper Thames were all poured into the river, they ought to add to the water at Hampton a quantity of unoxydized nitrogen equal to 0.300 parts in 100,000. But the analysis shows only an addition of 0.015, or 1-20th of the expected amount. Moreover the *total* quantity of unoxydized nitrogen at Hampton (0.024) is actually less than that contained in many tributaries that drain sparsely populated districts, such as the Kennet above Hungerford (0.034), the Wey above Godalming (0.066), the water from Bagshot sands (0.046), and the Thame (0.073). If therefore these small figures are sufficiently accurate to reason upon, they show that it is impossible, by the most refined chemical science, to recognise in the Thames at Hampton any organic contamination whatever traceable to the large urban populations on the area above.

Dr. Letheby confirms this by independent evidence. He says, 'At the present moment I cannot perceive through the most refined chemical processes the existence of a particle of sewage in the water at Hampton where the Thames companies take their supply.' Dr. Miller also states that though he detected organic matter, he 'should not call it sewage.' Dr. Farr, on behalf of the Registrar-General, states that his analyst had

had come to the conclusion that the water, though it had contained very noxious matter at a former period, did not contain anything noxious at the time he took it at the mains; and Dr. Frankland himself says, 'I am very anxious not to convey the impression that analysis had discovered anything actually injurious in the water.'\* Mr. Hawksley, an engineer of great experience in water supply, describes the organic matter as of a very innoxious character.

Thus chemistry not only testifies to the infinitesimal smallness of the quantity of organic matter in Thames water, but also assures us of its harmless quality; a result remarkably in contrast with the vague assertions we so often hear, that we are compelled to drink the sewage of nearly a million of people. In reality the organic impurities of wine or beer, or, indeed, of almost any article of ordinary consumption, far exceed those in Thames water, and if the style of argument applied to this were generally to prevail, it would be difficult to find satisfactory food or drink of any kind.

But apart from the delicate refinements of chemical analysis, we may appeal to a broader test, that of practical experience, and ask whether this has given any reason to question the wholesomeness of the water-supply? Some years ago, while it was taken within the tideway, there were undoubtedly cases of grave suspicion, as there was in 1866 from the accidental distribution of foul water from the Lee; but we find no evidence that the water properly supplied under the provisions of the Act of 1852 is otherwise than good and wholesome. Many eminent witnesses before the Royal Commission testify to its general salubrity. Mr. Simon, medical officer to the Privy Council, says, 'Speaking of it in its broad ordinary chemical characters, I should say it is a fair water supply. I am not aware there is much fault to be found with it.' Dr. Letheby, medical officer of health to the Corporation of London, gives his opinion, founded not only on monthly analyses over a long period of time, but also on an observation of the use of the waters very extensively, that there is no evidence whatsoever that the metropolitan waters are in any way objectionable as a public supply. He thinks them thoroughly wholesome. Professor Wanklyn testifies that the Thames water, after proper filtration, becomes excellent. Dr. Frankland, though he strongly objects

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\* Subsequently to his examination before the Commission Dr. Frankland has reported the occasional presence at Teddington of unoxysed sewage in the river. His identification of the matter as sewage, however, does not seem clear or conclusive, particularly as he appears to consider it might be removed by more careful filtration.

to the use of the Thames water for other reasons, admits that he 'cannot trace any direct connection between the present supply and the health of the metropolis,' which no doubt he would soon be able to do if its influence were deleterious. Dr. Odling describes the water supplied to London as, in his opinion, perfectly wholesome. Dr. Miller calls the water above Teddington 'very good' even under a scanty flow. Mr. Hawksley speaks practically of the water as very excellent and very pure; and his opinion is corroborated by other practical men.

We are bound to attach much weight to this broad practical testimony, and to the entire absence of any evidence supporting a contrary view. Whether a water supplied on such an immense scale is wholesome or otherwise cannot be a matter of much doubt, as any injurious qualities must be manifested by their effects. Every family in London must be, to a certain extent, experts in their judgment of what comes under their daily experience; and it would seem highly improbable, in the presence of the skilful medical practice and close hygienic observation that go on in this metropolis, that any deleterious influences could exist in the water-supply without speedy detection. The general health of London is notoriously good, and contrasts favourably with that of other large towns. The average death-rate for 1868 of the fourteen largest towns in the kingdom was 25·63 per 1000, that of London being 23·59. The death-rates in Glasgow and Manchester, both supplied with water after the Registrar's own heart, were 30·47 and 32·00 respectively.

The Royal Commission, having regard to the facts mentioned above, express the following opinion on this part of the case:—

'The evidence we have collected on this subject (the organic impurities generally) presents great diversities of opinion; but there is one result which, we think, is clearly deducible from the facts before us, namely, that in the present state of chemical science, analysis fails to discover, in properly filtered Thames water, anything positively deleterious to health. Whatever may be the difference of opinion with respect to the time required for removal of all the objectionable organic matter, all the chemists agree that in Thames water taken from the present source and properly filtered, all such matter has disappeared, and that the resulting compounds therein are innocuous and harmless.

'Having carefully considered all the information we have been able to collect, we see no evidence to lead us to believe that the water now supplied by the companies is not generally good and wholesome.'

But the objection to the Thames water on the ground of organic contamination has lately been urged in another and somewhat novel

novel form, referring, not to actual, but to potential danger. The commission state this as follows :—

‘It is said that water which has been once contaminated with sewage may still contain undecomposed organic matter, which, though inappreciable by the most delicate chemical tests, may still exercise prejudicial effects on the human system.

‘The strongest form of this objection has reference to some opinions now prevalent, that certain forms of disease, such as cholera and typhoid fever, are propagated by germs contained in excremental matter; and it is conceived possible that when matter of this kind once gets into streams, these germs may escape destruction and long preserve their dangerous character. It is said that no process is known by which such noxious material can be removed from water, and therefore it is argued that water which has at any time been contaminated by sewage is thenceforth unsuitable for domestic use.’

This theory, originally propounded, we believe, by Dr. Snow after the cholera outbreaks of 1849 and 1854, has been supported by Sir William Jenner and other eminent medical men, and was mentioned prominently at the late meeting of the British Medical Association at Leeds. Several witnesses before the commission appear to give it more or less support. Dr. Lyon Playfair considers that the drainage of animal organic matter ought to be looked upon with particular apprehension, and that its presence in water is most objectionable, as its degree of oxydation will always be uncertain. Mr. Simon says water may have a fatal influence, though chemists may be unable to identify its particular contamination. It ought, he thinks, to be made an absolute condition for a public water-supply, that it should be uncontaminable by drainage. Dr. Parkes classes London water as a ‘suspicious water.’ Sir Benjamin Brodie considers that sewage may contain poisonous matter, though its nature may be entirely unknown, and though the injurious character of water impregnated with it may be long undiscovered; no known causes can be relied on for removing such noxious matter, and its presence in water, even in very minute proportions, might be extremely injurious to health.

In the reports of the Registrar-General this theory is fully adopted, and strongly urged as an argument for abandoning the present sources of supply. Dr. Frankland admits the incompetence of chemical science to discover anything injurious in the water. He says :—

‘It cannot be too widely known that chemical analysis is utterly powerless to detect any matter positively injurious to health in any of the forms of animal refuse which go to contaminate water. It is for the physiologist, not the chemist, to say what influence the admix-

of excrementitious matters into drinking water has upon the health of the community; if his verdict is that they have none, then water analysis for sanitary purposes becomes useless.'

But, loth to exclude from the discussion a science in which he is so able an expert, he applies it in a new and ingenious way; he professes to ascertain, not the present state of the water, but its previous history, which he conceives he can infer by internal evidence of a peculiar kind. So far as we can understand his argument it appears to be as follows:—When town sewage or the refuse from manure is mixed with running water, the nitrogenous organic matters undergo slow oxydation and conversion into ammonia, nitric and nitrous acids; the two latter combine with earthy or alkaline bases and form *nitrates* and *nitrites*, which are permanent, and may be detected by ordinary analysis. It is also known, by testing sewage, how much nitrogen it contains; and hence an estimate can be formed of what quantity of nitrates and nitrites ought to be produced by its conversion. Now Dr. Frankland first ascertains the quantity of nitrates and nitrites in the Thames water, and then, assuming that these (deducting a small constant for the nitrogen of rain-water) have arisen from the previous presence of drainage matter, he calculates the amount of sewage necessary to produce them, and publishes his result in a table, calling it the 'previous sewage contamination' of the water. Thus, he asserts in the report for 1867 that every 100,000 lbs. of the original water, descending as rain, had been contaminated during its flow in the streams with sewage or manure matter equivalent to about 2000 lbs. of 'average filtered London sewage.' His reports, thus expressed, are widely circulated month after month, and it is desirable to examine somewhat closely what they really imply.

In the first place, it must be stated that the correctness both of Dr. Frankland's analytical processes and of his philosophical deductions, in this matter, are called in question by, as far as we know, all other chemists skilled in water analysis. Three among the most eminent of these,—Messrs. Letheby, Odling, and Abel,—say in a joint report:—

'Without discussing the question of the general applicability of Dr. Frankland's method of water analysis, which is at present we believe almost exclusively employed by him, we must express our dissent from one of the inferences which he founds upon his analytical results. In particular, we contend that the proportion of nitrogen discovered in water, in the forms of nitric acid, ammonia, &c., is not a trustworthy measure of the extent to which that water has, at some time or other, been contaminated by sewage, inasmuch as the nitrogen compounds existing in a water may, on the one hand, greatly exceed  
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and, on the other, equally fall short of those which would be furnished by the addition to the water of a given proportion of sewage, using the latter term in the broad sense in which it has been applied by Dr. Frankland.'

Sir Benjamin Brodie says, speaking of Dr. Frankland's and another mode of water analysis, 'I think that they are imperfect both as regards previous sewage contamination and actual sewage contamination;' and he gives chemical reasons at some length. He adds, 'There are undoubtedly several questions which give ample room for difference of opinion; there is the observation and the value that we are to attach to the observation, and even then it is a further question how you are to interpret the analysis, supposing it to be correct. . . . I still hold to my opinion that we have no accurate measure of the sewage matter in the water, or even of the previous sewage in the water.' Dr. Miller says, 'He (Dr. Frankland) finds nitric acid or nitrates, and he assumes what I think he is not justified in assuming—namely, that those nitrates are the result of the putrefaction, or rather of the decomposition, of sewage matter. . . The experiments of M. Boussingault and others show distinctly that the formation of nitrates does occur where there can be no suspicion of previous sewage contamination.' Messrs. Wanklyn and Chapman say, 'In fine, presence or abundance of nitrates does not necessarily show defilement by means of sewage, and deficiency of nitrates does not show absence of defilement.' Other authorities join in the same doubts, and the commission appear to have felt unable to accept Dr. Frankland's argument. In short, it is difficult to perceive either any scientific value, or still less any practical utility in this 'previous sewage contamination' idea. Disputed, both in principle and practice, by every chemist except its inventor, and professedly incapable of giving any information on the actual condition of the water, it presents irreconcilable discrepancies and anomalies in the data it pretends to furnish, and it tells us nothing of any importance that we did not know much better before.\*

## Recurring,

\* The companies complain, and we think with reason, that, admitting the chemical correctness of the Registrar's analyses of the London waters, the manner in which they are put before the public is calculated to produce needless alarm and groundless popular prejudice against the present sources of supply. The prominent reiteration, month after month, of the terrifying charge of an enormous 'sewage contamination,' must produce an impression on the great mass of the public (who know nothing of the doubtful and disputed grounds on which the statement is founded, or the far-fetched and monstrous exaggeration it is intended to bear), that it refers to some well-defined and continued unwholesome present state of the water, an impression which the present plan of characterizing, for popular circulation, as 'sewage contamination,' is calculated to confirm.

Recurring, however, to the fact, well known independently of these fanciful theories, that the water of the Thames has, at some time of its history, received a small proportion of sewage contamination, we have still to endeavour to estimate the risk arising therefrom to the inhabitants of London, by its assumed possibility of transmitting the germs of zymotic disease. In the first place, the medical theory of this mode of transmission, though strongly insisted on by Dr. Farr, and some other medical authorities, appears by no means to be considered an established doctrine, or to be generally accepted in the scientific medical world; the very existence of these supposed seeds of disease has never been proved; and still less is there any definite knowledge as to the possibility of their preservation under circumstances so favourable to their destruction or change. That the conditions under which fungoid and stercoraceous forms of life are propagated and preserved are essentially incompatible with those existing in well aerated running streams, is one of the best known facts in relation to them. Such streams, independently of their mere chemical oxydizing influence, contain large developments of the higher animal and vegetable forms, and a still greater abundance of healthy infusorial life, all well known and powerful instruments of purification, by their constant and energetic action on organic matter present in water. Hence the persistent endurance, for long periods, under such unfavourable conditions, of the poisonous vitality of these morbid atoms, if any such exist, seems in the highest degree improbable. In the few cases where the drinking of foul water has been identified as the probable cause of the spread of zymotic disease (as with the Soho pump in 1854, and the Guildford sewer leakage in 1867), the contamination has been particularly direct, and has been followed by the immediate use of the water in a putrescible state; conditions altogether at variance with those now under consideration.

The vague nature of the objection, and the limited amount of scientific knowledge upon it, are manifested by the tone of diffidence and hesitation in which all the eminent authorities examined before the Water Commission, except Dr. Frankland, speak on

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if not beneficial, mineral substances that exist normally in nearly all natural waters, and their exaggerated estimation, specially for the popular eye, in tons, when for all practical purposes they exist only in grains; these and other peculiarities, always tending in the same direction, have met with strong remonstrance. It is to be regretted that any cause should have been given for these complaints; the utility of such an independent periodical report on the waters can hardly be over-estimated, but its value must be much impaired if any doubt can be thrown on the fairness of the representations it conveys, or if any trace of animus can be suspected in its preparation.

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this point. Dr. Parkes says, 'The question is surrounded with difficulties; it is so difficult to get reliable scientific evidence that it is still *sub judice*: these questions are almost in their infancy.' Dr. Letheby says,—'As nobody, so far as I am informed, can tell us what the germs of cholera are, it would be premature for me or anybody to theorize as to the probability or the possibility of their existing in the water.' Sir Benjamin Brodie lays great stress on the large dilution, which he thinks may destroy any noxious matter; but he refers to statistics as the only trustworthy indication. Dr. Angus Smith says, that we do not even know that germs can ever be carried in pure water; it seems probable that disease cannot be carried far by water with oxygen in it.

In the midst of all this doubt, uncertainty, and difference of opinion, the Water-supply Commission pronounce their judgment with much caution, but at the same time, we think, with much fairness and reason. They say—

'These opinions have been advanced by many eminent men of science; they are worthy of respectful attention, and ought to operate as a constant stimulus to the most searching examination of the state of the water: to the improvement of the modes and means of scientific analysis; and to the diligent collection of medical data as to the effect of the waters upon the public health. But we cannot admit them as sufficiently well established to form any conclusive argument for abandoning an otherwise unobjectionable source of water supply.'

But we may go further. Doubtful and speculative as these objections are under the present state of things, they lose force altogether for the future, in the face of the intended exclusion from the river of all noxious refuse. A few years ago public attention was called to the increasing pollution of rivers in various parts of the country by sewage and other contamination; and in 1865 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the subject. In 1866 they reported on the Thames, recommending that the sewage should be excluded from the river, and utilized on land, by which it might be rendered innocuous. In accordance with this recommendation an Act (29 and 30 Vict. cap. 89) was passed in the same year for carrying out, through the action of a public Board of Conservancy, the complete purification of the stream. This Act makes it penal to cause or allow any sewage or other offensive or injurious matter to flow into the river after notice given for the abatement of the nuisance; and it gives the conservators power generally over the state of the water.

When this measure is fully carried out, the objection we are now considering must vanish altogether. For even if we admit,  
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for the sake of argument, that zymotic disease may be propagated by infinitesimal particles in sewage, before these, originating in towns up the river, can produce danger in the metropolis, a long series of most improbable contingencies must combine. If the sewage is subjected to chemical treatment, these particles must be proof against the powerful re-agents employed; if it is used on the land, they must escape the absorbing influences of the irrigation process, passing slowly off into the drains by long trickling channels through the soil and among the roots of the vegetation, or filtering deep through the porous rock below, and ultimately finding their way into the distant river, there to be diluted with an overwhelming addition of fresh water; then they must travel through miles of tortuous windings, broken up by locks, weirs, and sluices, and exposed to constantly-renewed agitation and aeration, and to the purifying action of vegetable and animal life; till, finally, being selected from the great general volume for entrance into the conduits of the water-supply, they must pass through all the reservoirs, filters, pumps, valves, main and service-pipes, and other distributory apparatus, into the houses and the drinking-vessels of the inhabitants of the town. And yet throughout this long and diversified course, occupying weeks of time and leagues of space, these dreaded but undiscoverable particles must elude destruction, absorption, oxydation, or change of any kind, and must arrive fresh in all their pristine vitality and virulence, at the point of consumption, there to find sympathetic organisms ready and predisposed to receive the disease from which they were originally derived.

To assume all this would seem indeed unreasonable; and yet the argument founded on such an assumption is the only one now remaining against the Thames as a source of supply.

The remarks we have made as to the water of the Thames will apply generally also to that of the Lee, which is of similar derivation and quality, and subject to similar influences. The state of this river has also been enquired into, and an Act has been passed for excluding pollutions. The water supplied to the south-east of London from deep chalk wells, though somewhat hard, is otherwise unobjectionable.

It is essential to the good quality of the river waters that they should be effectually filtered; it is not only by separating the solid matter mechanically suspended that this process acts, but all chemists are agreed that it has a material influence, not hitherto well understood, in otherwise improving the chemical quality as regards organic matter. We have heard of some remarkable and well-established cases where river water, much fouled by organic contamination, has been rendered potable

potable and safe by filtration through a peculiar material ; and though, on the large scale required in London, the filtering medium must necessarily be of a more simple kind, we have ample proof that the process, if well carried out, is powerfully beneficial.

Reviewing now the whole question of quality, we find that, according to the most carefully-considered opinions, founded on the best evidence that can be obtained, no case is established for serious dissatisfaction with the present sources of supply. The mineral contents of the water are harmless if not advantageous for drinking, while the moderate hardness is no serious objection for other uses. As to organic matter, no practical evidence, either chemical, medical, or statistical, can be adduced that the water, when properly filtered, is otherwise than good and wholesome ; the only point that can be raised is the assumption of possible danger from some unknown and imaginary action in the spread of zymotic disease ; but this at present is pure speculation, and under the arrangements now in progress for the purification of the Thames, even the suspicion of this hypothetical danger will soon be removed.

The judgment on this point of the Royal Commission is entirely in accordance with that of the House of Commons' Committee of 1867, who also investigated the matter thoroughly. They had the benefit of all the latest and most refined chemical investigations ; they heard all about 'previous sewage contamination ;' and they were furnished by the Registrar-General with volumes of statistics on the spread, by the Thames water, of cholera and other dire diseases ; and yet they came to a unanimous conclusion that both the quantity and quality of the water supplied to London 'were so far satisfactory that there was no ground for disturbing the arrangements made under the Act of 1852, and that any attempt to do so would only end in entailing a waste of capital and an unnecessary charge upon the owners and occupiers of property in the metropolis.' It is a powerful argument in favour of the practical correctness of this decision that it should have been arrived at independently by two impartial bodies so differently constituted ; and in the face of this we cannot but regard the proposal, so persistently advocated by the Registrar-General, to abandon the present natural and ample sources, for the purpose of introducing new supplies from districts hundreds of miles away, as both unnecessary and unreasonable.

We have said little about the new schemes projected for this purpose ; they have been well examined by the Royal Commission, and full particulars about them will be found in the report.

The following extract gives the opinions of the commission as to the plan best known :—

‘ We are of opinion :—

‘ That Mr. Bateman’s scheme is, in an engineering point of view, feasible and practicable, and that by it a large supply of water might be obtained for the metropolis; but that experience warrants great caution in judging of the sufficiency of a gravitation scheme of such magnitude.

‘ That the quality of the water would be satisfactory as regards its purity; but that there are points dependent on its softness and colour, which might render it less suitable for the supply of the metropolis than the harder water at present used.

‘ That the outlay for the scheme would be very large, amounting, according to the evidence laid before us, to about 11,000,000*l.*; but in the absence of detailed surveys, and in a project involving works of such great magnitude and novelty, and subject to such large contingencies and elements of uncertainty, we do not consider that it is possible to arrive at any trustworthy estimate of the cost.

‘ That, even assuming the work could be carried out for the estimated amount, the cost to the metropolis of obtaining water by this scheme would be much greater than is incurred by the present plan, and would continue to be so up to any quantity likely to be required within a reasonable lapse of time.

‘ That the scheme, if ever brought before Parliament, would probably be strongly opposed by interests connected with the river Severn.

‘ That grave doubts may be entertained whether it is desirable that the metropolis should be dependent on one source of supply so far removed, and which might be liable to accidental interruption.

‘ That great anxiety would be felt as to the formation of immense artificial reservoirs at the head of the Severn Valley.’

From this it will be seen that even as regards the quality of water, the new plan is not considered free from objection, while, on many other points, its eligibility is open to serious question. As to the danger of spreading disease, we do not see, assuming the original purity of the water, by what means a large open conduit, 180 miles long, passing like a common canal through some of the most populous parts of England, could be guaranteed with certainty against the possibility of accidental or wilful pollution; and it must be recollected that if such pollution did enter, it would be infinitely more dangerous than in the Thames, on account of its less dilution, its less chance of oxydation or destruction, and the certainty of the water containing it being used.

The Thames basin appears, by reason of its peculiar geological features, to have important advantages as a source of water-supply.

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The Commission (prompted, no doubt, by the eminent geologist who was one of their members) have given an elaborate discussion of this subject, illustrated by maps and sections, and the information cannot fail to be of general scientific interest and value. We have alluded, at the commencement of this article, to the varied disposal of the rainfall, according as the ground it falls on is impermeable or porous. In the former case the rain-water will at once run off the surface, producing in wet weather heavy and sudden floods, but leaving the stream-beds empty, or nearly so, in dry seasons. On the other hand, where a large proportion of the rain falls on permeable strata and becomes absorbed and stored in the porous rocks below, this store will be given out more gradually in springs, thus distributing the discharge over a longer time, and equalising the delivery. To this cause is owing the permanence of flow of a river draining a permeable district, compared with the irregular discharge from hard rock formations—a comparison of great importance in questions of water-supply.

Now it happens that out of the 3676 square miles area of the Thames basin above Hampton, no less than two-thirds consist of porous and permeable strata, such as chalk, oolitic limestone, and sand and sandstones of various kinds; all which receive and absorb a large proportion of the rainfall, storing it up in vast subterranean reservoirs. The positions and character of these storage-rocks, the general mode of distribution of the water within them, and the references to the chief springs issuing from them, are all given in the report of the commissioners, who add:—

‘The importance of such a condition of things for the supply of this large metropolis cannot be over-estimated. It ensures that permanence and regularity which are necessarily among the most important elements in a metropolitan water supply. With natural subterranean reservoirs extending over above 2,000 square miles, a storage reserve is provided comparatively independent of the seasons, and maintained by the ordinary operations of nature, while no filtration can equal that effected through masses of sand, sandstone, earthy limestones, or chalk, from 50 to 300 feet thick. The quantity of mineral matter taken up is in most cases moderate, while the really objectionable ingredient—the organic matter—is reduced to a minimum. At the same time the water is kept at a uniform low temperature and protected from light and air, conditions unfavourable to the existence of living organisms. Springs from ~~such sources~~ probably represent potable waters in their best state.’

As a contrast to this, instances are given



the irregularity of the flow in mountain districts, many towns depending on the gravitation system were, during the long drought of 1868, put to great inconvenience for want of water. But during this exceptional season the Thames and the Lee were not diminished below the ordinary volume of dry years, a result entirely due to the equalising effect of the great subterranean stores contributing to their flow. The commission sum up this argument as follows:—

‘ We are of opinion that the abundance, permanence, and regularity of supply, so important to a large metropolis, are secured much more efficiently by the great extent and varied geological character of a large hydrographical basin such as that of the Thames, than by the necessarily very much more limited collecting areas that can be made available on the gravitation system. In the former case also the supply streams are self-maintaining, while in the latter the channel must be subject to the accidents incident to its artificial construction.’

Leaving now the scientific branch of the subject, we pass on to consider an important question of a different kind, which has lately been raised: namely, whether it is expedient that a matter of such vital importance to the community as the administration and control of the London water-supply should be left, as at present, in private hands. We had occasion in our last number to point out the evils arising from the too unrestrained application of commercial enterprise in matters of public interest, and of which the present lamentable condition of the railways of this country affords such a warning example. But in the case of the wholesale provision, for a great community, of an indispensable element of life and health, the argument becomes much stronger.

In former times, as soon as a city had grown so large that it became difficult for the inhabitants to obtain water by simple means for themselves, the duty of providing it for the community appears always to have been regarded as a strictly municipal function. London followed this rule. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries we find the ‘ Lord Mayor and Commonalty ’ executing extensive works for bringing water from ‘ Tyborne,’ Highbury, and other outlying places, to various parts of the city; and, in 1544, the corporation obtained an Act of Parliament for introducing more extended supplies. The well-known ‘ White Conduit ’ was one of the aqueducts thus established, and we are told that these works were kept carefully in order by the city authorities, and were annually inspected by them with great formality and parade. Several provisions for

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water were made by private munificence; 'Lambe's \* Conduit,' in Holborn, being one; but there is no evidence of any such work being undertaken for private profit until the establishment of the London Bridge supply in 1581, by Morrys, under a special grant from the corporation enabling him to carry out the scheme on his own speculation. A similar permission seems to have been given in 1594, to a certain Bevis Bulmer, for supplying the western part of the city from Blackfriars, but his works were unsuccessful.

These grants were, however, treated as only exceptional, the duty of supplying water being still considered properly a municipal one, as we find by the Acts of 1606 and 1607, for enabling the corporation to construct the New River. Had this great work been carried out by them, the water-supply of London might have remained in municipal hands; but unfortunately they were alarmed at the magnitude of the plan they had undertaken; they hesitated to commence the works, and in 1609 an enterprising citizen, Mr. Hugh Myddelton (afterwards Sir Hugh Myddelton, Bart.), undertook to execute them single-handed, on condition that the authority obtained from Parliament should be transferred to him. His property in the undertaking afterwards became divided among several persons, and thus arose 'The New River Company,' the first joint-stock enterprise, so far as we know, for supplying water to a town. The speculation succeeded well; the example was soon followed by other parties, and so the metropolitan water-supply assumed its present commercial position.

We have already had occasion to notice the evidence, presented at various times, of an antagonism between the interests of the public and of the water companies. This appears to have forced itself upon the attention of the Commission appointed in 1843, under the presidency of the Duke of Buccleuch, for

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\* The curious epitaph on this benefactor to the metropolis, who was buried in St. Faith's Church, is worth quoting:—

'O Lambe of God,  
Which sinne didst take away,  
And (as a Lambe) was  
Offered up for sinne;  
When I (poor Lambe)  
Went from thy Flocke astray,  
Yet thou (good Lord)  
Vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne  
Home to thy fold, and  
Hold thy Lambe therein!  
That at the day when  
Lambes and Goats shall sever  
Of thy choice Lambes,  
Lambe may be one for ever.'

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inquiring into the Health of Towns. In considering the supplies of water, as bearing so strongly on the sanitary condition of the population, they found that these supplies, in large towns, were most frequently undertaken by joint-stock companies, and they pointed out that the commercial interests of such associations were generally antagonistic to those of the public. They laid down the general principle, that 'the necessary arrangements for drainage, paving, cleansing, and an ample supply of water (the most important matters conducive to health) should be placed under one administrative body.' And to provide for the cases where joint-stock companies were already in existence, they recommended that the local administrative body should still undertake the supply, by contracting with the companies or otherwise, and by eventually purchasing the works. They further proposed that the payment for water should be made by compulsory rating, in the same manner as for sewage and other local purposes.

In regard to the supply of the metropolis, they remarked that it was open to the same objections as in other towns, while the defects in the system of distribution and charging were frequently more striking. They called attention to the fact, that no body of persons was interested with the charge of securing a proper supply; and they expressed the opinion that the same principles of legislation they had recommended for other towns were applicable to the metropolis also, with such modifications as circumstances might require in the constitution of the administrative body.

The town of Manchester at once adopted the recommendation of the commission, by purchasing the property of the existing companies, and transferring the whole matter to the corporation, who were thus enabled to establish new and extensive works, of great benefit to the town, and which, it is stated, could never have been carried out under the former system. Many other towns have since followed the same plan, among which are Glasgow, Liverpool, Dublin, Leeds, Bolton, Bradford, Halifax, Rochdale, and Preston. We believe that in all cases where the change has been made it has been found easy and advantageous, and that the system of municipal control is rapidly gaining ground all over the country, not only for water-supply, but for that of gas,\* although the arguments for public management are much less cogent in the latter case than in the former.

The Royal Commission on Water-supply strongly recommend the adoption of the public system in London. They say,—

'We believe the public management to be far more correct on

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\* 'Journal of Gas Lighting,' vol. xviii.

general principles than the supply by joint-stock organization, which is obviously only applicable to those cases in which a fairly remunerative return may be anticipated for the capital expended. But a sufficiency of water-supply is too important a matter to all classes of the community to be made dependent on the profits of an association.'

They adduce the case of Manchester, as illustrating the advantages conferred, and quote other evidence in favour of the plan. Among the witnesses cited, is Mr. Simon, the Medical Officer of Health to the Privy Council, who points out the great power which water companies hold in regard to the health of the populations supplied by them, and states that he feels very strongly that the public requires more protection than it yet has against their occasional malseasances. He adds: 'This power of life and death in commercial hands is something for which, till recently, there has been no precedent in the world, and even yet the public seems but slightly awake to its importance.'

Independently, however, of the general principle involved, the commission give many special reasons why the consolidation of the metropolitan water supply under public control would be expedient and advantageous.

In the first place it would, they consider, be the only effectual means of carrying out an improvement in the mode of distribution, known as the system of *constant supply*. This plan consists in supplying direct from the main, instead of by cistern storage as at present; it offers, where it can be effectually carried out, considerable advantages, and has often been loudly called for; but its application in London involves peculiar difficulties, which the commission consider could only be effectually overcome by the measure in question.

Secondly, the change would offer the best mode of ensuring a due supply to the poor. The Commons' Committee of 1867 reported that the present legal provisions had failed to secure proper supplies of water in the cases where they were most essential; and the commission believe that municipal control would remove the difficulties.

Thirdly, the consolidation of the various interests would tend largely to economy, by the fusion of the districts, the more convenient arrangement of the distribution, the abolition of the several widely-dispersed centres of action, the uniformity of management, and so on.

Fourthly; the transfer would tend to improve the quality of the supply, not only by checking general abuses, but in particular by ensuring more effectual filtration. This process, so essential to the good quality of the water, was made compulsory

pulsory by the Act of 1852, but the evidence shows that the companies have been remiss in their observance of the law, and the commission see difficulty in enforcing it under the present system.

The fifth advantage we may state in the words of the report,—

‘The change of ownership would increase the probability of beneficial results from the measures already enacted, or any further ones to be enacted, for the purification of the Thames. It is possible there may be some difficulty in effectually carrying out these measures; and we believe that a public body having charge of the water supply would be far more likely to stimulate efficient action on this point than individual commercial companies, who have little power to interfere in the matter. And if, at a future time it should be found desirable to undertake any large and comprehensive measure for increasing the quantity of water, whether from the Thames basin or elsewhere, or for further improving its quality, such a measure could only be carried out by combined action, of which the consolidation under public control would be the most advantageous mode.’

Sixthly, this measure would much facilitate the provision of water for all public and municipal purposes, and in particular for extinguishing fires, an object ever becoming of greater importance owing to the constantly increasing extent and value of warehousing operations in the heart of the metropolis. Water for this purpose is at present furnished by the companies without charge, an arrangement totally wrong in principle, and which cannot be expected to work well. A striking instance is given by the commission, where the insurance companies have been obliged to raise considerably the premiums for the new large hop warehouses in the Borough, on account of the deficiency of water-supply. The water company offer to afford any quantity that will pass through their mains, but state that the great extent of property requires special and expensive engineering arrangements, which they are not bound to provide. Their excuse is reasonable, but the system which admits it urgently requires change.

Under this measure the voluntary buying and selling arrangement now subsisting between the public and the companies would be abolished, and the plan adopted of a compulsory rating. This was recommended by the Health of Towns' Commission, and it would be no hardship; for the public must have water, and they cannot get it, or at least ought not to get it, from any but the authorised source. No other supplies are available to the general community except the shallow surface wells, and these, in a place like London, are often fountains of poison.



The present so-called gratuitous provision of public supplies by the companies is only equivalent to charging them on the private consumers—a manifest injustice, as their cost ought, on fair commercial principles, to be borne rateably by the general population.

The plan adopted, and which has been found to answer well in the many towns where municipal control has been carried out, is to levy two special and compulsory rates for water supply, namely,—

1. A small general rate on all property ; for this no water is specially supplied, the payment being a contribution for the advantages secured to the whole community by their protection in case of fire, for watering streets, flushing sewers, public drinking fountains, and so on.

2. A special or domestic rate on all dwelling houses for water supplied to them. Supplies for manufacturing and trade purposes are, of course, paid for by special agreement.

We have already had considerable experience in the municipal management, on a large scale, of public works in the metropolis. In 1855 an Act was passed superseding various separate authorities by a general Metropolitan Board of Works, representing the rate-payers, and to whom was confided the entire management (with certain exceptions in the city) of the more important municipal constructive and sanitary operations in the metropolis. This board have, since their incorporation, carried out works and performed duties of great public importance, among which are the main drainage of London, the northern and southern embankments of the Thames, various street, road, and park improvements, the general regulation of buildings, the control, to some extent, of the supply of gas, the consolidation and extension of the fire brigade, and other minor objects ; in addition to which they have in many cases been appointed as a court of appeal and reference in matters where municipal interests are concerned. The board have had power to rate the inhabitants for these purposes, and although at present some of their financial arrangements are under discussion, we believe their operations have given general satisfaction. To such a body as this might be confided the control of the metropolitan water-supply. It is premature to discuss the conditions under which the transfer should be made, they must clearly be arranged with a view not only to the interests of the public, but to the reasonable claims of the companies ; and we are convinced that if the negotiation is entered into in this spirit, it will not encounter any serious opposition.

ART.—

ART. VI.—*The Odes and Epodes of Horace. Translated into rhymeless metres, with Introduction and Commentaries.* By Lord Lytton. 1869.

WITH the single exception of Shakspeare there is probably no poet, ancient or modern, who has had so much written in his elucidation as Quintus Horatius Flaccus. A very large Horatian library has, ere now, been filled with the works of commentators alone. As for translators their name is Legion. Scarcely a year passes in which some of them do not try their wings in a new venture, and, though most of them are ephemerids of the most transient duration, yet the rapidity of their extinction seems to exercise no deterrent effect upon their successors:—

‘ Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive and successive rise.’

That there is no diminution in their activity of production may be seen in the fact that more than a score of entire versions of the Odes have appeared in the last five years alone. And besides these Mr. Yonge has published his elegant and scholar-like notes; Mr. King and Mr. Monro have united their scholarship and artistic taste to furnish us with an *édition de luxe* which may take its place by the side of Dean Milman’s; and now Lord Lytton has published the remarkable version which it is our present purpose to examine. We may say at once that it is worthy to take a permanent and honoured place in English literature side by side with the two best metrical versions which have yet appeared in our own, or perhaps in any language,—Mr. Theodore Martin’s, so remarkable for brilliancy and spirit, and Professor Conington’s so distinguished for its exquisite accuracy and felicitous neatness.

Extreme popularity is no certain test of poetic excellence even when it proves to be permanent, nor is the number and enthusiasm of Horace’s readers to be accounted for solely by his many and striking merits. Those merits, however, deservedly secured for him a warm immediate reception, and a steady subsequent immortality of fame. Perhaps we should hardly have expected that the son of a freedman, educated first by a tenth-rate provincial pedagogue, and then by a retired martinet, would become the favourite poet of the refined, the fashionable, and the wealthy, both in his own and after times. Nor was his introduction to manhood by any means fortunate. His father,—a man whose sterling excellence has been



by Horace with a sincerity of filial gratitude which reminds us of our own Pope,—sent him from the severe care of Orbilius,—

‘*Inter silvas Academi quærere verum.*’

But when this studious retirement<sup>\*</sup> was rudely disturbed by the crash of civil war, and when Horace, after a military career at once brief, envied, and inglorious, retired into the purchased employment of a quæstor's clerk, and there learned how to forget, or at least to suppress, his old republican enthusiasm, nothing could have seemed less probable than that such a man—whom many must have regarded as a political renegade, many as a disappointed adventurer, and all as a person of low birth and dubious antecedents—should yet have developed, in a very short time, and that by no single dishonourable art, into the personal friend of the noblest members of a haughty and exclusive aristocracy, and the favourite poet of the most educated and fastidious intellects in a peculiarly refined and fastidious age. Yet we know with how much ease of demeanour and independence of spirit Horace managed to live with the most high-born and the most eminent men in Rome. Among many others of the utmost distinction, Q. Ælius Lamia, and M. Vipsanius Agrippa, and A. Asinius Pollio, and C. Cilnius Mæcenas, and even the great Emperor himself, were all glad to receive the son of the freedman on equal terms as an honoured guest at their own tables.

A study of Horace's poems will soon reveal to us the secret of his success. One of the most remarkable characteristics of his verse—and especially of his Odes—is a certain indefinable tone of distinction, a distinction which is indeed due to a natural dignity of mind, and which is not unfrequently wanting even in men of the highest rank, but which can hardly exist in perfection except in those who have been accustomed, as Horace was, to the tone of a splendid and powerful society. He is pre-eminently and emphatically the poet of good taste, and, up to the Augustan era, good taste is by no means conspicuous in the poets of his nation. Setting aside for a moment his occasional offences against morality, we only remember one instance of downright and indisputable bad taste in the entire volume of his Odes. It is the passage in which he interrupts the stately Alcaics that compare Drusus to a young eagle fresh from his eyrie, or a lion whelp bounding from his lair, by a tame and almost grotesquely incongruous piece of pedantry as to the reasons why the Rhæti were armed with an Amazonian battle-axe.\* Franke

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\* Ode IV., 4, 18, *seqq.*

scen in these lines a foolish interpolation; but assuming their genuineness, and granting with Lord Lytton that they may contain 'a satirical allusion either to some rival poem or to some prosy archæological treatise' of which we lose the point because we have lost the poem or treatise, they yet show a certain unpoetic levity, and resemble, as Lord Lytton says, 'a sarcasm of Voltaire's thrust into the midst of an Ode of Pindar's.' But if Horace really wrote them, no other instance of inartistic crudeness can be selected from any one of his finished poems. Could the same be asserted of any single poet who has written the same amount? Could it be asserted of Pope, of Shelley, or even of that most polished of modern versifiers Mr. Tennyson himself?

The literature of the Augustan age had lost the rugged virtue and fiery inspiration of an earlier period, but had gained instead a singular perfection of form; it had developed exquisite language for the expression of exquisite taste. It is this artistic perfection, this *curiosa felicitas* of elaborate art successfully simulating the appearance of spontaneity and ease,—which has always constituted the charm of Horace's poetry. His verse is not like a wintry torrent rushing impetuously and irresistibly from the mountain-heights of impassioned feeling, but like a smooth, limpid, delicious stream winding among cultivated gardens and smoothly-shaven lawns. We never expect to find in Horace that lyrical frenzy, that dithyrambic audacity, those uncontrollable paroxysms of emotion, bursting the ordinary limits of expression, which flow from the inspiring passion of a Pindar or a Tyrtæus. He might have been a poet like these, but for the corrupting influences of expediency and patronage; but, under the tutelage of Mæcenas, the son of the freedman, the military tribune of Brutus, became the friend and flatterer of the new régime, and the most gifted high-priest of aristocratic *insouciance*. He grew up to point a jest with the panic at Philippi, and sing a psalm on the victory at Actium. We hardly expect that such a man should breathe the habitual atmosphere of moral nobility. His morals were the morals of the most commonplace of his contemporaries, falling very far short, not only of the Christian standard, but even of that attained by the loftier-minded of the heathen. His philosophy, if such a term may be applied to anything so gay and superficial as Horace's beliefs, was that of the least elevated of the ancient schools in its least elevated form. His political wisdom consisted in a contented acquiescence in the apparently inevitable; and his religion in a general belief that there was a Providence which protected poets, and in general, all the great

free from cruelty, malignity, and meanness—the sole vices which seem to kindle his genuine indignation. In *none* of these spheres do we find the secret of the long affection and admiration which Horace has inspired; but rather in other gifts, the possession of which none will deny to him—a certain manliness and cheerfulness of tone, a perfection of metrical skill, a thorough knowledge of the world, an imperturbable good sense, a delicate appreciation of what is poetically beautiful, and a most accurate measurement of his own powers which enabled him to know exactly what he *could*, and what he *could not* achieve. There was not in Horace a particle of that vulgar and overreaching vanity which drives men to attempt distinction in that for which they have no qualifications. In fact his mind enjoyed a certain breadth and geniality of sunlight which plays like a smile even over his satires. In spite of the rather savage epode on Mævius we do not believe that Horace was a good hater. A downright unmitigated aversion would have disturbed the serenity which he set before him as a main object of life, and would have spoilt the conviviality and literary ease which were his chief intellectual enjoyment. Now and then, as in the Ode to Lydia, Horace indulges in a few stanzas which are coarse and acrid, and here the immorality vitiates the poetry; but, as Lord Lytton excellently observes, ‘Horace never writes worse than when he is cynical. Cynicism was in him a spurious affectation, contrary to his genuine nature, which was singularly susceptible to amiable, graceful, generous, and noble impressions of man and life.’ In fact these outbursts of gross immorality, in which Horace drags into the full light the discreditable passions respecting which mere shame should have kept him silent, must not mislead us as to his real character. They belong rather to the head than to the heart. We believe them to have been due partly to a corrupt admiration for erotic Greek models, partly to the degraded taste which had infected the contemporary literature, and partly to a sort of bravado which, at certain moments, Horace adopted in the spirit of sheer rebellion against the constraint and artificiality of his political position. It was all very well to sing the praises of Augustus in gorgeous hyperboles, and to shew to the decadent Romans the splendour and comparative lightness of the gilded chains by which they were fettered, but there must have been moments in which the old ardour for a lost liberty was kindled in the easy soul of one who had once been the friend of Brutus before he stooped to be the panegyrist of Augustus. There must have been moments—and they have left deep traces even in the Odes—in which Epicureanism, and love-songs, and leisure, and the dinners of Augustus

Augustus, and even the Sabine farm, must have seemed an infinitely poor substitute for the grandeur of the old Roman citizenship. These nobler moral intuitions worked in a twofold manner. When Horace abandoned himself to their inspiration, instead of insulting Labeo,\* he could speak gloriously of 'the whole world subdued except the indomitable soul of Cato,' and instead of sporting—

‘ With Amaryllis in the shade,

Or

With the tangles of Næra's hair,’

he could utter worthily, and in a manner which not even an Ennius or a Lucretius could have surpassed, the lofty praises of the man, just, and firm of purpose. But when he resisted the importunate pressure of these occasional regrets, he would, as it were, avenge himself for all external constraints and inward twinges of conscience by a frank and even coarse betrayal of moral baseness. Just as in the low and immoral allusions which here and there leave their ‘putrid stain’ even on the immortal page of Shakspeare, we trace that spirit of rebellious indignation of which his Sonnets give us so clear a proof, so in the more degrading passages of Horace we seem to see the hidden sorrow which drove a nature, not originally ignoble, to find a false sense of relief in the affectation of an immorality out of accordance with itself. But if the good qualities in Horace had not preponderated immensely over the evil, he would never have commanded the admiration of some of the best, as well as some of the greatest men. Dante would never have placed him in his triad of immortal poets; nor would the sweet pure soul of Hooker have found pleasure in reading him in the studious poverty of his country parsonage. Nor are these the only holy and high-minded men who have ranked him among their favourite bards. Fathers of the Church and Philosophers and Saints have all delighted in his songs. As Lord Lytton has observed, ‘we find his thoughts interwoven with Milton's later meditations; and Condorcet, baffled in aspirations of human perfectibility on earth, dies in his dungeon with Horace by his side, opened at the verse which tells by what acts of constancy and fortitude in mortal travail Pollux and Hercules attained to the citadels of light.’

Besides the bright geniality and natural rectitude of his disposition, another secret of Horace's popularity is the charming variety imparted to his verse by the double element of his: urban and rural—‘the combination of the man of a *fama*

\* Sat. I., iii. 82.

world when at Rome, and of the solitary poet wrapped in his fancies and meditating his art amidst Sabine woods, or in the watered valley of Tibur.' He would, says Lord Lytton, 'have been equally at home with Sir Philip Sydney in the shades of Penshurst, as with Lord Chesterfield in the saloons of May-fair.' Add to these elements of pleasure the rich store of allusions which he had ever at hand from the legends and events of Roman history, and from those 'unimaginable realms of faerie' the Greek poets—and imagine all these elements combined with lyric ease into melodious expression, and it hardly remains a subject for wonder that, even with all his deficiencies, Horace is the poet who is most frequently in our hands in the rare moments of literary leisure. As we recur to his pages, how many sunny and familiar images rise into our memory! Visions of modest ease and honourable contentment; pastoral pictures of Cytherea and the Graces leading their moonlit dances, or the goat-hoofed satyrs listening while Bacchus sings; Watteau-like groups of youths and maidens outstretched under the flickering shadows of the green arbut, while the young leaves ripple overhead, and the green lizard rustles in the brambles, and the Massic wine lies cooling in the soft well-head of hallowed founts; Greek scenes of merry revellers, their crowned locks dripping myrrh, their tables half-hidden under wreaths of parsley, and rose, and lily, obeying with mock gravity the regal behests of the symposiarch, and whispering to each other the secret of their loves; winter-pieces of blazing hearths, while, outside, the snow lies heavy on the woodland boughs, and the summit of Soracte gleams white in the distance; pictures even of the dim Plutonian hall, with Sappho and Alcæus, thrilling with their imperious melodies the shadowy nations of the dead. Nor is Horace less successful when, as though to show his power, he compels into his service the same gay melodies, to show us Rhoetus and Enceladus hurling their uptorn tree-trunks against the sounding Ægis of Pallas; or the frantic Queen flying from her flaming navy, with her soul dazed with Mareotic wine; or the blare of clarions and the gleam of arms terrifying horse and horseman in civil war. So light, indeed, and felicitous is the poet's hand, that, 'at the touching of a string,' a word or two sets before us for ever the marble temple of Glycera, with the incense wreathing upward to its citron beams, or the orchards of Tivoli, 'dewy with twinkling rivulets,' or the immortal Bandusian fount, with its lucent waters tinged with the victim's blood. Nay, a single epithet—the rosy neck of Lydia, the waxen arms of Telephus, the 'slippery sheen' of Glycera's loveliness—is generally sufficient to haunt our senses with

with a charm. What a whole world of allusion and illusion lies in such a description as

‘*Laborantes in unum  
Penelope ritreamque Circe.*’

Yet such terms abound in Horace. There is in him no vagueness and no verbiage; like the painter who at last achieved the appearance of foam on a horse's chest by flinging his brush at the painting, so Horace seems at once to produce the right effect; every sentiment he has to express is always as clearly comprehensible as if it were a Greek gnome, or a lesson for the people carved on the base of the Hermæ; every scene he wishes to describe hangs before his readers like a clear picture in sunny air.

We must confess to having opened the volume before us with a certain prejudice, caused partly by the vast number of failures in the attempt to render Horace, and partly by the conviction that any new version must justify its appearance, either by showing a different *kind* of excellence from any of its predecessors, or, which hardly seemed probable, a greater *degree* of excellence than any of them had attained. A very slight examination sufficed to show not only that the intrinsic merit of Lord Lytton's version was of a very high order, but that it differed so essentially from all others in many marked points, as to furnish us with a work which every lover of Horace will be anxious to possess. It was hardly to be expected that an author who already enjoys so eminent a reputation in nearly every branch of literature, would have undertaken such a task, unless he had been impelled to it by an ardent admiration for his author, or by a sense of some special aptitude for its fulfilment. A statesman and a friend of statesmen, a literary man and a friend of literary men, accustomed to life in its busiest and highest aspects, a poet with a keen sense of natural beauty, and an ear of very delicate sensibility, a careful and thoughtful scholar, a devoted student of History and Antiquity, there really seems to be no qualification for an Horatian translator in which Lord Lytton is deficient. That good-humoured philosophic eclecticism, that indefinable ‘genius of the gentleman, combined with the genius of the poet,’ that versatility of intellect and grace of diction, which he has so well pointed out in his author, are all found largely in himself. Above all, he has the same genial temperament, of which a proof may be found in the fact that, in all his voluminous writings, we do not remember that he has indulged in a single unkindly word, either against political rivals or literary competitors.

These pages are full of this kindly spirit, and it even leads Lord Lytton to break a lance in favour of so well-abused a man as the poet Mævius. To Horace himself he always lends a powerful and generous championship. Even the strains in which the quondam Republican is most profuse in his flattery to the military Despot, admit, he urges, of rational excuses, 'suggested by our own maturer knowledge of life, and the grateful human heart, and our profounder acquaintance with the events and circumstances of the age;' and then he adds the suggestive remark—a remark more illustrative to any thoughtful mind than pages of ordinary apology—that 'what has passed in our own time in France renders more clear to us the general state of feeling in Rome.'

We know of no book from which the English reader could gain a brighter or more living conception of the cordial heart and graceful song of the great Roman poet than from Lord Lytton's translation. It is written in such a pure and facile style, that, while the matured scholar may learn from it, the unclassical reader will find in it every requisite for entering in the pleasantest way into the force and meaning of the original. The book is prefaced by a delightful Essay, which sparkles with allusions from literature and history. Each ode has an English title prefixed to it, and a brief explanatory notice of its scope, history, or other peculiarities. The notes, which form a very valuable addition to the volume, are sometimes classical, sometimes illustrative, always elucidatory of some point which is deserving of attention in the sentiments, the allusions, or the style. In these notes, while there is not a particle of pedantry, there is a great deal of genuine learning concealed rather than paraded. They show at once the extreme diligence of the noble editor, and, at the same time, the independence of his judgment. What most strikes us in them is their originality and freshness. They are the notes of an accomplished writer, who approaches his author from a point of view widely different from that of the professional scholar. He has studied Orelli, Dillenburger, Estré, Munro, Maclean, Yonge, and many others, but he gives us hints which are not to be found in any of them. Thus he renders 'aspicit,' in Od. ii. 17, by 'aspected,' as 'the technical term still in use among astrologers, according to whom the native star may be evilly aspected in various ways;' and in a note on Od. iv. 2, we have another allusion to 'the planetary influences by which the native (or newborn) is aspected.' He illustrates the scenery of the splendid Hymn to Bacchus by a similar burst of beautiful description in Schiller's 'Der Spaziergang.' In Epode ii. we have the dispute about the 'attagen Ionicus' decided in favour



of the Ionian snipe, on the grounds that 'it is so incomparably the best of the snipe-race in flavour.' In a note on *Od.* iii. 4, after playfully criticising the farrago of readings, many of them most absurd and tasteless, by which the critics have endeavoured to remove the purely imaginary difficulties in the lines

'Me fabulosæ Volture in Appulo  
Nutricia extra limen Apulie,'

he removes the supposed crux by observing that just in the same way an Italian describing his childhood at the foot of Monte Moro, which stands exactly on the confines of Savoy and Piedmont, might naturally say that he had wandered on the Piedmontese Monte Moro, beyond the limits of Piedmont. And again in a note on *Epode* xvi., after giving the various explanations of

'Neque intumescit alta viperis humus,'  
'Nor high with rippling vipers swells the soil,'

he supports an eminently original and ingenious suggestion of Orelli's, that 'the epithet refers to the undulous movements of the reptile, alternately rising and falling, so that the ground literally seems to heave,' by a passage of Humboldt's '*Aspects of Nature*,' where he describes the reptiles breaking up their way through the mud, after the subsidence of the Orinoco inundations. The reader of these pages will find in them much interesting matter of this kind, which will probably be new to him; and even if he happen to be familiar with the subject, he will be pleased to see all that can be said about it summed up in a clear and unpedantic manner. As instances of this terse and happy way of condensing all that is important on subjects about which a great deal has been written to very little purpose, we may refer (among many such passages) to Lord Lytton's brief summary of the dispute as to whether the *Virgilius* of *Od.* iv. 12, was or was not the poet Virgil; to his treatment of the difficult lines in *Epode* v.,

'Venena magnum fas nefasque non valent  
Convertere humanam viæ

which he renders, and we think wi

'Witchcrafts invert not the gr  
Of right and wrong as they i

and to the really excellent introduc  
*Ode* on *Archytas* (l. 28), in wh  
hypothesis of Mr. Long and others  
to 'the ghost of a shipwrecked a

lises over Archytas and the certainty of death, till seeing a living sailor approach, he asks for burial.'

'The poem itself,' says Lord Lytton, 'is singularly striking. Though abounding in those observations of the brevity of life, and the certainty of death in which Horace so frequently indulges, with the half sportive melancholy of a nature eminently sensuous, the poem has, on the whole, something almost of a Gothic character. The humour takes the sombre colour of the medieval Dance of Death, and is not without a touch of the genius that speaks in the grave-diggers of "Hamlet." It is impossible to fix a date for its composition: but I incline to rank it among Horace's earlier odes, from a certain likeness in its tone and treatment to the 5th Epode, which has also something of the Gothic character in its gloomy earnestness of description, and its employment of the grotesque as an agency of terror.'

This passage is a favourable specimen of the acute and original criticism in which the volume abounds, but, of course, the illustrative matter is intended as the mere setting of the versions themselves. These are, for purposes of comparison, most conveniently printed face to face with the Latin text. A translator who thus challenges comparison with the original, must be one who has given hostages to fortune. He furnishes us with a spontaneous pledge of his conscientious fidelity, and he is far less likely than another to fall into errors of carelessness or looseness. Whatever verdict may be pronounced by readers of differing tastes on the poetic merits of these versions, as compared with others which have preceded them, a line for line comparison of almost any ode with the original will show that, at any rate, in accuracy of rendering, an accuracy evinced in many instances by the minutest attention to the force of separate epithets and words, the version before us is unsurpassed.

We do not by any means intend to imply that in every instance Lord Lytton is slavishly literal. Such a literalness would involve the certainty of failure; it is equally impossible and undesirable. A writer who, like Horace, is eminently idiomatic, loses nine-tenths of his charm of diction, if his idioms instead of being gracefully transferred into a new mould, are rudely transplanted into the uncongenial soil of another language. Old Chapman, the translator of Homer in the reign of James I., has admirably stated the true principle:—

'Custom hath made e'en th' ablest agents err  
In these translations, all so much apply  
Their pains and cunning word for word to render  
Their parent authors, when they might as well  
Make fish with fowls, camels with whales engender,  
Or their tongue's speech in other mouths compel.'

And he continues a little further on,—

Which those transal  
Their word for word  
The free grace of  
And shame their at  
I laugh to see.'

A few instances will su  
of being thus servile, has  
treasured heart' of his p  
We will simply place a fe  
by side.

'Sive tu mavis, Ery  
Quam Jocus circus

'Or com'st thou rath  
*Ringed by the hoovers*

'Quem Mortis timui  
Qui siccis oculis  
Qui vidit mare turq  
Infames scopulos

'What the approach b  
Him, who with eyeli  
*Monster forms gliding a*  
And the grim thund

'Ille terrarum mihi pr  
Angulus ridet, ubi n  
Mella decedunt, viri  
Bacca Venæ

'Out of all earth most  
*Where the balmed hon*  
*Where olives vie with*  
*Gladdens Ve*

'Expedit matris cinere  
Fallere, et toto tacitu  
Signa cum celo, gelic  
Morte carent

'Clearly with thee it p  
*Oaths "by a mother's"*  
*"All heaven," "the d*  
Only when b

'  
Igni corusco nubila  
Plerumque, per pu  
Egit equos volu

' For not as wont *disparting serried cloud*  
*With fiery flash, but through pure azure, drove*  
 Of late Diespiter  
 His thundering coursers and his winged car.'

Out of many brief verses equally felicitous which are worthy of admiration, we have only space for one more,—

' Gens quæ cremato fortis ab Illo  
 Jactata Tuscis æquoribus sacra,  
 Natosque maturosque patres  
 Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes.' —iv. 4, 53. '

' Race which cast forth  
*A waif on Tuscan seas*  
*From Troy's red crater*, still had strength to house  
 In cities ravished from Ausonian soil  
 Its gods, its worship, and its greyhaired sires,  
 Yea, and its newborn babes,  
 The destined fathers of the men to be.'

Now none of these passages are exactly literal translations. In all of them Lord Lytton has touched words and metaphors with an Ithuriel spear, but we shall be very much mistaken if the sternest and most exacting critic will not thank the translator for the lyric audacity of such an expression as '*Troy's red crater*;' and we feel sure that Horace himself would have clapped his hands with a loud *Euge*, at so exquisite a rendering as

' Ringed by the hovering play of Mirth and Love.'

In his translation of Epode i. Lord Lytton gives us the secret of the principle by which he has been guided. Rendering

' Neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi  
 Circæa tangat moenia,'

by

' Not that for me some villa's pomp of marble  
 Should shine down white upon luxuriant vales,  
 Touching the walls *with which the son of Circe*  
*Girded enchanted land in Tusculum,*'

he adds in a note, 'The lines in the original are slightly paraphrased in the translation, in order not to lose to the English reader the poetic idea associating Tusculum with legendary enchantment, which the words *Circæa Mœnia* would have conveyed to the Latin.' From this brief note we gather Lord Lytton's theory of a translator's office, and we think it entirely correct.

The most characteristic feature of these versions is that they are written in rhythm and not in rhyme. Unrhymed lyrical metres

metres which are not classical in their structure, have not secured, as yet, any lasting popularity. Few modern poets have tried the experiment of writing them. In the last generation, with the exception of two short and unimportant pieces by Collins and Kirk White, we can recollect no poet except Southey who has seriously attempted them; and in spite of the consummate success and Oriental splendour of whole cantos of '*Thalaba*,' yet it has but few imitators, and we have no doubt that many of its readers would have been ready to echo the petulant sneer of Byron,

‘Well might they hail thee latest of thy race,  
Since startled metre fled before thy face.’

Mr. Matthew Arnold has indeed given us some perfect specimens of rhymeless melody; but purely classical metres have of late been much more popular. Longfellow's '*Evangeline*,' Clough's '*Bothie of Topernavulich*,' and Tennyson's '*Boadicea*,' are representatives of many laudable attempts to enrich our English types of melody from ancient sources. We heartily wish that Lord Lytton had braved the difficulty—a difficulty, which although considerable, we believe that he, better than any man, could have successfully encountered—of acclimatising in English the stately, yet variable melody of the Alcaic stanza. We do not consider Mr. Tennyson's Alcaics, in the little Ode to Milton, at all successful. The keynote to the Alcaic metre lies in the third line, and such a line as

‘Gód-gifted órgan-voice of Ëngland’

bears but a very distant relation to such a line as

‘Depróme quadrímum Sabínâ.’

The difficulty of writing English Alcaics with accuracy rests, no doubt, in the rarity of spondees, such as are necessary in the beginning of the first two lines; but the difficulty is not insuperable. We think, for instance, that the following lines, merely written to illustrate the metre, are in their accent genuine Alcaics, although the double dactyls at the end, which are inevitable in English, would be inelegant in Latin:—

‘Ghostlike, in white robes gracefully glimmering,  
From 'neath the dense-wove arch of acacias—  
As stars in dim twilights of Autumn  
Glitter alight i' the dusky welkin,

‘So gleamed the maiden: beautiful, orient  
Pearls drawn from ocean, wreathed in a carcanet,  
Encircled her neck, and a sapphire  
Heaved on the wave of her hair—

We

We believe that Lord Lytton could almost have made the Alcaic as acceptable as an indigenous metre, and in doing so he would have rendered to English a service exactly analogous to that which was rendered to Latin by his favourite author. Horace, indeed, was not strictly speaking—

‘*Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos  
Deduxisse modos.*’

When we remember that in attempting this he had had no less splendid a predecessor than Catullus, we are almost driven to adopt Lord Lytton's conjecture, that Horace was probably something of a musician as well as a poet, and that some of the merit he claimed consisted in having, like Thomas Moore, had some share in arranging the tunes to which his songs were sung. Be that as it may, we believe that Lord Lytton might have done more than any who have preceded him in an attempt to naturalise Alcaic, Sapphic, and Asclepiad metres, had his judgment realised the possibility and desirability of such a task. He has, however, chosen the unrhymed metre as his own special domain. The Alcaic odes he usually renders in a rhythm remarkable for its stateliness and pomp of sound, as well as for the flexibility with which it adapts itself to a variety of subjects grave and gay. We do not remember to have seen any instances of this beautiful metre, except in Lord Lytton's ‘Lost Tales of Miletus,’ the music of which our readers are not likely to have forgotten. As a specimen of it, we will select a noble passage from the first ode of the second book, in which both Horace and his translator seem to be at their best:—

‘Now, now, thou strik'st the ear with murmurous threat  
From choral horns—now the loud clarions blare;  
Lightnings from armour flashed  
Daunt charging war steeds and the looks of men!

‘Now, now, I seem to hear the mighty chiefs,  
Soiled with the dust that ornaments the brave,  
And see all earth subdued,  
Save the intrepid soul of Cato. Foiled

Of her revenge, Juno, with all the gods,  
Quitting the Afric they had loved in vain,  
Back to Jugurtha's shade  
Brought funeral victims in his conqueror's sons.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘What gulf, what stream, has boomed not with the wail  
Of dismal battle-storms? What sea has hues  
From Daunian carnage pure,  
What land has lacked the tribute of our blood?

Hush,

Hush, wayward Muse, nor, playful strains laid by,  
Strive to recast the Cean's dirgelike hymn;  
In Dionæan grot,

With me, seek measures tuned to lighter quill.' —ii. 1, 24-44.

Horace does not, however, confine the Alcaic to stately themes, but makes it serve so light a strain as the sweet invitation to Tyndaris, in i. 17. In cases like this Lord Lytton changes his metre into a swifter and more graceful one, of which the following is a specimen:—

'Phrygian Cybele, no, nor the Pythian Apollo  
In the innermost shrine soul-convulsing his priesthood,  
No, nor Liber, nor Corybants mad  
When their cymbals redouble the crash,

Craze the mind like the woeful disorders of anger  
Which are scared from their vent, nor by Norican falchion,  
Wreckful oceans—untameable fires,  
Nor ev'n Jove, though himself thunder down.' —i. 16, 5-12.

A single very striking specimen of the various spirited metres by which Lord Lytton represents the Asclepiad odes, must here suffice:—

'As the slumberless Bacchante  
From the lonely mountain-ridges, stricken still with wonder, sees  
Flash the waves of wintry Hebrus,  
Sparkle snows in Thracian lowlands, soar barbarian Rhodopæ,  
'Such my rapture, wandering guideless,  
Now where river-margents open, now where forest-shadows close.  
Lord of Naiads, lord of Moenads,  
Who with hands divinely strengthened, from the mountain heave  
the ash:

'Nothing little, nothing lowly,  
Nothing mortal will I utter! oh how perilously sweet  
'Tis to follow thee, Lencæus,  
Thee the god who wreathes his temples with the vine-leaf for his  
crown!' —iii. 25, 9-20.

We could give no stronger recommendation to Lord Lytton's volume than by quoting more passages like these, and leaving our readers to judge of the ability and poetic feeling by which they are marked. But we have only space to give one more passage from the Epodes, because it strikingly illustrates a merit of which hitherto we have said nothing, namely, the singular sweetness and purity of Lord Lytton's English,—simple, lucid, unadorned—free alike from 'sounding inanity' and 'gaudy barbarism':—

'Blessed is he,—remote as were the mortals  
Of the first age, from business and its cares—

Who





Who ploughs paternal fields with his own oxen,  
Free from the bonds of credit or of debt.  
No soldier he, roused by the savage trumpet,  
Not his to shudder at the angry sea ;  
His life escapes from the contentious forum,  
And shuns the insolent thresholds of the great.  
And so he marries to the amorous tendrils  
Of the young vine the poplar's lofty stem ;  
Or marks from far the lowing herds that wander  
Leisurely down the calm secluded vale ;  
Or, pruning with keen knife the useless branches,  
Grafts happier offspring on the parent tree,  
Or in pure jars he stores the clear-prest honey ;  
Or shears the fleeces of his tender sheep.  
Or, when brown Autumn from the fields uplifteth  
Brows with ripe coronal of fruits adorned,  
What joy to pluck the pear himself hath grafted,  
And his own grape that with the purple vies,  
Wherewith he pays thee, rural god Priapus,  
And landmark-guardian, Sire Sylvanus, thee :  
Free to recline, now under aged ilex,  
Now in frank sunshine on the matted grass.  
While through the steep banks slip the gliding waters  
And birds are plaintive in the forest glens,  
And limpid fountains with a drowsy tinkle,  
Invite the light wings of the noonday sleep.'—Ep. ii. 1-21.

The passage is long, but we wish that we had room to quote entire a poem which strikes us as being one of the sweetest and purest pieces of English with which we are acquainted. In a day when floods of new words and hybrid idioms threaten to choke up for ever the 'pure wells of English undefiled,' it is a pleasure to know that we still have writers among us who can write their native language with such perfect mastery and grace as is exhibited on every page of the translation which we now leave in the hands of our readers with cordial approbation.

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ART. VII.—*The Irish Church Act, 1869.*

**T**HE battle is over. The smoke has cleared away. The struggle is finished. The Irish Church question has passed out of the region of parliamentary tactics into the region of individual action and philosophic deliberation. From this point of view let us briefly consider it.

We will not enter at any length upon the past. Yet it may conduce to a calmer view of the present and the future if we call

call attention, by way of preface, to one main feature of the settlement of the question. It has been, as we and others ventured to predict, a compromise. By the famous treaty between Lord Granville and Lord Cairns, each party surrendered at last what had each party surrendered earlier, many hard words and many futile calculations would have been saved on either side. If much was lost to the pecuniary interests of the Irish Church, something also was secured. On the deeper question of principle, if the policy of a concurrent endowment, which we always advocated, was forced to retire for the moment, yet its retreat has been covered by a skilful manœuvre, which will not prevent its return if ever Parliament should recover its freedom of action and speech on this and like questions. We willingly adopt, as an expression of our own feelings, the impressive words, imperfectly reported at the time, but which sank deep into the memory of those who heard them, with which Lord Athlumney wound up the subject on that 'night of spurs,' when so many compliments and gratulations in the House of Lords suddenly took the place of fierce recriminations and invectives. 'The Government must forgive me for the one occasion on which I left their ranks. That one exception was the one only chance offered to me for securing what I knew to be a message of peace for Ireland. I grasped at it. It eluded my grasp. It was but a small thing. But you gave the dog a bad name and hanged it; and now the dog is dead and buried, and I will say no more about it.' Yet, though it is dead and buried, the stern Preamble and the specific Appropriation, which forbade its resurrection, were withdrawn, and some happier day may still see the triumph of a just and pacific policy over the temporary conquests of fanaticism and party spirit.

But, in fact, the compromise of the 22nd of July was rendered possible only by the still greater compromise of the 1st of March. The Treaty of Villafranca was justified by the campaign of Solferino. The compromise of the Lords and Commons was only following out the compromise involved in the Bill itself. This characteristic of the Bill was pointed out at the time in the pages of this Journal. It is necessary, with a view to the present condition and future prospects of the Irish Church, to draw it out at somewhat greater length now.

In some respects, no doubt, the Bill has been as sweeping and severe as its most enthusiastic supporters or opponents have represented. A vast revenue has been ruthlessly torn away from the Irish Protestant Church, and its legal incidents have, in many respects, been materially altered. But, in principle, its position will be found to have been much less affected by the  
Act

Act than the extreme language of either party would seem to indicate.

In the first place, the Act has not effected what, in common parlance, it was over and over again supposed to effect,—the abolition of the Irish Church. Had a Bill of this nature been brought into Parliament any time before 1701 to put an end to the establishment of Presbyterianism, Episcopacy, Protestantism, or Catholicism, its meaning would have been plain enough. It would have been, as the Solemn League and Covenant expresses it, the ‘extirpation’ of such a form of belief. This, however, is not the purpose of the recent Act. It may incidentally lead—many well-informed persons think that it will ultimately lead—to the extirpation of Protestant Episcopacy in Ireland. But this was not its avowed object. The speeches of its framer and its own contents imply and secure by every conceivable form and phrase, that the Church of Ireland shall continue to exist as truly as the Church of England. The very name of the ‘Church of Ireland,’ which was one of the main causes of offence, as implying its national position, is now secured to it for ever, not by its own voluntary assumption, but by the Act of the Imperial Legislature.\*

Nor, again, has the Act effected a complete separation from the State. Many of the links which knit the Irish Church to England are no doubt severed. But many still remain. In regard to its government and doctrine, there are several important respects in which the Act leaves no liberty of separation. It creates a new connexion with the State, more directly emanating from the State than any which now exists. The Irish Church, by this Act, is doubtless left free to turn Anglican, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, Lutheran. But it is not left free to turn Presbyterian, at least, not till the present generation has passed away. Its first constituent assembly must embrace Episcopacy. However powerful are the arguments (as we shall presently notice) in favour of its adopting the Presbyterian model, no governing body can be acknowledged by the Queen in Council under this Act, which does not include ‘the Bishops or the persons who, for the time being, may succeed to the exercise and discharge of the episcopal functions of such Bishops.’† Again, it is free to form a Synod. But it is not free to form a Synod, such as have been all the ecclesiastical Synods of Episcopal Churches in modern times. It is compelled by this Act to have a Synod so constituted as to be a novelty in the eyes of every High Churchman, of every Roman Catholic in the kingdom—a useful novelty, as, if rightly organised, we think it may be,

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\* Irish Church Act, Clause 2 :—‘The said *Church of Ireland*.’

† *Ibid.*, Clause 22.

but still one which, under the development of its own natural instincts, the feeling we have indicated could hardly have allowed to exist. Whether the Irish clergy desire it or not, the Legislature compels them in their new condition to admit the laity into their governing body. This is in fact an attempt, imperfect perhaps, and awkward, but still perfectly intelligible, to produce that very relation of the laity towards the clergy, which has hitherto been sought and supplied by an Establishment. On this vital point the supreme intelligence of the nation, as expressed in Parliament, has intervened in as direct a manner as in the Act of Union or the Act of Uniformity. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright and Mr. Miall, have drawn up the first Canon of the 'Free' Irish Church.

Again, with regard to the endowments of the State, which (as was well pointed out by the Duke of Argyll and others who have spoken on this matter) form one chief characteristic of a Church Establishment—much, doubtless, has been rent away, but enough remains to maintain the principle. Not only have the private benefactions left to the Irish Church, as a National Church, been retained—to the amount of 500,000*l.*—but also the most material, the most significant, the most symbolical of all, its sacred buildings. In its original form the Bill went even further than this, for it provided that the State should undertake the repair of twelve of the most important of these churches. But even in its present form it provides that the State shall continue to the 'Church of Ireland,' not only all its parish churches and chapels, but the grand old historic edifices of the Irish people—St. Patrick's, and Christ Church, at Dublin, and the primatial Church of Armagh, teeming with recollections or traditions of the Apostle of Ireland—the Cathedral of Down, which possesses his grave, the venerable sanctuaries of St. Canice at Kilkenny, of St. Flaman at Killaloe, of St. Jarlath, with its unrivalled porch, at Tuam,—the Cathedral of St. Mary at Limerick, on the shores of the sacred Shannon, the Cathedral of Derry, alike famous as on the site of St. Columba's earliest ministrations and for the heroic deeds of its memorable siege.

Again, although the several corporations of which the Church of Ireland has hitherto consisted are to be dissolved, the Act creates afresh one vast new corporation in their place, which will or may absorb them all. The change from many corporations to one is doubtless considerable, yet it has some obvious conveniences: and, after all, it is a merely technical process, which might, if the political world had been so minded, have been called a scheme of Church Reform as well as a scheme of Church disestablishment. Were the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England to be made the

the one corporation capable of receiving property for the Church, it would make an important difference to lawyers and chapter-clerks, but to the people and to the clergy at large the change would be almost imperceptible.

Again, with regard to legal privileges. There are two, indeed, which the Act destroys, of which we do not dissemble the significance. One is the place of its Bishops in the House of Lords, the other is its separate ecclesiastical courts. But the Act leaves others quite as important. It leaves, so far as appears, the rank and precedence of the Irish Protestant, as of the Irish Catholic, clergy untouched. It leaves, so far as appears, the territorial arrangements of the parishes and dioceses. It leaves the Act of the Supremacy of the Crown\* for Ireland, expressed in more forcible and impressive terms than that for England, unrepealed. It leaves the Crown free as before to nominate the Bishops of the Irish Church.† It leaves the 'Church of Ireland' free to declare itself part of the Church of England, claiming the protection of its laws, demanding the nomination of its prelates by the Crown, claiming the advice and judicial wisdom of its legal tribunals, having a share in its preferments, following the course of its doctrine, its discipline, and its worship.

We have called attention to these aspects of the Irish Church Act for various reasons.

In the first place, it is the duty of every reasonable man not to exaggerate the effect of changes, which in themselves he may see cause to lament, but which are made far worse by representing them in gloomier colours than the case warrants. One of the most alarming features of the Irish Church Bill has been the impetus which it appeared to give to the enemies of endowed and established Churches everywhere. By this impetus, in great part, the Bill was carried; and, from the hopes thus excited, it still derives in the eyes of the more fanatical and destructive Nonconformists its chief interest. It may be useful, therefore, thus far to have shown that the history of the Irish Church Act, so far from proving that the principle of establishments is doomed, proves how deeply rooted and almost incapable of extinction it really is. Whatever may be the meaning of the word 'establishment' or 'disestablishment,' the recent course of events has indicated that the thing denoted by it is of too stubborn a growth to be overturned by any single measure however revolutionary. Revolu-

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\* 2 Eliz. c. 1 (Ireland).

† In the House of Commons Sir Stafford Northcote put this question to the Attorney-General for Ireland:—'Is there anything in the Bill to prevent the Crown nominating the Bishops of the Irish Church, if that should be the wish of the Irish Church?' The Attorney-General answered, with remarkable promptitude and emphasis, 'Most decidedly not.'

tionary, in one sense, the Irish Church Act may have been ; but in another sense, it is the very reverse of revolutionary. Revolutionary it was in one sense ; for it has destroyed what it has destroyed, for the mere sake of destruction, and in this respect it may be said to have gone beyond the wildest changes of the Reformation or of the Civil Wars, which never subverted without at least an attempt at construction and compensation. But in another sense it was conservative, for, unlike those changes, it has preserved, in the midst of destruction, what in a more barbarous age would have been swept away entirely. If 'disestablishment' be what this Bill has effected, then it is consolatory to remember that 'disestablishment,' whatever that much disputed word means, does not mean total abolition of the institution, nor yet the removal of all legal privileges, nor yet entire separation from the State, nor absolute freedom of clerical self-government, nor entire dissolution of ecclesiastical corporations, nor total withdrawal of their revenues. It means, in this Bill, as regards the Irish Church, that which every Church has, in some form or other, undergone in every country in Europe—reduction of its endowments, reduction of its privileges, partial disendowment, and partial disestablishment ; or, as the Attorney-General described the measure before it actually appeared, 'disendowment and disestablishment to a certain extent.' Other branches of the Church of England—not as regards 'endowment' but as regards 'establishment'—have passed through nearly the same fate, and yet remain, for all practical purposes, part of the Established Church. He would be a bold man who would say that the Bishop of Calcutta, because he has no seat in the House of Lords and no ecclesiastical court at Calcutta or Benares, is therefore not a Bishop of the Established Church ; or, to come still nearer home, the Church of England itself has not ceased to be established, because half of its spiritual peers were suppressed in the sixteenth century—because its northern Primate in the fifteenth century lost his ecclesiastical jurisdiction over Scotland, and its Prince Bishop of Durham in the nineteenth century his temporal jurisdiction over the patrimony of St. Cuthbert—because its exclusive right to the Universities has been abolished—because its claim to a legal rate for the maintenance of its churches has been surrendered—because other than its own communicants have been admitted into the offices of its rulers.

It may be remembered that the mover of the Bill, in his celebrated speech of the 1st of March, compared the Irish Church to Gloucester, in 'King Lear.' The change to be effected, he said, was imagined to be a 'leap over a precipice "ten masts high" but

was really only the fall of a few feet.' There are senses, indeed, in which the leap of the Church of Ireland may be as dangerous as Gloucester supposed. The loss of so large a part of its endowments, the sudden reduction of its clergy from affluent independence (if so be) to poverty or mendicancy, is doubtless a tremendous descent. The possible change in its ecclesiastical position may also be, not only a leap in the dark, but a leap into absolute chaos. But both of these results may be, to a considerable extent, arrested as we will presently show, by the wisdom and liberality of Irish Churchmen themselves. And as regards the principle of the Bill—as regards the necessary operation of its clauses—the fall may be, as its mover presumed, almost imperceptible. Even as regards 'ascendancy,' no one who heard Sir Roundell Palmer's speech on the rejection of the Lords' amendments can forget the force with which he pointed out that the Irish Church Act passed as it was, without a shred of benefit to the Irish Catholics, and with important benefits still left to the Irish Protestants, was, and would continue to be, a striking monument of that very Protestant ascendancy which it professed to destroy, being, as it was, in its most characteristic feature the direct result of the exclusiveness of English and Scottish prejudice. It is true that, if the change in principle be so slight, calmly judging persons may ask whether, for such a cause, it was worth while to convulse the Empire. But the fact is that 'establishment,' like 'endowment,' is a question of degree, and though the amount of one or the other may be so much diminished that their benefits may be almost frustrated, yet the principle may so far remain as to be always capable of revival. The Knights of St. John, when they quitted Rhodes for Malta, left a powder magazine in the vaults of the citadel, which continued unperceived for three centuries. Some twelve years ago it was ignited by a flash of lightning in a thunder-storm; an explosion took place which blew up the Turkish governor and Turkish mosque, and thus three hundred years after their suppression the departing order was avenged. Such may be the results of the inflammable materials left in Ireland, in the roots of the old Establishment—the seeds of the old ascendancy. Let us hope that, unlike the powder magazine at Rhodes, they may, by a happier Providence, be still destined to scatter, not destruction and devastation, but life and prosperity over Ireland.

This leads us to the main reason why we have called attention to this phase of the settlement of the Irish Church. If as regards the general policy of the ~~English Church~~ <sup>Bill</sup> there is an advantage in thus considering the mixed and ~~and~~ <sup>in which</sup> the so-called principle of the measure ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> still more is this desirable for those who ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> the arduous task of reconstructing



reconstructing the Irish Church, after the shock to which it has been subjected. The Irish Church must bear its part in the compromise; and it is here worthy of note that the necessity of such a compromise has been acknowledged in the most striking manner by that Church itself. There was indeed a moment when, contrary to the counsels of most moderate advisers, but not unnaturally, considering the circumstances and the temperament of those concerned, the cry was raised of 'No surrender;' 'No compromise.' There was, there is, one course—one possible course—and one only, by which such an uncompromising policy could be carried out, namely, by refusing to create any new Church Body. Such a course would have placed the Government in the utmost difficulty; but it has been thought by the leaders of the Irish Church too hazardous to attempt. By wisely adopting the opposite policy—by manfully endeavouring to form this body, the principle of compromise has been accepted by Irish Churchmen, and has thus had its complete run through the whole cycle of every party concerned,—the Ministry, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the Church of Ireland itself.

The first step towards co-operating with the Government scheme is the endeavour to secure and consolidate the Church endowments. The confiscation of its revenues has, as is obvious, been so nearly complete, that in this respect there is nothing to be done except as rapidly and effectually as possible to fill up the vacuum by the commutations allowed under the Act, and by contributions from the liberality of the Irish Protestants. It may seem hard, indeed, that they should be obliged to supply a loss by which nobody gains; but still for the time certainly, probably for ever, the larger part of the ancient funds are gone;—and it is for the laity and clergy of Ireland, as best they can, to prevent the calamitous results which they have hitherto not without reason anticipated, by the means which the Act places in their hands. It would be alike impertinent and useless for us to suggest the details by which this re-endowment should be effected. We content ourselves with urging that the main object to be sought is the continuance of the present free and independent position of the Irish clergy. In proportion as they are left at the mercy of the mere voluntary and casual contributions of the individual landlords or the local peasantry, they will be degraded to the position which it is the duty and policy of every enlightened statesman to avert. The ecclesiastical history of the British Empire abounds with warnings which they have to shun. The 'tame Levites' of the Scottish and English Nonjurors—the dependence of Nonconformists on their congregations, so often lamented

lamented by themselves—the miserable bargaining for the performance of sacred rites, the necessity of yielding to the passions and superstitions of their flocks, on the part of the Irish Roman Catholic Priests—are all so many beacons to indicate the opposite path prescribed by the higher destiny of the Church of Ireland. Let an adequate central endowment be secured; let the independence of the clergy be made the first object of those who subscribe to it, and then one of the main characteristics of an Establishment—that which Mr. Hadfield regards as ‘the unholy and accursed thing’—that which Dr. Chalmers regarded as the most valuable part of the ancient ecclesiastical system both of England and Scotland—will still be preserved. Endowments, as the Archbishop of Canterbury pointed out in the manly and dignified speech with which he summed up the conclusion of the whole matter on the last night of the debate, are valuable not in themselves, but for the special characteristics, moral and spiritual, of an endowed clergy, of which they are the symbols, and towards which they contribute. No doubt, there are also special virtues fostered by dependence, by poverty, by mendicancy. These ought always to be recognised by those who advocate the retention of an opposite system. They have been manifested in the hermits of the Thebaid, in the begging Friars of the Middle Ages, in many of the English Dissenters, and of the Scottish Free Churchmen and United Presbyterians. But there are also moral and spiritual advantages of another order, flowing from independence, from general cultivation, from national comprehensiveness. It is these which have been hitherto specially connected with the thought of ancient endowment; and if the endowments of the Irish Church should, by the present effort, be raised to the same point, or anything like the same point, which they reached before, the whole result of the Bill, in this particular, will be the exact reverse of what was anticipated. So far from its having been a triumph, it then will have been a heavy blow and discouragement to the voluntary principle, the essence of which is the daily dependence of ministers on the casual contributions of their flocks. The only effect of the measure will have been that in the stead of former endowments will have risen up new endowments, resembling those which they have replaced in their principle, in their origin, and in their consequences. To anticipate so large a return of mediæval munificence would be premature at present; but it is an anticipation eagerly maintained by many of the chief promoters of the recent measure.

What is true of the possibility of a re-endowment, is still true of the possibility of a wise ‘re-establishment’ of the

Church. On this constitutional aspect of the question, let us be permitted to say a few words, to Irish Churchmen and to English politicians.

We have already pointed out how the Act, so far from depriving the members of the Irish Church of this power, actually places it within their reach. They have only to remain as they are—the Irish branch of the English Church—and they will retain most of the advantages which are possessed by the Church in the dependencies of the Empire, and many of those possessed by the Established Church in England itself. The second clause of the Act which dissolves the Union between the two Churches is expressly limited to ‘the Union created by Act of Parliament,’ that is, by the Act of Union, and accordingly the Church of Ireland, as far as this is concerned, merely returns to the relations to the Church of England in which it was before the Union; that is to say, one with it in all respects, except that whilst its supreme head was then, as it still is, the Queen, its legislative Government was then the Irish Parliament, which now having ceased to exist, can no longer regulate its proceedings. As regards the episcopal seats in the House of Lords, the Irish Church has indeed by this Act lost the special place in that branch of the legislature which it enjoyed before. Yet, although we do not undervalue the importance of those seats, and although it is impossible not to regret the strange perverseness which induced some of the High Church peers to wrest from the existing Prelates the privilege which the Government had graciously conceded, it will be acknowledged by all that the rotatory system of the Irish Episcopal peerage reduced it to the minimum of value, whether political or ecclesiastical. ‘Why have you never brought a Bill into Parliament?’ said some one to Archbishop Whately. ‘Why,’ he asked in reply, ‘should I lay an egg for another to addle?’ In the other House there is, as yet, no new enactment to prevent Irish Churchmen from taking their places in the council of the Empire; it may even be that in the contemplated changes Irish clergymen may have an advantage, if so it be, which at present is withheld from English clergymen. In all other respects, then, the recent measure why the Irish Church continue, as it is now, subject of Ireland, which is substantial land. In fact, it will continue of the power given to it by and formal separation. Unless with the Church of England, already noticed, be virtually pla

which it previously enjoyed. Its disestablishment, if it takes place at all, will, as has been truly said, be an act not of the Government or of the Bill, but of the Irish Church itself—an act not of murder, but of suicide.

We are quite aware that there are many reasons—some sound, some unsound—which might tempt the Church of Ireland towards this voluntary self-annihilation. The natural irritation against the Imperial Legislature, which is supposed, not without reason, to have confiscated so large a part of the Irish Church revenues for political purposes, or to gratify Scottish and English Nonconformists; the growing tendency of High Churchmen everywhere—in Ireland probably less than elsewhere, but still to a certain degree even there—to regard the connexion with the law and the State as an unholy thing; the nobler motive which doubtless fires some ardent minds of seizing this opportunity to make the experiment of a new Church, purged altogether from the errors and defects of the old Church of England; the equally commendable, and perhaps more practicable wish to make a united body of Irish Protestants, including the Presbyterians and Wesleyans with the Episcopalians;—all these forces may not unnaturally conspire to dispose the present generation of Irish churchmen towards a total breach with the English Church, and an entire reconstruction of their whole doctrinal, liturgical, and ecclesiastical system.

We repeat that we acknowledge the force of these motives, and with some of them we sympathise. Yet we cannot help throwing the weight, whatever it be, of our humble counsels into the scale for retaining as far as possible those links with England and with England's Church which have hitherto been so dearly prized by the Irish Church, and which in the troubled future before it may perchance be of even more value than they have yet been. Take, for example, what is probably the extremest form of the connexion, the appointment of Bishops by the Crown, which, as we have seen, the Act unquestionably allows. We can well understand the reluctance of Irish Protestants to receive their Bishops from the hands of Ministers who, as they think, have inflicted a deadly injury on their Church, and the temptation of Irishmen to have a direct share in the vivacious excitement and interest of choosing their own chief pastors. Yet they should remember that the present Ministry is not eternal; they should recall the wise old fable which warns us against killing the golden goose to get at all her eggs immediately; they should bear in mind calmly what have been the permanent advantages of Crown nominations both in England and Ireland, and what the probable disadvantages of merely popular

popular elections. If, as every one must admit, many mistakes have been made by the Crown and its Ministers, in ecclesiastical no less than lay patronage, yet it is indisputable that in point of fact appointments universally acknowledged in the long run to have been the best are thus secured, which, as far as can be seen, could have been secured in no other way.

Look at the present English Bench. It is not invidious to conjecture that by no system of merely clerical or popular election would the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of St. David's have attained their present eminence; and yet probably there is hardly a clergyman who would not now regret if either had been excluded from the episcopate. Or look at the present Irish Bench. We do not deny that the peculiar qualifications of such men as the Primate and the Bishops of Derry, Tuam, and Kilmore, might always have attracted the suffrages of the mass of their countrymen. But it is more than probable that no form of popular election in Ireland, either clerical or lay, would have raised to the see of Dublin either the logical mind and liberal heart of a Whately, or the manifold accomplishments and charms of a Trench, or the varied gifts and graces which now adorn the sees of Meath, Killaloe, and Limerick. It is more than probable that at least in excited times the fiery zeal of such well-known characters as the Bishops of Cashel and Cork would carry the day in a heated contest over all other candidates. Nor is it to be forgotten that sore as were the evils inflicted in former times on Ireland and the Irish Church by England and the English Government, yet that to England the Church of Ireland owes four of the very brightest of its names,—the genius and eloquence of Taylor, the apostolic energy of Bedell, the philosophic piety of Berkeley, the princely munificence of Robinson—names which the more purely Irish origin even of an Usher or a Beresford can hardly counterbalance. And for the opposite system we have only to turn to the much vaunted example of Canada. Of the half-dozen elections that have taken place since in an ill-advised moment the Crown gave up its right of nomination, not above two elections have occurred, we are told, without involving some scandal either in the process or the result. The individuals selected may have been blameless, but the canvassing, the agitation, the suspicions, the recriminations, have rivalled those which accompany contested elections in other spheres of life. We have before us two Canadian documents. One, entitled 'the Race for the Mitre,' refers to an election of some years past, in which the candidates are respectively designated as the White Horse, the Black Horse (*Pontifex Maximus*), and the Grey Horse (the Badger). The other refers to a more recent election to the Metropolitan

politan see of Montreal, entitled, 'the Games of the Bishops,' in which the several prelates are represented as climbing the greasy pole. Such satires and such scandals may, of course, arise under any form of nomination. But we doubt whether any event in English ecclesiastical life has so directly provoked them as the scenes in the Canadian Church described in the public journals, of which those ludicrous phases are but the shadows. The election to the see of Montreal, to which we have just referred, may be noticed the more freely because it finally issued in the harmonious appointment of a truly estimable clergyman from England. But before it reached that consummation, it displayed in the most flagrant colours the vices of these popular modes of election. The see became vacant a short time before the vacancy of the see of Canterbury in England, and whilst the see of Canterbury was filled within the course of a few weeks, without tumult, without violence, and with general satisfaction to the whole community, candidate after candidate for the see of Montreal was proposed, rejected, and proposed again in vain, amidst long and fierce debates, excited meetings, lasting far into the night; and the whole matter postponed, the whole Church government of Canada suspended, for six months—and peace was secured at last only by the rejection of all the Canadian candidates, and the selection of an independent clergyman from the mother country. We do not say that these scenes will always recur, or that Irish Churchmen may not avoid the faults of their Canadian brethren. We do not deny that in ecclesiastical as in civil matters there are incidental advantages flowing from universal suffrage. But scenes like those to which we have adverted remind us of the stormy conflicts which in earlier times of the Church led to the abandonment of this primitive mode of appointment, and they are exciting enough to make a reasonable man hesitate before he exchanges a system which has been moulded by the experience of all the older Churches of Christendom, for one which was deliberately given up, from a sense of its incongruity, and which in modern times has peculiar evils of its own, arising from the narrow tyranny of ecclesiastical majorities, from the violence of party feeling, and from the degrading associations of political canvassing. Even if it shall be found impracticable to continue the Crown nominations in the form in which they have hitherto contributed to uphold the dignity and efficiency of the Irish Church, there are other means by which the same end may be sought. The main object of all nominations is to obtain the best men for the post. The University of Cambridge, for example, has certain Regius Professorships. But the Crown, for some generations past, having

having abdicated its right, the University has wisely endeavoured to rectify the omission not by a system of popular election, but by a Board adapted so as best to secure the same stamp of men. At Oxford, the University Commissioners some twenty years ago, on considering the relative advantages of various modes of appointment, arrived at the conclusion that, on the whole, the nominations by the Crown were the most successful, and the popular elections by the Convocation the least. It would be a lamentable retrogression if a Church should voluntarily, and in the face of all experience, reject the better, and choose the baser course; or, if compelled to forego the best course, it should at once, without consideration of any intermediate step, descend to the worst.

We pass to another like consideration.. The Irish Church will, after 1871, be doubtless free to choose for itself a new ritual and a new creed. There are, as we have seen, many reasons which might suggest this course. The preponderance of one of the three schools of the English Church to an almost overwhelming extent in Ireland, exasperated by its immediate antagonism with the Roman priesthood, might easily induce them to take advantage of their suddenly acquired power, and to expel from their Prayer-Book and from their Communion those elements which in the English Church have furnished the sanction for the continuance within its bosom of the great High Church party, at various times, perhaps at the present moment, more powerful and energetic than any other. Indications of this disposition to Calvinise and Puritanise the Irish Church have not been wanting. A memorial to that effect has already been printed. And, in one diocese, a resolution has been framed, placing the Thirty-Nine Articles in the paramount rank of a doctrinal standard to the exclusion of the Prayer-Book which, in the present constitution of the Church, so materially modifies by its countervailing expressions of a more Catholic tendency (in both senses of that word) the rigid theology, Lutheran or Calvinistic, of many of the Articles. There may be others, also, from opposite points of view, who may consider that so choice an opportunity ought not to be lost of removing from the formularies some of those serious blemishes, both in composition and construction, which, but for the present cumbrous machinery of the National Church, would probably have been altered long ago. To arguments like these we confess that we see no answer if the Irish Church takes the position of a wholly new Church, free and separate from the Church of England. So long as an institution is part of a great whole, special defects may fairly be overlooked,



looked, in consideration of the general advantages flowing from the action and counteraction, and from the long traditional and hereditary influences of the larger body to which it is attached. But if the Irish Church starts avowedly on an entirely fresh basis, it can hardly rest with merely continuing what it has received. It must then look in the face the questions which this new vocation raises. If it is resolved to be an Irish, altogether distinct from an English Church, it must begin by entirely reconsidering, if not rejecting, that which is the most purely English element in its composition, namely, the English Prayer-book—not to speak of the Authorised Version of the Bible, and of the influence of English theology. These are boons which are altogether derived from England—a bond of connexion, not with the Celtic chiefs or Celtic hierarchy, but with English civilization and with English religion. We do not disparage the learning of Irish theologians or the energy of Irish laymen. But if it is to stand alone and apart, the Church of Ireland will have indeed a difficult task before it. Every Irish Churchman, and the whole Irish Church together, must then consider what is the definition of an Irish Churchman, and what is the definition of the Irish Church; whether Irish Churchmanship is confined to communicants, and to professors of this or that opinion, or whether it includes all who claim to be so considered, the freespoken man of science, as well as the rigid adherents of a well-defined creed. Each part of its Confession of Faith must be debated, Article by Article—each part of its Ritual must be debated, Rubric by Rubric, and Collect by Collect. Each one must be taken on its own merits, each one must be sifted and searched to the bottom. We do not say that the 700,000 Irish Protestants may not arrive at the same conclusion as their English brethren, but the chances of such complete union will be, to say the least, uncertain; and in that proportion the hope of English recognition and interministration will become precarious, unless, in that case, the Church of England itself enlarges its borders so as to include, far and wide, the members and ministers of other communions than its own.

This no doubt opens a formidable prospect. Even if the more homogeneous character of the Irish clergy should make the solution easier than in England, and should even succeed in what would of itself be a most desirable object, the re-union of the other Protestant communions, Presbyterian and Wesleyan, within the same body, yet the excitable temperament of the Irish people—perhaps we may add without offence, the lower level of cultivation in the mass of the Irish clergy—would  
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render such a disruption full of danger to the more refined, or comprehensive, or Catholic spirits, now exercising the most beneficial influence over the nation. To avert these dangers, there is one course, and that one the most simple and easy, namely, that the Irish Church, when constituted, should avail itself of the power left to it by the Act, of declaring itself part of the Church of England, bound by its laws, and adhering to its doctrine and worship. By this means it will be able to maintain the interministrations which have hitherto, and long before the Union, subsisted between the two churches; and by this alone can it present a firm front and ready answer to the otherwise inexorable and irrepressible demands for a remodelling of all its formularies. And, if there should be some who, whether as desiring a closer approximation to the Presbyterians, or a more elastic form, whether of creed or of ritual, would regret the loss of this opportunity for achieving such hopes, they may console themselves with the reflection that they will be more likely to attain those ends surely and in the long run by following the fortunes of the Church of England, than by crude experiments of their own. The fact that at this moment a Royal Commission is engaged, with the Irish Primate amongst its members, in reconsidering the whole ritual of the English Church, is a sufficient guarantee for the hope that some, at least, of the wishes for a better adaptation of the Liturgy to the wants of the age will be realised. And the consciousness that so large and important a part of its body as would be constituted by the Irish Church has those pressing needs, and may at any moment be driven to an act of entire disruption, would probably serve as a beneficial stimulus to the Church of England itself in accomplishing changes which are, in fact, not less desirable for itself than for its Irish branch, though perhaps not so urgently and immediately demanded. Even in a pecuniary point of view, it is not without importance to remember that there are many who would give freely to a branch of the Imperial and National Church of England, and yet hesitate to contribute to the formation of a narrow aggressive sect. There will always be, as there has always been, a sufficient force in the purely Celtic element in the Church of Ireland to give it a distinctive character, worthy of its name, however close its union, whether past or future, with the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Church on this side of St. George's Channel.

Another consideration of the same sort is suggested by the composition of the new governing body. In the establishment of the United Church of England and Ireland, for which the Irish Church fought so strenuously, one striking advantage was, that its  
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supreme government was lodged, not in any particular party, or profession, but in the whole nation, as represented in the Imperial Legislature. This characteristic of an establishment, with all its drawbacks, which we do not deny, has, as doubtless the more high-minded of the Irish clergy perceived, this inestimable boon, that it brought the real intelligence of the whole community to bear on the great questions of the religious and moral welfare of the people. The particular form of this advantage has no doubt been taken away from the Irish Church by the recent Act. It can no longer directly claim the collective wisdom of the Legislature for the settlement of its internal affairs. But there is nothing to prevent it from seeking to secure the same object by other means. To a certain degree it may secure it at once by the process which we have suggested, namely, by declaring itself a part of the Imperial Church of England, and so claiming to share the consequences of any legislation for that Church. But there is also another form in which it may at least do much towards this end, by endeavouring to provide the best substitute for what it has lost. How is this to be done? We do not presume to suggest details. But it is clear that ecclesiastical governments, as usually constituted, exactly fail in this very particular. They may represent the average opinion and sentiment of the majority of the clergy, or of the majority of the so-called religious world, but they do not represent the opinions and sentiment of that independent and intelligent minority which ultimately sways the opinion and sentiment of the whole. They do not represent the real lay intellect of the country, which is at once the solid strength and the wholesome correction of any good religious organisation. In the English clerical convocations, this is to a certain degree procured by the *ex officio* members of the clergy. We regret to see a tendency in some parts of Ireland to exclude these altogether. Whether there is any difference between England and Ireland which justifies so great a deviation from the English model, we do not pretend to say. The strange and fantastic relics which in Ireland often take the place of the capitular bodies of England, may perhaps present unamalgamable elements in any working constitution. But so far as the two countries and churches in any way resemble each other, it is obvious that such an exclusion would have the effect of closing one of the main safety valves through which in times of panic or excitement, whether theological or political, the voice of moderation will claim to be heard. If it be important to secure this in the representation of the clergy, it is still more important to secure it in the representation of the laity. There it may be calculated

lated with still greater certainty that, unless to this element be given the dignity and independence which would accrue from the incorporation into the new body of those who, whether as members of the legislature, or as Professors of the University and the National Colleges, or as dignitaries of the law, have a status and character of their own, the lay portion of the assembly will become a mere echo of the partisans of special sections of the clergy—men zealous, perhaps, and pious, but deficient in the very qualities for which the lay element is most valuable. A mere lay majority or a mere house of lay representatives controlling the clergy would be almost as objectionable as a mere clerical majority controlling the laymen. What is wanted is a mixture of classes; a variety of representatives; a fusion of their various elements; in the same order, in the same body, checking, stimulating one another, face to face, and mind to mind. For the sake of such a result, the battle of the Establishment was fought—and for the sake of this, the nearest approach to it in the new constitution ought to be strenuously sought after. For a like reason we trust that in whatever is the governing body of the Church of Ireland, Trinity College will be allowed to have its due influence. This great institution, which has long anticipated even the English Universities in the breadth and comprehensiveness of view with which it has regarded the outlying members of other religious communities, is the only ecclesiastical institution of Ireland which has come hitherto unscathed out of the furnace of the late revolution. It commands the respect of all that is most enlightened, both in the Catholic and Protestant communions of Ireland. It is destined still to play an important part in Irish history. Nothing could be so conducive to the stability and progress of the new Church body, as to give to Trinity College as much power as is possible, compatibly with other interests. Nothing would be more ruinous to those hopes, for the sake of which so many a weary fight has been fought by the defenders of the Irish Church, than an exclusion or disparagement of its claims.

It is, perhaps, needless to insist on the necessity of providing for the Irish clergy the same privilege as is possessed by the English clergy of appealing to the civil courts against the oppression of their own ecclesiastical rule. This is a privilege which belongs to them as British citizens, and which can only be taken from them either by an Act of the Legislature declaring that all decisions of the Irish Ecclesiastical Assembly are to be final, or by the Irish Ecclesiastical Assembly exacting as a preliminary condition of membership and ministration the renunciation of any right of appeal to an external tribunal. But  
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we hope that neither of these proposals will be found practicable. The Legislature cannot make the decisions of an ecclesiastical court final without investing that ecclesiastical court with the most powerful attributes of a civil court. The ecclesiastical assembly cannot exact such pledges from its members or ministers without imposing conditions which we believe would be contrary to public policy, and so could not be recognised by the law. It is true that some of the Colonial Synods have attempted to demand such humiliating conditions of service. But we cannot believe that English or Irish clergymen, at home, will ever be found so rash or so subservient as to surrender their liberties after this fashion, even if it were legally possible.

Another point on which we would insist in the same direction is the importance of retaining for the clergyman of the Church of Ireland the position which he now confessedly enjoys to the great advantage of his fellow-citizens, of standing above the factions and disputes of the other churches, and becoming their recognised leader and counsellor in all that relates to those great moral and physical wants which override the technical distinctions of sect and party. But we hardly believe that, after all which has been said in behalf of the advantages of such a position, the Irish clergy will voluntarily descend to the rank of mere polemics and proselytisers, and so, whilst they justify all that has ever been said against them, will also justify the most gloomy forebodings which friend or foe has expressed of the results of the Irish Church Act. The reduction of the staff of Irish clergy is of course inevitable. It was indeed under any circumstances desirable. But the large area of the parishes, the unions already effected between contiguous parishes, furnish examples ready at hand for extending the same principle. There is no reason why, when the clerical ministrations are yet further withdrawn to local centres, the pastor who occupies that central position should not stand in the same general relation to the whole of his scattered flock as before. Far better this than by multiplying or continuing the needlessly multiplied ministers of deserted districts, to create a body of inferior clergy, who would sink to the level of the Roman priesthood, without enjoying their advantages. Far better that resident laymen, if such there be, should undertake the religious ministrations in these outposts of Protestantism, than that there should be inflicted on unhappy Ireland the new curse of a pauper Protestant clergy.

In the same way, it seems to us that much foresight will be needed in dealing with the Episcopate. We doubt not that there

there will be some eager to revive the thirty, forty, nay the hundreds of sees, which have at different periods existed in Ireland, and which by the concordant policy of Church and State have been successively suppressed. Such a multiplication of Bishops might for the moment have an imposing effect. But it should be remembered that this would in fact be an entire change in the institution. A man of superior education, character, and station would not be easily replaced by ten bishops, only in name and in ceremonial functions elevated above their brethren. The increasing grandeur of the residences and of the condition of the Roman Catholic Prelates sufficiently indicates their estimate of the moral value of these external adjuncts; and it will be safer for the Church of Ireland to reduce the number of its officers than altogether to ignore the sphere in which it has to work. Efficiency and zeal are doubtless the first requisites. But, in dealing with outward organizations, these considerations cannot with prudence be overlooked.

There are many other methods, on which we might insist, as a means of retaining the just influence of the reality of an established Church when the name is gone. We do not dwell on them, partly because they will occur of themselves, partly because they would lead us into too minute detail.

One only point we venture to suggest, which we have reserved to the close, because it connects itself with most of our previous remarks. It is this:—Whatever may be the necessity of synods, convocations, or general elections, for the sake of keeping up the popular interest, there ought to be formed some compact, small, body, which shall be the real executive of the Irish Church. Such a body was intended to have existed in the English Church, as prescribed in the wise provisions of the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity, consisting of such councillors or commissioners as with the Queen and the Metropolitan should advise for that purpose. Such a body, no doubt, is often wanted even in England, for the regulation of many matters for which it is undesirable and needless to invoke the aid either of Parliament or Convocation. Such a body might with advantage be tried in Ireland. The greatest delicacy would be requisite in its formation. But, if successfully formed, it might take upon itself with advantage, many of those functions which have been hitherto discharged by the Crown or the Imperial Legislature.

In all these remarks it will be seen that when we speak of the benefits of retaining, as far as can be, these characteristics of the position of the old Established Church of Ireland, it must be borne in mind that we insist on the end and not on the particular means



means, on the object, and not on the machinery\* by which the object is attained. The end is that there shall be still an ecclesiastical body in Ireland, following the movement of the national mind, representing the cause of law and order, the destined instrument of religious progress and civilization; not the slave of a tyrannical majority, of a despotic priesthood, of a party faction—a body capable of holding its own moderating, elevating course, without pandering to the passions or the prejudices of the people by whom it is maintained, or the clergy by whom it is ruled. We have always advocated—the Irish clergy have advocated—the supremacy of the English Crown, and the connexion with the law and civilization of England, because these elements have hitherto contributed to produce, with whatever shortcomings, these results. If other elements can produce the same or like results, in Heaven's name try them: only do not abandon the hope of securing the results themselves, do not condemn as curses what have hitherto been valued as blessings.

Finally, let it be remembered that the Irish Church, but especially the Irish clergy, have at this moment in their hands a momentous destiny to mould. It is impossible not to foresee that whatever platform of government and discipline they frame for themselves will have at least an indirect bearing on the Church of England and the Church of Scotland also. If, breaking loose from the English Church, and sacrificing the chances of sharing in the protection of its laws, and the conditions of a joint existence, they form a new Church, a new liturgy, a new discipline, let them be at once stimulated and moderated by the thought that such a revolution can hardly stand alone. It may be the ruin or the regeneration of all the surrounding Churches. On the other hand, if, as we venture to hope, they still endeavour under their altered circumstances to keep alive the traditions of the old Imperial Church from which they cannot be separated but by their own act and deed, then they will prove that the essential principle of national establishment, which they so bravely defended, can survive the shock of a nominal disestablishment and of an all but entire disendowment; they will do more to strengthen the cause which was supposed to be overthrown than could be done by any other body of persons.

In either case, there is the consolation of knowing that they bring with them to their new task the 'education' (to use the words of the English Primate in what may be called his parting benediction to them) 'which they have received by their training under a nobler, better, and higher system' than that sectarian,

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\* On this whole line of argument we strongly recommend to our readers, both for instruction and amusement, the remarks of Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the most captivating of his somewhat eccentric Lectures—'Culture and Anarchy.'



aggressive, mendicant condition, to which their mistaken friends, as well as their avowed enemies, have sought to degrade them.

The Celtic ecclesiastic has already in former ages given much to Great Britain. Scotland owes her first dawn of religion to Columba. The English Church of later days has reckoned amongst its most brilliant orators and preachers the clergy who have visited us from its sister branch. But the Church of Ireland may still confer yet one more boon, by shewing that it has not enjoyed three centuries of close union with England in vain; and that, even in this crisis of its fate, it has had the power of retaining under its new condition those blessings which it justly feared to lose, and which need not, except through its own act, depart with the reduction of its exclusive privileges.

We, who have always advocated the need of great changes in its relations to the rival Church, who have never withheld our sympathy from it during its present severe trial, will not now despair of its ultimate future.

ART. VIII.—*An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church.* By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia, 1867.

THE author of this book tells us in his preface that he undertook it because, 'so far as he was aware, no work of the kind exists in English literature, and those which have appeared in the continental languages are exclusively of a controversial character.' As to the defectiveness of our own literature, we believe that Mr. Lea is correct. There is no English treatise on the celibacy of the clergy more considerable than that by Henry Wharton, which is reprinted in Bishop Gibson's 'Preservative against Popery;' and this, as we need hardly say, bears the 'controversial character' which Mr. Lea imputes to foreign books on the same subject, although the learned writer assures us that he must necessarily be free from all personal bias, inasmuch as he 'neither hath experienced the pleasures of marriage, nor hath the honour to be a priest of the Church of England.\*' But surely it must occur to Mr. Lea's readers that he would have done better if, instead of putting all writers in the continental languages aside, on the ground of their 'controversial character,' he had condescended to tell us something about the chief of them; and every one who has any acquaintance with the matter must be struck, in particular, by the absence of all allusion to the well-

\* Gibson, i. 279. Wharton, however, was a deacon when he wrote, and became a priest almost immediately after.

known account of 'The Introduction of Compulsory Celibacy,' by the brothers Theiner, which, although written with the practical object of promoting a change in the discipline of the Roman Church, is at least as calm and historical in tone as Mr. Lea's own volume.\*

When a writer, instead of acknowledging the labours of his predecessors, thus puts them out of sight, a suspicion may naturally arise that his obligations to them are greater than he likes to acknowledge; and we confess that, in consequence of Mr. Lea's reserve, we have examined his pages with some jealousy. But we are bound to say that, although we can sometimes trace the influence of books which are hardly or not at all mentioned (such as Dean Milman's great work, to which we have not discovered more than a single reference)—although we should have liked Mr. Lea better if he had dealt more handsomely by former writers and more frankly by his readers—we believe his labour to have been honestly executed; and, as to Messrs. Theiner's History, although very much of his matter is also to be found there, we believe, after a careful examination, that he is guiltless, not only of having borrowed from it without acknowledgment, but even of an acquaintance with the language in which it is written.

In comparing the two books, we may say that the Germans are superior in the collection of materials, and the American in the use of such materials as he has. While the Theiners go on piling canons upon canons and quotations on quotations with an iteration which is utterly wearisome, Mr. Lea, in his less heavily-loaded pages, and within less than half the compass, brings out more distinctly the history of the subject, and in the latter part of his story he has collected much information on matters which are either omitted or less satisfactorily treated in the German work. Thus his chapter on the Anglican Church is perhaps the most

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\* 'Die Einführung der erzwungenen Ehelosigkeit bei den christlichen Geistlichen und ihre Folgen. Ein Beitrag zur Kirchengeschichte von Dr. J. A. Theiner und Augustin Theiner. Altenburg, 1828' (re-issued 1845). Of the writers, the elder was a theological professor in the Roman Catholic faculty at Breslau, but, in consequence of his liberal opinions, was compelled to give up his chair, and to withdraw to a parochial cure in 1830. In 1845 he emerged from his retreat in order to take part in the 'German Catholic Church' movement which was then set on foot by Ronge; but he soon found that there were differences between himself and the other leaders so serious as make co-operation impossible. His last years were spent in the office of secretary of the University Library at Berlin, where he died in 1860. The career of the younger brother, Augustine (who is supposed to have had the chief share in the 'History of Celibacy'), has been very different. A layman and a liberal member of his Church at the time when that book was written, he afterwards changed his opinions, and joined the congregation of the Oratory, of which he is perhaps, next to Dr. Newman, the most eminent living member.

connected and most satisfactory account of the course of our own Reformation as to the question of celibacy or marriage that could be found; and the concluding chapter gives much curious information on the history of celibacy and marriage among the French clergy from the beginning of the first Revolution. We ought also to mention that Mr. Lea often illustrates his narrative by illustrations derived from books which must have formed part rather of his general reading than of his special preparation for this subject, especially from the satirical versifiers of the middle ages, both Latin and vernacular; although here we look in vain for any of those German rhymes which would fitly have kept company with Mapes and Jean de Meun, Piers the Plowman, and Sannazaro.

While Mr. Lea thus labours under the disadvantage of being unable to benefit by German sources of information, his knowledge of Greek seems to be of a very peculiar kind. Sometimes, indeed, he ventures on a word or two in that language, and gives us such phænomena as *ψευδονυμους* (p. 27), *ιακοβον* (p. 70), or *ανταφρασιν* (p. 75); but in general his quotations from Greek writers are made through Latin translations, which, in the case of the Scriptures, he seems to prefer to our common (or any other) English version. Although his language, as well as his tone, is generally calm, he sometimes breaks out into a sort of eloquence which we cannot admire; for instance:—

‘The question thus was definitely settled in prohibiting the priests of Germany from marrying, or from retaining the wives whom they had taken previous to ordination. Settled, indeed, in the rolls of parchment which recorded the decrees of councils and the trading bargains of pope and kaiser; yet the perennial struggle continued, and the parchment roll for yet a while was powerless before the passions of man, who did not cease to be man because his crown was shaven and his shoulders wore cope and stole.’—p. 258.

There are occasional oddities of diction which we suppose to be Americanisms; such as ‘caption,’ in the sense of a chapter or section of a law (p. 166); ‘imprescriptible,’ which seems to mean *sanctioned by prescription* (p. 444); ‘putting themselves on the same record with their rivals’ (p. 252); and so on. But especially there is one favourite pair of words, which are used in such an apparent variety of ways that we must confess ourselves utterly puzzled by them. Thus we read of ‘the *cynicism* of Roman luxury’ (p. 121); of ‘the *cynical* lubricity of unworthy prelates’ (p. 138); of ‘*cynical* boldness’ (p. 196); of ‘the *cynicism* of the most exalted asceticism’ (p. 344); of ‘undisguised and *cynical* profligacy’ (p. 353); of ‘crude *cynicism*’ (p. 356); of ‘a *cynicism* of venality’ (p. 391); of ‘*cynical* levity’ (p. 420);  
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of 'open and *cynical* manifestations of license' (p. 534). After considering all the doggish and Diogenes-like qualities that we can think of, we find ourselves obliged to give up the attempt to guess what the meaning of most of these passages may be.

But it is time to proceed to the matter of the book.

Although the rule of clerical celibacy has often been maintained with a show of Scriptural grounds,\* both during the middle ages and by the advocates of the Roman Church since the Reformation—although Henry VIII.'s Act of Six Articles asserted that 'priests after the order of priesthood might not marry by the Law of God'—the authoritative decree of the Council of Trent seems to allow that the matter belongs merely to ecclesiastical regulation.† Without, therefore, either relying absolutely on Mr. Lea's statement that St. Peter is 'admitted on all hands' to have had a daughter, St. Petronilla ‡ (p. 25), or thinking it necessary to discuss the perplexities of one of our late ultra-ritualists, who cannot imagine how the notion of clerical celibacy could have arisen in the early Church, unless the Apostles had forsaken their wives (!) § we may assume that, in the words of our Church's XXXIInd Article, 'Bishops, priests, and deacons are not commanded by God's Law either to vow the estate of single life, or to abstain from marriage.' || In this, as in some other things, the Church was first led by circumstances to take a certain course, and afterwards attempted to justify that course by professing to rest it on the authority of Scripture.

There were many influences early at work among the Christian community which tended to produce a high estimation of celibacy, in addition to those passages of Scripture on which its advocates rely as showing it to be superior to the married state. There was the duty of presenting a strong contrast to the vices which were rampant in heathen society. There was the feeling that, in opposition to the vulgar notions of the Jews, the faithful ought to look, not to present enjoyment, but to the world which is to come; and hence came the principle of self-denial, which tended to run out into asceticism. The Baptist crying in the wilderness was chosen as the favourite model of sanctity, in forgetfulness that the Saviour had expressly contrasted His own manner of life with that of His forerunner, and had declared the

\* For specimens of these, see Lea, p. 25.

† Sess. xxiv. De Sacram. Matrim., c. 9.

‡ That St. Peter was married, appears from scripture, and Eusebius says that he and St. Philip *ἐπαίδουπόθησαν* (Hist. Eccl. iii. 30); but the name and history of St. Petronilla are legendary.

§ Rev. J. E. Vaux, in 'The Church and the World,' 1866, p. 147.

|| This is evidently directed not only against popular notions (as is supposed by the writer just quoted, p. 162), but against the Act of Six Articles.

less austere course to be the higher of the two. And from many quarters the ascetic tendency was likely to draw support. The idea of annihilating the flesh for the sake of the spirit—of rising through neglect of the body into communion with the Divinity—was common to many Eastern systems which had their points of contact with Christianity.\* And while Gnosticism, in all its forms, taught that the body was the work of a creator inferior, and perhaps hostile, to the supreme Creator of the soul, although some turned this doctrine into a sanction for licentiousness, others made it a ground for severe precepts of renunciation.† Montanism and Manichæism, in their different ways, took up the ascetic idea, and the Church, while in some things it was influenced directly by such principles, must also doubtless have been strongly affected by a desire to avoid the reproach of self-indulgence which the sectaries were ready to cast on it.

But the application of these principles was not limited to the clergy. Throughout the first three centuries we see instances of ecclesiastics living in marriage unblamed, and as a matter of course; and it was not as having received any special law that the clergy were expected to refrain from marriage, but simply because it was natural to look to them as examples of a virtue which was regarded by the age with admiration, although there was no attempt to enforce it. Thus we find the ascetic system dominant in opinion, and in practice alike among the Alexandrian school and among the North Africans, such as Tertullian and Cyprian; and by the end of the second century the only writer of note in whom such ideas are not strongly marked is St. Irenæus, bishop of Lyons.‡ Already, too, we see that the popular admiration which waited on the practice of asceticism produced much religious profession of an unwholesome and dangerous kind, much hypocrisy, and strange developments of fanaticism. The scandalous intercourse which took place at Carthage between the clergy and the professed virgins of the Church, is but one instance of a class of aberrations which has often since reappeared, and sometimes with circumstances yet darker and more revolting.

It was not until the beginning of the fourth century that the restraints which until then had been recommended by moral in-

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\* See Lecky's 'History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne,' i. 107-112. We must say that in this very able book we have been disappointed by the part which relates to our special subject (vol. ii. pp. 347, *sqq.*). Mr. Lecky here draws his materials almost entirely from Mr. Lea.

† One of Mr. Lea's singularities is, that, while referring to Epiphanius, Philastrius, and other comparatively late writers, as his authorities for Gnosticism, he has left out the two primary sources—Irenæus and the author of the 'Philosophumena.'

‡ Theiner, i. 68.

fluence alone began to take the form of ecclesiastical legislation. The earliest canon on the subject is the 33rd of the council of Illiberis,\* forbidding the connubial intercourse of bishops, priests, deacons, and subdeacons, with their wives—a canon of which a Roman Catholic writer, quoted by Messrs. Theiner (i. 79), says, that it shows a want not only of knowledge of mankind, but of common sense; that no canon of the ancient Church has done so much as this to undermine morality. The decree of Illiberis was speedily followed by others in the same direction; but the mischief of too great rigour in such matters soon became manifest to the more considerate members of the Church, and we find some ecclesiastical assemblies legislating with a view to moderate the austerer tendencies of the time. Such was the effect of the synods of Ancyra and of Neocæsarea, held about ten years after the Spanish council which has just been mentioned;† and in a like spirit one of the so-called Apostolical canons, which probably belongs to the same period, ‘forbids any bishop, priest, or deacon to put away his wife on the plea of religion under penalty of excommunication.’‡ So too, when a proposal for the enforcement of clerical celibacy was brought before the great council of Nicæa (A.D. 325), it was defeated, as is well known, by the opposition of the Egyptian bishop, Paphnutius, whose story, like everything else that is inconvenient for the Roman theories, has been denied by controversialists in the interest of Rome, but may be regarded as established by the consent of the more candid Roman writers, such as Professor Hefele, in his valuable ‘History of Councils.’§ The Nicene fathers, therefore, contented themselves with forbidding the clergy to entertain in their houses any women except near relations, or such as should otherwise be above suspicion; yet from a misunderstanding of the word which they used—*συμβίσακτον*, which was rendered in Latin by *subintroductam*—it was very generally believed throughout the Middle Ages that the imposition of celibacy on the clergy had been sanctioned by that council which, although only the first of many which claimed the title of general, enjoyed a peculiar veneration above all the rest.

In the mean time the influence of monachism, which had originated in the latter part of the third century, began to be

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\* We need hardly say that the date of this Council is disputed; but it seems to have been about the year 305. † Lea, 48-9.

‡ ‘Church and World,’ i. 147. We ought, however, to mention that Mr. Vaux speaks of these canons as ‘generally believed to have been delivered to the Church by St. Clement of Rome, and thus to rank amongst the earliest Christian records’ (!).

§ i. 417-8. Mr. Lea talks of Paphnutius’s ‘sightless eyes’ (p. 54). But the confessor had lost only *one* eye in the late persecution. Socrates, i. 11.



largely felt. Even among monks it would seem that marriage was not at first absolutely forbidden; but celibacy became the rule with them, although it was not without exceptions, and the practice of the monks in this respect affected the secular clergy. The superior pretensions of the monks to sanctity, which often took the form of fanatical eccentricity, drew to them the admiring reverence of the multitude, and even of persons who might have been supposed exempt from the influences of vulgar popularity; and the clergy, in order to protect themselves against an entire loss of influence and consideration, found it expedient to imitate the peculiarities which were so greatly revered. Thus celibacy came to be regarded as an attribute of the clerical character, so that the religious ministrations of ecclesiastics who did not satisfy the popular requirements in this respect were liable to be despised and rejected. With a view to counteract the prevailing tendency, the council of Gangra (held about the middle of the fourth century, although the precise date is uncertain) condemned, among other extravagances of a like sort, the refusal to communicate with married priests. Yet the popular notion continued to prevail over the liberty which was still allowed by the ecclesiastical laws; and some centuries later, that which the council of Gangra had denounced as an error became a principle in the hierarchical system of Hildebrand.

Very early in the connexion of the Christian Church with the Empire, the legislation of Constantine gives evidence of the estimation in which celibacy had come to be held, by the abolition of certain disabilities and burdens to which unmarried men had been subject under the laws of heathen Rome. In order to secure this exemption from the pressure of grievances which had been felt as very heavy, it is said that great multitudes entered into the monastic state, which very many of them were ill fitted to adorn; and that the withdrawal of such numbers from the obligations of their duty as citizens gave the Arian emperor Valens a pretext for annoying the orthodox, by decreeing that the able-bodied and indolent monks should be dragged from their places of retirement, and should be compelled to perform military service.

There was already abundant evidence to show the inexpediency of enforcing a strictness which, while it was plainly contrary to nature, derived its warrant, not from the teaching of the Christian Scriptures, but from such fanciful developments of the idea of sanctity as might rather be traced to the influence of other systems of religion. The profession of celibacy was too often connected with hypocrisy; scandals of many kinds arose, and there were continual instances of that levity which, even in the first age  
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of the Gospel, had been censured by St. Paul in the younger widows, and for which he had prescribed marriage and its occupations as the suitable remedy (1 Tim. v. 14). It was found that, although celibacy had been voluntarily embraced,—perhaps in an excited state of mind, which was stimulated at once by religious enthusiasm and by the glory which in that age was attached to the virgin character—it afterwards became in many cases necessary to bind down those who had taken such obligations on them to a compulsory observance of their engagements. Hence we find councils passing such rules as that no woman shall take the monastic veil under the age of forty; a regulation which was, no doubt, founded on the experience that in women of less mature years there was a great danger of relapse into the vanities of the world, or of fretting miserably under the restraints of a life to which, even so early as the latter part of the fourth century, the name of *religious* began to be exclusively applied.\* The clergy were forbidden to enter the houses of widows and virgins unaccompanied; not necessarily, as Messrs. Theiner suppose (i. 297), because those who ought especially to have been examples and guides to others were the class most suspected of being dangerous to female virtue, but perhaps rather lest, however guiltless in intentions and in conduct, they should be assailed by scandalous imputations.

The idea of the excellence of virginity and celibacy, as being holier than the married state, was continually advancing under the influence of such teachers as St. Ambrose† and St. Jerome, favoured by the authority of such popes as Damasus and Siricius. This last-named pope is famous in history as the author of a document (A.D. 385) which is at once the earliest specimen of a genuine decretal epistle, and the earliest attempt to enforce a general rule of celibacy on the clergy of

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\* It seems as if Mr. Lea did not apprehend this sense of the word in Salvian's description of those who were 'changed by faith and *religion*' as the only exception to the general depravity of the Africans (p. 86). In any case the translation of *mutatos* by 'regenerated' is objectionable.

† In quoting Ambrose 'de Officiis,' i. 50, as to certain clergy in remote places who defended their marriage on the ground of ancient custom, Mr. Lea says that 'in this he probably alludes to the Leonistae, simple Christians whose refusal to adapt themselves to the sacerdotalism which was daily becoming more rigorous and indispensable, caused their expulsion from Rome, and who, taking refuge in the Cottian Alps,' &c. (p. 69). Again he tells us that Vigilantius, an opponent of celibacy, 'found the realisation of his ideas among the Alps, in the exiled churches of the Leonistae' (p. 73). The truth is, we believe, that no trace of any such party can be found in the Alpine regions for eight hundred years after the time in question. The name of *Leonistae* is merely an equivalent for 'poor men of Lyons,' i.e. the Waldenses, who had their origin in the latter part of the twelfth century, and whose claim to a greater antiquity is now generally exploded. Mr. Lea himself admits the falsehood of the Waldensian pretensions (p. 375) while he is haunted by the idea of an older party of Leonistae.

the Western Church. For the extravagant flights of Jerome and Ambrose in the praise of celibacy, the reader may be referred to the collection of passages by Messrs. Theiner. The parable of the sower was pressed into the service, in order to furnish a comparative estimate of the various states of Christian life; while marriage was at best as the ground which brought forth thirty-fold, the spiritual fruit of widowhood was as sixty-fold, and that of virginity as an hundredfold.\* But although the style of thought and language which was then common might appear to set forth religious celibacy as an object for the endeavours of both sexes alike, we hear little of the profession of celibacy on the part of laymen who remained in secular life; and it would seem that these were content to devolve their supposed duty, in this as in other matters, on the monks and clergy.

Opponents of the system which was growing on the Church arose here and there in such teachers as Jovinian,† Vigilantius, and Helvidius,—the last of whom was especially provoked by the exaggerated reverence which, in the general exaltation of celibacy and virginity, was paid to her who was regarded as the especial type of the virgin life. But all such attempts to check the prevailing tendency were overpowered by the furious vehemence of Jerome, and by the graver authority of Augustine. The secular clergy were, indeed, still allowed to retain the wives whom they had married before ordination; ‘for,’ says a remarkable law of Honorius, A.D. 420, ‘those are not unfitly joined to clerks who have by their conversation made their husbands worthy of the priesthood.’ Yet as to such matters the current of opinion was strongly running in the direction opposite to this law; and, where marriage was still practised, there was usually either some personal circumstance which was regarded as an excuse (as in the well-known case of Synesius), or the practice was connived at from a feeling on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities that the rule of celibacy was too severe for general observance. Already it began to be found that severe enactments acted as a temptation to disobedience and evasion; and there are many canons which show that the restrictions by which the clergy were debarred from all female companionship except that of their nearest kindred,

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\* Mr. Lea seems to overlook the scriptural origin of this comparison, and to suppose that it began with an Irish synod under St. Patrick (p. 44). But it is at least as old as St. Jerome, *Epist.* (lxvi. 2).

† Mr. Lea assumes the identity of Jovinian with a person who is styled Jovian, and who in 412 was severely punished for disturbing the Roman Church by his schismatical proceedings (p. 73). But Jerome says clearly that Jovinian was dead in 404, and the coarseness of his language is no good ground for questioning the statement,—‘*Inter phasides aves et carnes suiles non tam emisit spiritum quam eructavit.*’—‘*Adv. Vigilant.*’ c. 1.

were sometimes found to act as a temptation to sins of a dark and horrible kind.

In the East the system of restraint had not advanced so rapidly as in the West. Yet we find that St. John Chrysostom is strong in the denunciation of clerical marriage, while, at the same time, he is an undeniable witness to the prevalence of disorders connected with the institution of *subintroductæ*. St. Gregory of Nazianzum too has much to say as to the association of monks with professed virgins, and its results; but here, as in other parts of our survey, we feel ourselves debarred from entering into the details from which alone it would be possible to gain a sufficient idea of the effects which followed from the establishment of the law of celibacy.

The reign of Justinian is important in the history of the subject, inasmuch as it was then that the ecclesiastical regulations were for the first time confirmed by the civil law, and, in accordance with the spirit of the age, the prohibition of marriage was now extended to the subdiaconate. Yet the attempt to enforce celibacy on the clergy of the Greek Church by general law proved a failure. The discipline of that Church is to this day regulated by the canons of the council 'in Trullo,' which was held within the last years of the seventh century; and this council, at the same time that it lays down many limitations—forbidding (for example) the cohabitation of bishops with their wives\*—yet sanctions the marriage of the inferior clergy, and in so doing expressly reprobates the opposite practice of Rome.

The Western world was now engaged in the great transition from the old to the new civilisation; and between these the monks and clergy were the especial means of connexion.

'The Latin Church,' says Mr. Lea, 'found itself confronted with a new task. The Barbarians who wrenched province after province from the feeble grasp of the Cæsars had to be conquered, or religion and culture would be involved in the wreck which blotted out the political system of the empire. The destinies of the future hung trembling in the balance, and it might not be an uninteresting speculation to consider what had been the present condition of the world if Western Europe had shared the fate of the East, and had fallen under the domination of a race bigoted in its own belief, and incapable of learning from its subjects. Fortunately for mankind, the invaders of the West were not semi-civilised and self-satisfied; their belief was not

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\* 'Although all wives of those promoted to the episcopate are directed to be placed in nunneries at a distance from their husbands, yet the remarkable admission is made that this is done for the sake of the people, who regarded such things as a scandal, and not for the purpose of changing that which had been ordained by the Apostles.'—Lea, 95.

a burning zeal for a faith sufficiently elevated to meet many of the wants of the soul. They were simple barbarians, who, while they might despise the cowardly voluptuaries on whom they trampled, could not fail to recognise the superiority of a civilisation awful even in its ruins. Fortunately, too, the Latin Church was a more compact and independently organised body than its Eastern rival, inspired by a warmer faith and a more resolute ambition. It faced the difficulties of its new position with consummate tact and tireless energy; and whether its adversaries were Pagans like the Franks, or Arians like the Goths and Burgundians, by alternate pious zeal and artful energy it triumphed where success seemed hopeless, and where bare toleration would have appeared a sufficient victory.'—p. 120.

The celibacy of the clergy was enforced for reasons additional to those which had recommended it in earlier times; among other things, because, as the clergy of the West were chiefly taken from the conquered races and from the servile orders of society, it was especially desirable that such persons should not have the power to make over the property of the Church as an inheritance to their children. And the remark (which, we believe, was first made by John von Müller) has often been repeated—that to the enforcement of celibacy during what are styled the Dark Ages is due the preservation of the Western clergy from becoming a hereditary caste.

'By the overruling tendency of the age,' says Mr. Lea, 'all possessions previously held by laymen on precarious tenure were rapidly becoming hereditary. As the royal power slipped from hands unable to retain it, offices, dignities, and lands became the property of the holders, and were transmitted from father to son. Had marriage been openly permitted to ecclesiastics, their functions and benefices would undoubtedly have followed the example. An hereditary caste would have been established, who would have held their churches and lands of right. . . . The struggle lasted for centuries, and it is indeed most fortunate for our civilisation that sacerdotalism triumphed, even at the expense of what at the moment may appear of greater importance.'—p. 149.

Yet, although the hereditary principle was excluded, it may be said that in another sense the enforcement of celibacy tended to make the clergy a separate caste by isolating them in character and in interests from the great mass of society, by teaching them to regard themselves as united one to another, and all to one head, by a bond closer than the ties of kindred or country, inconsistent with those ties, and superior to them. Many canons show how greatly the establishment of celibacy was desired, and at the same time how imperfectly it was attained. Indeed the continual re-enactment of canons is a witness to their inefficacy, while in many cases the later canons throw

throw a strange light—often of a ludicrous sort, but sometimes very far otherwise—on the manner in which the older rules had been transgressed or eluded. Thus on the one hand we find such orders as that the clergy shall not harbour women in cellars or secret places, that in nunneries there shall be no dark corners to favour prohibited endearments, and that all doors which look suspicious shall be walled up; and on the other hand there are frequent references to violations of the laws of nature, to infanticide and other frightful crimes, as the results of forbidding marriage where Holy Scripture allows it. Perhaps, too, the Messrs. Theiner may be right in ascribing to the enforcement of celibacy a bad effect of another kind, of which, according to them, the proofs were only too common in the Roman Catholic parts of Germany forty years ago—that the exclusion of the clergy from domestic society produced much coarseness of manners, and drove them to seek relief from their loneliness in low associations and indulgences (i. 396).

In Spain, after its conversion from Arianism in the end of the sixth century, many canons were directed to the abolition of the liberty of marriage, which had formerly been allowed to the heretical clergy; and to some of these canons strange penalties are annexed. Thus a council at Toledo in 589 enacts that if any of the clergy should be found to entertain suspicious female companions, the women should be sold by the bishops, and the price of them should be given to the poor; and in the following year another council, after stating that some bishops had neglected to carry out this order, enacts that the judges should seize the 'extraneous women' for their own profit, and should swear to the bishops that they would not restore them to their clerical protectors.

It has usually been noticeable that those popes who were most zealous for the exaltation of the Roman See were also strenuous for the celibacy of the clergy; and thus it was with Gregory the Great (A.D. 590), who laboured earnestly towards this purpose. Of him it is related that, on causing his fish-pond to be drained, he found in it the heads of 6000 children—the offspring of clerical amours, and victims of the legislation by which he had forbidden the marriage of the clergy. The story has, in our own time and country, been set forth, with all the charms of Irish eloquence, before audiences whose anti-papal enthusiasm was raised by it to a prodigious height; and the exposure of its utter impossibility, and of the spuriousness of the document on which it rests, is one of the most brilliant passages among the writings of that keen and unsparing enemy of literary imposture, the late  
Dr.

Dr. Maitland.\* Strange to say, both Messrs. Theiner and Mr. Lea appear to adopt this tale, although giving up some of its more startling absurdities;† and Mr. Lea (p. 154) quotes the censure of it by Gregory VII. as a testimony to its having been related by St. Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, whereas the words ‘Scriptum quod dicitur sancti Udalrici’ clearly mean that the Pope discredited the alleged authorship. The epistle in which it is told is now generally supposed to have been forged, in the time of this later Gregory (about 1076), by some member of the party which opposed him; Zaccaria, somewhat to our surprise, is inclined to refer the manufacture of it to England.‡

Notwithstanding the labours of Gregory the Great, marriage continued to be everywhere common among the clergy, and the laws against it, as they were not enforced, came to be regarded as invalid or obsolete. Not only priests, deacons, and the inferior orders of clergy, but even bishops, are found to have lived in wedlock without loss of reputation. Thus we are told that Gewillieb,§ Bishop of Mentz, was son of his predecessor in that see, and avenged his father’s death by killing the Saxon who had slain him; and it was on account of this ‘irregular’ exploit that Gewillieb was compelled to make way for the great English missionary St. Boniface, by whom Mentz was erected into the seat of the German primacy. Among the disorders from which Boniface laboured to deliver the Frankish Church, the concubinage (as it was styled) of the clergy was prominent; but it is impossible to say in how far the connexions which are stigmatised by this name really deserved it, or whether they were not really marriages, encouraged by the Irish who rivalled Boniface in his missionary exertions, and in whose native Church the marriage of the secular clergy appears to have been allowed.

Under the Carolingians, the celibacy of the clergy seems to have been little or not at all enforced, although it was regarded as a matter of decency. Charlemagne himself, in some sarcastic questions aimed at the defects of the clergy, asks whether they are distinguishable from the laity by anything else than that they do not wear arms, and do not *openly* live in matrimony.¶ But from the time when the False Decretals were published and generally received, about the middle of the ninth century, as the idea of a papal monarchy was developed, so also was that

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\* See his letters on Fox’s ‘Acts and Monuments.’

† Theiner, i. 446, 467; Lea, 126-7, 153-4.

‡ ‘Storia del Celibato Sacro,’ pref. xxiii. (Rom. 1774).

§ Mr. Lea calls him Servilio, p. 132.

¶ Theiner, i. 433-6.

of compelling the clergy to celibacy, as a means of detaching them from the interests of family and of country, and of thus connecting them more strongly with the Roman See. Yet how unwillingly this law was borne, or rather how boldly it was set at nought, we see from the history of such reformers as Ratherius of Verona, Atto of Vercelli, and Dunstan of Canterbury. The gross disorders of which Atto and Ratherius complain, the stubborn resistance which they encountered when they attempted to interfere with the existing state of things, the unsatisfactory compromises to which they were obliged to submit in order to evade the acknowledgment of utter failure in their exertions, are all deeply significant and instructive. In England, Dunstan, supported not only by the royal authority but by the supposed aid of miracle—the speaking crucifix at Winchester, and the sinking of the floor at the Council of Calne—was victorious for the time; and his associates, Ethelwold of Winchester and Oswald of Worcester, carried out his policy with rigour and success in their respective spheres. The English monasteries had fallen into the hands of the secular clergy in consequence of the disorders which resulted from the Danish invasions, and the first object of Dunstan was to eject these intruders and to restore the regulars; but he seems also to have entertained a further design of binding the secular clergy generally to single life. Yet within a few years after the death of Dunstan, things had fallen back into the old course, so that—

‘About the year 1006 we find the chief monastery of England,\* Christchurch at Canterbury, in full possession of the secular clergy, whose irregularities were so flagrant that even Ethelred was forced to expel them, and to fill their places with monks. What was the condition of discipline among the secular priests may be guessed from the reformatory efforts of St. Aelfric, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 995 to 1003. In his series of canons the first eight are devoted to inculcating the necessity of continence; after quoting the Nicene canon, he feels it to be so much at variance with the habits and customs of the age, that he actually deprecates the surprise of his clergy at hearing a rule so novel and so oppugnant to the received practice, “as though there was no danger in priests living as married men;” he anticipates the arguments which they will bring against him, and refutes them with more gravity than success.’—Lea, p. 177.

So fruitless was the energy of the most vehement and most strenuous reformers when directed against the natural feelings and affections of mankind. Mr. Lea thus sums up the result at the opening of the eleventh century:—

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\* This, we need hardly say, is not quite a correct description, although Christchurch at Canterbury was the first cathedral of England, and was properly a Benedictine monastery.

‘Though



‘Though the ancient canons were still theoretically in force, they were practically obsolete everywhere. Legitimate marriage or promiscuous profligacy was almost universal—in some places unconcealed, in others covered with a thin veil of hypocrisy, according as the temper of the ruling prelate might be indulgent or severe. So far, therefore, Latin Christianity had gained but little in its struggle of six centuries with human nature.’—p. 162.

But still the struggle continued; and, in proportion as the inefficacy of laws for compulsory celibacy became more manifest from experience, the authorities of the Church, instead of desisting from the attempt to enforce it, became more zealous in the cause. Thus, with respect to the children of ecclesiastics, who, at the time which we have reached, formed a numerous class, and may not unnaturally have looked to the clerical profession as suitable for them, Benedict VIII., at the Council of Pavia, in 1022, declared himself rigorously, and with much vehemence of language, ‘Let the sons of the clergy be null. Yea, let them—let them, I say—I say they shall—be null.’ The council condemned these unfortunates to perpetual servitude, and its canons were confirmed, and were enforced with the weight of civil penalties, by the saintly Emperor Henry the Second.

The Hildebrandine era was now at hand, and Mr. Lea well sketches the different characters and motives of the two chief agents in the advancement of clerical celibacy—the fervent, simple-minded, wrong-headed Peter Damiani, who, without any further view, contributed to the cause one strange and strangely-titled tract after another; and the far-sighted Hildebrand (or Gregory VII.), with whom celibacy was but one part of a great scheme for detaching the clergy from all secular connexions, and forming them into an army, dispersed throughout every country, but knit together by a common discipline and devoted to the papacy alone (pp. 201-2, 213, 235-6). In order to this, Gregory did not hesitate to violate principles which had long been held sacred in the Church. In direct contradiction to the ancient Council of Gangra, to his own great predecessor Nicholas I., and to all the canonists down to his own time, he denounced the ministrations of concubinary priests as being invalidated by their sin. In contradiction to the hierarchical doctrine of the *False Decretals*, and to the established policy of Rome, he excited the laity against the clergy, and made them judges and executioners of the decrees which denounced concubinage. This was, indeed, only for a time; for, when the laity had served the turn of the papacy against the priesthood, Paschal II. receded from the Hildebrandine doctrine as to the nullity of the ministrations of sinful clergy, and reduced the laity to their old duty of submissively

missively listening to their spiritual teachers. But, so long as such deviations from the system of the Church could be turned to account, Gregory made use of them without scruple. For the time, the confusion produced by his decrees was frightful. In some places the married clergy were able to hold their ground and to defy the Pope; in other places, the license which had been proclaimed was eagerly caught at; furious mobs, with violence and insult, drove out the victims of Gregory's denunciations, and the ordinances of religion were treated with mockery and contempt. But the papal policy was triumphant. The great church of Milan, where the marriage of the clergy had been allowed, and even had been defended by the alleged authority of St. Ambrose, the glory of Milan,\* was compelled, after long and violent struggles, to give up its peculiar usages; and in other quarters—as Spain,† Brittany, Normandy, and the British islands‡—the enforcement of celibacy on the clergy marks a new degree of subjugation to the authority of Rome.

Meanwhile the popes continued to pursue the course on which Gregory VII. had entered. Urban II. went beyond his master by enacting at the council of Melfi, in 1089, that the female companions of the clergy should be sold as slaves, and that the price of them should go to the temporal nobles, whose services it was thus intended to enlist for the purification of the Church. The first council of Lateran, under Calixtus II., in 1123, introduced a remarkable novelty. Until then the marriage of the clergy had been held valid, while those ecclesiastics who were found to have contracted such marriages were degraded from their orders; but according to the Lateran canon the orders were to be retained, while the culprits were to be subject to penance, and the marriage was to be dissolved.

Yet although councils might legislate to such purpose, their decrees very commonly remained a dead letter. Eadmer acknowledges that the prohibitory legislation of his patron, St. Anselm, was found within a few years to be a failure; and when John of Crema, Cardinal of St. Chrysogonus, came to England in 1125 as a censor of the morals of the clergy, his exertions in

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\* We cannot think, with Mr. Lea (p. 217-8), that the influence of the Cathari who are sometimes mentioned as existing in the Milanese territory, had anything to do with this.

† From the fact that in 1127 Alfonso VIII. of Castile was made a canon of Compostella, Mr. Lea infers that canons in general were not bound to celibacy (p. 321). But in truth royal personages were admitted to canonries without incurring the obligations of those canons who were in holy orders; thus the kings of France were canons of Tours and of St. Quentin.

‡ The first absolute rule against the marriage of the secular clergy in England was that of a council under St. Anselm in 1108.

the cause of celibacy were discredited by the discovery of his personal frailty. Clergymen of all grades, including bishops, continued to take to themselves concubines; even an archbishop of Canterbury, Reginald, was the son of a bishop. A century after Anselm's time, Giraldus Cambrensis

'speaks of [female] companions as being publicly maintained by nearly all the parish priests in England and Wales. They arranged to have their benefices transmitted to their sons, while their daughters were married to the sons of other priests, thus establishing an hereditary sacerdotal caste, in which marriage appears to have been a matter of course. The propriety of this connexion, and the hereditary ecclesiastical functions of the offspring, are quaintly alluded to in a poem of the period, wherein a logician takes a priest to task for entertaining such a partner.'—Lea, p. 300.

But for this passage we must refer the reader to Mr. Lea's book, or to Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of the poems attributed to Walter Mapes (p. 256).

The lay view of the effect of enforcing celibacy on the clergy would seem to have been for the most part unfavourable. Thus we find that when the system had been established in Denmark, about the year 1180, the peasantry broke out into insurrection, and demanded that the clergy should be compelled to marry, as otherwise no man's wife or daughters would be safe.\* So it is said to have been common in Switzerland, at a later time, for the inhabitants of a parish, on the arrival of a new pastor, to oblige him to choose a concubine. Nicolas of Clamenges, one of the liberal or reforming school which arose in the French Church during the great schism of the West, tells us that in *most* parishes this was insisted on, although, after all, the precaution was not always sufficient to secure the virtue of the female parishioners;† and a synod at Palencia, in 1322, is evidence for the existence of a similar custom in Spain.‡ But, on the other hand, the civil authorities of Zurich, in 1230, required the clergy to put away their wives, and the mob of the town brought its aid for the enforcement of the order.

The title of *wife* was no longer given to the female companions of the clergy, who were now styled concubines or *focariæ*, i.e. hearth-keepers, for which last word, by an odd allusion to Scripture, the name of *Martha* was sometimes substituted; yet these women were not regarded as infamous except by the extreme zealots, such as Peter Damiani. Their status was like

\* Saxo Grammat., l. xv.; Münter, 'Kircheng. v. Dännemarck,' ii. 345.

† 'De Præsulibus Simoniacis,' Opera, i. 165, ed. Lugd. Batav. 1613.

‡ Lea, 324.

that of the concubine under the old Roman law ; their connexion with the clergy was permanent, and, while it was not officially dignified with the name of marriage, it was most likely cemented by the nuptial ceremony.\* Very curious results are recorded as having followed from this state of things. In some cases the priests were allowed to entertain their concubines on paying for a license either to the bishop, or (as under Henry I. of England) to the sovereign. About 1180, we find Pope Alexander III. addressing some remarkable instructions to a bishop of Exeter, in whose diocese sub-deacons (who had gradually come to be reckoned among the major orders) had been in the habit of openly marrying. The Pope directs that an inquiry shall be made into the character of the offenders. If steady and regular in their habits, so that there may be a reasonable expectation of their living decently without their wives, they are to be forcibly separated from them, while those of a more disorderly character shall be allowed to retain their partners, although they must be excluded from the ministry of the altar, and from promotion to ecclesiastical benefices. (Lea, 333.)

Although the marriage of the clergy was not acknowledged by law, it appears that in some cases their concubines made the connexion a ground for claiming a share in the special privileges of the hierarchy.

‘ They came to be invested with a quasi-ecclesiastical character, and to enjoy the dearly-loved immunities attached to that position at a time when the Church was vigorously striving to uphold and to extend the privileges which the civil lawyers were systematically labouring to undermine. Nor was the pretension thus advanced suffered to lapse. Towards the close of the [fourteenth] century, Carlo Malatesta, of Rimini, applied to Ancorano, a celebrated doctor of canon and of civil law (“*juris canonici speculum, et civilis anchora*”), to know whether he could impose penalties on the concubines of priests, and the learned jurist replied decidedly in the negative ; while other legal authorities have not hesitated to state that such women are fully entitled to immunity from secular jurisdiction, as belonging to the families of clerks—*de familia clericorum*.’—Lea, 350-1.

When the marriage of the clergy was forbidden, it is natural to suppose that the parochial clergy (who themselves did not occupy any high position) would have been obliged to choose their female companions from a very low order of society ; and this would seem to have been the case generally, so that Messrs. Theiner describe the concubines as having been commonly a very degraded class (ii. 810). Yet Chaucer, in a well-known passage, represents the miller of Trumpington’s wife as an im-

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\* See Theiner, ii. 252 ; Lea, 204, 299.

portant personage in her way, because she was a parson's daughter; and both Mr. Lea and Mr. Vaux argue successfully against the attempt of a late editor, Mr. Robert Bell, to explain away the natural meaning of the poet's words.

Be this as it may, it is certain that, as time went on, the law of celibacy was generally neglected, and that the clergy were getting more and more deeply into disrepute.\* We learn this from satirical poetry—Latin, French, German, and English; from the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer; from the grave invectives of divines; from the canons of councils, to whose members it would seem never to have occurred that the remedy was to be sought, not in increased rigour, but in relaxation; from the annalists of the age, from contemporary letters, and from other authorities of many kinds. In some countries the tax for leave to entertain concubines was now levied by the bishops from their clergy as a thing of course, every man being left to choose for himself whether he would or would not avail himself of the liberty which he had been obliged to pay for (Lea, 422-425). The morality of the papal court at Avignon was so grossly bad that Petrarch—himself no pattern of ascetic ecclesiastical virtue—describes it in the strongest terms of horror and detestation. Some of the popes themselves were openly charged with the most infamous laxity of life, which seems to have reached its extreme in John XXIII., who was deposed by the council of Constance.

With regard to the question of celibacy, the great theological authorities of the time, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Scotus, Bonaventura, the younger Durandus,† Panormitanus, and others, were more moderate than might probably be expected; indeed quotations from some of these writers have been among the stock materials of Anglican controversialists on the subject, from the time of Bishop Jewel downwards.

In all demands and projects for a reformation of the Church 'in head and members,' the incontinence of the clergy was a chief ground of complaint. Some of the reformers, such as Peter D'Ailly and Gerson, were in favour of avowed concubinage, as being less dangerous than the profession of compulsory celibacy, and proposals were repeatedly made for assimilating the discipline of the Western Church to that of the Greeks, as it had been settled by the council in Trullo. The wits and scholars of the early part of the sixteenth century—Erasmus, Rabelais, Budé, and the authors of the 'Epistolæ

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\* Theiner, ii. 773.

† It is no special blame to Mr. Lea that he confounds the younger Durandus of Mende with the elder (p. 398). To distinguish these from each other, and each of them from their namesake and contemporary Durandus of St. Pourçain, Bishop of Meaux, is a feat in which few have succeeded.

*Obscurorum Virorum*,—were unsparing in their denunciations of the immorality of the clergy. It seems to us, looking back on the state of things which then existed, as if in any reforming movement the restriction of celibacy—a restriction which was generally admitted to rest on no warrant of Scripture, and to belong to that class of disciplinary rules which the Church might alter at will, while overwhelming experience had shown it to be a fruitful source of evils alike fearful and unnecessary—must inevitably have been prominent among the subjects as to which a change was likely to be demanded.

Yet although some of the English Lollards had advocated the marriage of the clergy, it had not been taught either by their founder Wickliff, or by Huss; nor was it one of the points on which Luther insisted in the manifesto by which he first signalized his name as a reformer. It was, however, speedily put forward by some of his associates; and from the year 1520 Luther himself included it in his scheme, denouncing the ecclesiastical restrictions as ‘devilish,’ and enforcing his belief in the lawfulness of marriage by taking a nun who had renounced her vows, Catharine von Bora, to be his wife, in 1525. In Germany and in Switzerland, priests, monks, and nuns married in great numbers, and the practice was strongly defended by argument. Archbishop Hermann, of Cologne, wished to include the liberty of marriage among the reforms to be authorised by his ‘*Simplex et Pia Deliberatio* ;’ but he found the chapter of his cathedral, the university, and the municipal council too strong for him in this respect, and concubinage remained the established usage among the clergy of Cologne. On the other hand, a council at Paris, in 1528, gave for the first time an authoritative sanction to a notion which had been long before broached by Peter Damiani—that to maintain the lawfulness of marriage for the clergy is heresy; although the council did not think it necessary, like Damiani, to identify this with the heresy of the Nicolaitans, which is denounced in the Apocalypse.

In Germany there was much negotiation and there was much vacillation with regard to this subject. The Interim allowed married priests to retain their wives until the question should be decided by the general council of Trent, which had already begun its sessions. Discussions arose in the council as to the papal power of dispensing the clergy from the obligation of celibacy, and some members recommended that this power should be admitted and should be exercised, as the best means of escaping from the difficulties of the question; but it was remarked in answer, that ‘if priests were permitted to marry, their affections would be concentrated on their family and



country in place of the Church; their subjection to the Holy See would be diminished, the whole system of the hierarchy destroyed, and the Pope himself would eventually become a simple Bishop of Rome' (Lea, 453). The council, therefore, pronounced the sentence of anathema on all who should assert that clerks in holy orders, or persons bound by monastic rules, might marry; and on all who should deny the superiority of the single to the married estate. The emperor Ferdinand and his son Maximilian were favourable to a removal of the prohibitions, and exerted themselves to obtain it from one Pope after another, even after the council had decided to the contrary; but to this day the decrees of Trent remain as the law of the Roman communion.

In England the establishment of the liberty of marriage was effected by slow degrees. Henry VIII. himself was strongly opposed to it, and it was forbidden by the Act of Six Articles (A.D. 1539); nay, although the immorality of the clergy had long been a subject of complaint (as we may learn from Chaucer and Piers the Plowman), it would seem that the popular feeling was against allowing them to marry; at least, we find the Devonshire insurgents of 1549 demanding, among other points of the old ecclesiastical system, the enforcement of celibacy on the clergy. The Articles of Religion in 1551, and still more decidedly the revised Articles of 1562, pronounced for the lawfulness of marriage, and an Act was passed in 1552 by which such marriages were recognised as good and valid. Yet the prejudices of Elizabeth left them in a state of toleration rather than of full sanction, so that the position of a clergyman's wife was still lower than the very humble place which was occupied by the clergyman himself; and even the highest members of the clerical order were liable to see their wives insulted, as the wife of Archbishop Parker was by the Queen, after having enjoyed the hospitalities of Lambeth: "Madam I may not call you; mistress I will not call you; but whatsoever you be, I thank you." It was long before the general feeling could be entirely done away with; and the satirists who lived a century after Elizabeth's time had, no doubt, considerable grounds for those humorous exaggerations as to the social position and the matrimonial relations of the clergy, which the most popular historian of our own time has reproduced as if they were authentic and trustworthy statements of fact.

Although the decree of Trent had fixed the rule of discipline for the Roman Church, the old difficulties still remained in the way. After the great council, as well as before it, the evidence of bishops and of provincial synods, as well as that of secular literature,



literature, proves abundantly that the rule of celibacy found but a partial and unwilling obedience; that the evils and scandals which had formerly been matter of complaint, were not to be abolished by the simple act of renewing in a more solemn form the old ineffectual regulations. There is overwhelming proof that by putting an end to marriage the council of Trent had not succeeded in establishing purity, but rather that the severity of the law had ensured a very extensive neglect of it; and the Messrs. Theiner, themselves members of the Roman communion, speak of it as a notorious fact, for which they produce evidence from all quarters of the world, that the morality of the Latin clergy had not on the whole been improved by the regulations of the council (ii. 1022, *seq.*).

Although the clergy of the Roman Church could not now write freely on this subject, except with the anathema of heresy hanging over them, the spirit of the eighteenth century produced some declarations from clerical pens in favour of relaxing the rule of celibacy; and the cause found among its advocates reforming sovereigns such as the emperor Joseph II., and reforming prelates such as Scipio de Ricci. In France, the revolution, in its hostility to all religion, set the mob on enforcing marriage by way of persecution against those whom their ecclesiastical profession had bound to compulsory celibacy; but, although the measures of this time are related at considerable length by Mr. Lea, they can hardly be said to belong to his proper subject, so that we need not go into the details.

In our own day, so far as we are aware, the scandals of earlier centuries are very greatly mitigated, and in some countries may be said to exist no longer. The Roman Catholic clergy of France enjoy a good reputation: so, according to Mr. Lea, do those of the United States; and Mr. Lecky states that the Irish priesthood is absolutely free from all imputations in this respect (i. 113); but in Italy and elsewhere—nowhere more strongly than at Rome,—the clergy still labour under general suspicion and disrepute. Mr. Lea attributes the improved condition of things in his own country and in France to the effects of hard work and low pay, together with the force of public opinion, to which influences is added in France that of state-payment, and a consequent measure of supervision by the State (pp. 558-560); and he hopes that, as things have so far improved since the Middle Ages, the requirement of celibacy may be found tolerable; for he is not so sanguine as to expect that the prohibition of clerical marriage will be repealed within the Roman communion. This is, we must say, but cold comfort for us to take to ourselves as the result of the whole inquiry; yet it

is not easy to imagine that the papacy would voluntarily give up an institution in which it has for centuries found its chief support, and which it has hitherto maintained in disregard of the misery and of the sin which have beyond all doubt resulted from the rule of compulsory celibacy. Yet the late proceedings in the Neapolitan courts,\* which have attracted so much notice in England, serve to indicate such a feeling on the part of the laity in southern Italy as the authorities of the Church can hardly disregard; and if a demonstration of lay feeling should force the consideration of the question on the ecclesiastical authorities in an aspect which it has never yet presented to them, the consequences may possibly be more favourable to the liberty of the clergy than anything that we should otherwise venture to hope for.

Messrs. Theiner and Mr. Lea confine themselves to the question whether the enforcement of single life on the whole body of the clergy be likely to have a good or a bad effect with regard to purity of morals; and this is necessarily the limit of historical inquiry. But there is, further, the very important question whether the effect of such a rule, supposing it to be faithfully observed, would be favourable to the general development of character, or the reverse; whether, on the whole, it would be more likely to fit or to unfit the clergy for their duties. And this may be described as the chief subject of Mr. Vaux's paper in the first volume of '*The Church and the World*;' for he yields to the overwhelming force of the historical evidence by which it is proved that compulsory celibacy, as a means for securing the moral purity of the clergy, is bad and ineffective. We need hardly say that Mr. Vaux would not be true to his brother essayists if he did not regard the system of a married clergy in its defects only, while the opposite system is viewed in the brightness of its ideal. To argue with such a writer would be a waste of time; but we may mention, as an instance of his lofty superiority to facts, the belief which he enounces, that unmarried clergymen are not liable, like the married, to the temptation of heaping up money (p. 171). Surely in writing thus Mr. Vaux must have forgotten all experience. He has forgotten the enormous treasures of such popes as Clement V. and John XXII.: he has forgotten that the nepotism of popes has immeasurably exceeded everything else that has ever been known in the way of misappropriating the property of the Church to family uses; he has forgotten that even in the history of the monastic orders,

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\* In addition to the reports which the newspapers supplied at the time, we may refer to an article on the question of priestly marriage in Italy, by Mr. Wreford, in '*Macmillan's Magazine*' for May, 1869.

where all possession of individual property was forbidden and forsworn, there are frequent tales of hoards secretly accumulated without any apparent object, and discovered only after the death of the owners. Nay we believe that even at this day the desire of accumulation is recognised as a special temptation of the Roman Catholic clergy; that for the very reason that they have no wife or family they are often found to concentrate their affections on the multiplication of their money.\*

It is utterly a mistake to assume (as writers on Mr. Vaux's side commonly do) that a married life is all indulgence, and that celibacy is all self-denial. On the contrary, marriage is a discipline of self-denial in tempers, in expenses, in amusements; and it does good by bringing out affections which in the celibate state can find no exercise. As celibacy may be the means of setting a man above all selfish objects, and of leading him to give himself wholly to the work of his office and to the good of his fellow-men, so on the other hand it may become the means of making him intensely selfish, to a degree which is quite impossible for one who is compelled to turn his thoughts from himself to the duty of providing for others who depend on him.

For the effects of our actual system we may quote the eloquent words of Mr. Lecky:—

‘ In Protestant countries, where the marriage of the clergy is fully recognised, it has, indeed, been productive of the greatest and most unequivocal benefits. Nowhere, it may be confidently asserted, does Christianity assume a more beneficial or a more winning form than in those gentle clerical households which stud our land, constituting, as Coleridge said, “the one idyll of modern life,” the most perfect type of domestic peace, and the centres of civilization in the remotest village. Notwithstanding some class narrowness and professional bigotry, notwithstanding some unworthy but half-unconscious mannerism, which is often most unjustly stigmatised as hypocrisy, it would be difficult to find in any other quarter so much happiness at once diffused and enjoyed, or so much virtue attained with so little tension or struggle. Combining with his sacred calling a warm sympathy with the intellectual, social, and political movements of his time—possessing the enlarged practical knowledge of a father of a family, and entering with a keen zest into the occupations and amusements of his parishioners, a good clergyman will rarely obtrude his religious convictions into secular spheres, but yet will make them apparent in all. They will be revealed by a higher and deeper moral tone—by a more scrupulous purity in word and action—by an all-persuasive gentleness, which refines, and softens, and mellows, and adds as much to the charm as to

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\* For the proof of this we may refer to the well-known French works on the pastoral care—M. Dubois's ‘*Pratique du Zèle Ecclésiastique*’ and M. Réaume's ‘*Guide du Jeune Prêtre*.’

the excellence of the character in which it is displayed. In visiting the sick, relieving the poor, instructing the young, and discharging a thousand delicate offices for which a woman's tact is especially needed, his wife finds a sphere of labour which is at once intensely active and intensely feminine, and her example is not less beneficial than her ministrations.\*

When such a picture as this can be drawn by one who is certainly not to be suspected of any unduly favourable bias, we may well look with distrust on such theories of reform as involve a different idea of the clerical character and life from that which has hitherto been established among us. If the office of a clergyman be made something widely unlike what it has hitherto been in this country—if it be made criminal in him to give any part of his time or of his thoughts to anything but his strictly clerical work; if the decent social position, the comforts of family life, and other such things which have hitherto been enjoyed without blame, be proscribed—the altered conditions will alter the character of the body by excluding from the ministry of the Church many such as have hitherto been attracted to it. Instead of the ‘clero dotto e civile,’ eulogised by Gioberti, there will be men drawn from an inferior class of society in the great majority of cases; men of inferior culture, of an education narrowly and exclusively professional, ill-fitted either to associate with the higher of the laity, or to secure the respect of the poorer classes. Whether such men would be really more laborious or more effective than the present race of clergy, we cannot pretend to say; but they would certainly be more free from misgivings as to their own merits and efficiency, and, being thrown on their sacerdotal character as their only means of influence, they would probably make it the foundation for pretensions which would be regarded as intolerable, and would alienate multitudes from the Church.

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ART. IX. — *The Debates of Sessions* 1867, 1868, 1869, London.

**M**ORALISTS of all religions have ever impressed upon mankind the duty and benefit of frequent seasons of retirement and self-examination. We know not whether Sidney Smith's denunciation of the soullessness of corporations would exclude political parties from the benefit of such exercises; but, at any rate, there are temporal benefits which they cannot fail

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\* ‘History of European Morals,’ ii. 353.

to derive from occasional introspection. It must be profitable, if not edifying, sometimes to glance over the history of a recent career, and to view it in its results as a whole. In the excitement of each battle men are too heated to reflect on the general policy of a long campaign. At the moment when their whole energies are bent on winning the victory of the hour, they regard invitations to reflect upon the strategy that brought them into the field as inopportune, if not as savouring of treason. But when the struggle, for good or evil, is finished for a time, they may profitably think over its lessons; and before they enter upon it again, ask themselves whether what they have lost could have been saved, and whether what they have gained was worth the gaining.

The present juncture is not unfavourable for such reflections. We appear to have arrived at the point at which two great epochs in the history of England will be hereafter seen to join. Hitherto, more or less directly, the privileges of the Church have been the bone of contention amongst politicians. As far back as our Parliamentary history reaches, religious feelings have supplied the materials of political warfare, and ecclesiastical endowments have furnished its prizes. There has been a strange unity in the drama of English history over all the long period that has intervened from the day when the smiles of Anne Boleyn suggested theological doubts to Henry's mind to the day when Mr. Gladstone 'rallied the rabble' by leading them to the rich and easy conquest of the Irish Establishment. The politics of England between those two dates have been bound up with the fortunes of the Anglican Church. There has been no important internal struggle to which the religious passions that took their rise in the sixteenth century have not furnished at least the motive power and generally the avowed cause. The conflicts to which those passions led have profoundly modified the constitution of the country. The rising of Puritanism against the Anglican Church in the seventeenth century mainly caused the fall of the Royal power; for without the aid of anti-Prelatist and anti-Popery feeling the country party, and their successors the Whigs, would have been no match for the Crown. The same combination of causes has been at work in our own time. The victory of democracy would not have been so complete, and probably would have been long delayed, if it had not been for the passionate antagonism of Dissenters and Catholics to the Established Church.

It may be thought premature to assume that the epoch of ecclesiastical politics has approached its close. The English Church still stands, and till it has fallen our internal conflicts will

will not have lost their polemical hue. It may be so : yet it is difficult to mistake the change which has come over the spirit of our party discussions in this respect. The polemical element has been very strong during this and the last generation, but its strength has been rapidly diminishing. The very battles it has fought have seemed to change their temper in the fighting. There has been every year more of wounded vanity than of jealous faith in the attacks upon the English Church. Church endowments have more and more become odious, not because they contributed to the spread of a false religion, but because they 'ticketed' those who were excluded from enjoying them. There is no sharp line of division between these two motives of animosity. Religious zeal fades into class envy with the gentleness and delicacy of a dissolving view ; but it is plain that the power of the one motive is growing, while the power of the other is decreasing. So far as contemporaries can form a judgment on the direction of events whose general course will be manifest only to the future historian, it seems as if this Irish Church struggle is likely to be, for England, the last important political battle in which pure religious feeling will play a primary part. When the time of the English Church comes, it will be assailed more as a corporation holding property which others covet, and a rank by which others are irritated, than as a machinery for preaching special supernatural truths. And the strength of its worldly position will come rather from the closeness with which it is intertwined with the general system of property in this country than from the zeal for that purpose of its spiritual adherents.

If we are right in this belief, the recess which separates the Irish Church Bill from the Irish Land Bill makes a change of supreme importance in the history of our politics. We are about, as our Continental neighbours have done for some time past, to return to the great primeval subject-matter of all human conflict, before religion came in to distract, and somewhat to its own detriment, to ennoble human combativeness. Religious wars have this of good in them, that they blend antagonist classes into one army, and efface the dividing line which separates those who have from those who have not. Henceforth it seems likely that classes will have to meet each other face to face, with far less of common feelings to break the shock. The prospect is not a pleasant one, and we do not care to scan it more closely. Anyhow, whether it be imaginary or real, we are entitled to assume, on high authority, that we have, without any doubt at all, arrived at an important stage, and a new point of departure in our political journey. When Lord Hartington, from the position of a Cabinet Minister,



Minister, feels justified in describing the great question of next session as being 'no party question,' but one on which politicians are unpledged, we cannot doubt that there is a broad and well-marked division between the series of political struggles which this year has closed and those which are to come. And no fitter opportunity than such an interval can be found to review past mistakes, and learn matter from them for future guidance.

Undoubtedly the present aspect of affairs is not encouraging for those who desire to uphold what is left of the institutions of the country. The defeat of the Conservative party at the recent elections was more crushing than any they had suffered since the dissolution which preceded the Reform Act. Nor was it accompanied by any of the mitigating circumstances which often render a defeat less hopeless. Sometimes a victory is surprised from the nation in its apathy, by corruption, or by a perfect organisation. But in this case there was no apathy: the corruption, which has been extensively discovered, certainly leaves no cause for special exultation to the Conservatives; and it is hardly possible to suppose that the forces which, from every quarter of the controversial horizon, converged to overwhelm us, can have given much previous attention to a combined organisation. Sometimes a defeated party may console itself by the explanation that its opponents are in power. But in this case the defeated were in power; and whatever influence the Executive Government, as such, can exercise, was wielded by them. Nor is this the worst. Till now Conservatives, when worsted, have plausibly alleged that the constituencies had been constructed and contrived by their opponents. But in this instance the Conservatives had themselves the fashioning of the constituencies to which they appealed.

There is one much vexed controversy which this election has effectually laid. Two years ago it was a favourite subject of discussion whether household suffrage was a Conservative or Radical measure. The dominant theory in the regions of the purest Conservatism held a very wide extension of the suffrage to be eminently favourable to the maintenance of our institutions. This theory was not confined to a circle of official persons who had been hustled unawares into a position where they were pledged to advocate it; or even to those more numerous expectants, still outside the magic line, but upon whose minds the *penumbra* of official hopes and fears had begun to fall. The phantom of a Conservative democracy was a reality to many men of undoubted independence and vigour of mind. A vague idea that the poorer men are the more easily they are influenced by the rich; a notion that those whose vocation it was to bargain  
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and battle with the middle class must on that account love the gentry ; an impression—for it could be no more—that the ruder class of minds would be more sensitive to traditional emotions ; and an indistinct application to English politics of Napoleon's (then) supposed success in taming revolution by universal suffrage ;—all these arguments, never thought out, but floating loosely in men's minds, and accepted as motives for action at a time when the party battle was too hot to admit of close reflection, went to make up the clear conviction of the mass of the Conservative party, that in a Reform Bill more Radical than that of the Whigs they had discovered the secret of a sure and signal triumph. It all seems now like the dim recollection of a dream. The controversy is so utterly out of date, that we almost forget that most of those who took part in it are living and working among us now. Men would now as soon think of discussing whether the residuum was in the main Conservative, as whether the Irish were chiefly Protestants. The late elections, and the vast revolution which those elections have sanctioned, have dispelled all delusion on that head. But only two years ago it was thoroughly believed in and sincerely acted on.

If the Reform Bill had been an isolated error, disastrous as it has been, it would not have been worth while to go back upon it. We have never concealed our views either of the morality of the contrivances by which it was passed, or of the fruits it was likely to bear. But it would be idle to re-open a discussion, which was always painful, and is now profitless. Now that the first-fruits of the bitter harvest are beginning to be gathered, it is too late to ask who sowed the seed. If we refer now to the measure of 1867, it is precisely because it was not an isolated error. It was no accidental weakness—no inevitable concession to an unforeseen necessity. It was the culmination of a policy that has been sturdily pursued for twenty years by the Conservative party. Nor will it now avail to throw the responsibility of that policy upon particular leaders. It was not at any period repudiated by the party : nor even was the acceptance of it by the majority of them reluctant and grudging. It has received throughout from them a steady, often a jubilant, support. They have based on it high hopes which have been cruelly dashed ; and it is because they have made it so entirely their own, and may be tempted even now in their present forlorn condition to return to it, that we venture to ask them at this juncture to consider the effects which it has had in the past, and which, if renewed, it still may have upon the institutions they are zealous to preserve.

Ever since the death of Lord George Bentinck the policy of the Conservatives has differed remarkably from any they or any other English

English party had previously pursued ; and the difference has consisted in their constant efforts to defeat their moderate opponents by combination with their extreme opponents. There can be no doubt of the novelty of the idea. Up to that time party leaders either relied upon their own resources, or, if they were inclined to combine, formed alliances with those of their opponents with whom they differed the least. Tories, for instance, if they felt that it was impracticable to secure the entire fulfilment of their own views, and that it was necessary to bend to the force of circumstances, would abate their demands so as to be able to unite with the most Conservative section of the Liberals. Such alliances were formed by Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley ; and on the other side by Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville. Such alliances are only an extension of the plan upon which all political parties are formed. They imply the abandonment of objects of smaller importance, in order that those of the highest value may be secured. But the Conservative policy of the last twenty years has been to reverse this plan. Having before them a party composed of the old Whigs, from whom they differed little, and the Radicals, to whose views every feeling and principle they cherished was opposed, they selected the Whigs for their hostility and the Radicals for their alliances. Of course a permanent combination with the Radicals was impossible ; but by choosing tolerably neutral battle-fields—by the free use of ambiguous promises—and (on a pinch) by throwing over Conservative principles altogether, it was possible to secure their co-operation upon critical divisions. And in the counsels of that strategy which only looks to the division-list of the evening, the plan was not without its advantages. The Whigs were in possession of office, and not only were disinclined to share it with their good friends below the gangway, but insisted on excluding from the Ministerial policy all the particular crotchets on which those good friends had set their hearts. The Radicals were naturally discontented at this curious division of labour, by which they did all the supporting, and the Whigs did all the leading ; and they were glad enough to give a practical emphasis to their discontent by following the Conservatives into the lobby whenever they could get a fair excuse for doing so. *Their* conduct was intelligible enough. They were making use of the Conservatives to force Radical principles upon the reluctant Whigs. The credit of originality in tactics belongs to the other side. The idea of winning Conservative victories by Radical support, against the Whigs whose only fault in Radical eyes was that they were too Conservative, was a new idea in politics. The novelty of this mode of warfare undoubtedly

undoubtedly procured for it a certain kind of success. It produced manœuvres of great ingenuity, and sudden triumphs, often of melo-dramatic brilliancy. Its solid result has been a more frequent and longer tenure of office than any other plan of action could have achieved for the Conservatives. But with this admission all that can be said in its praise is completed. Its demerits have been worked out more slowly; but there are few who will be inclined to ignore or underrate them now. By its fruits it may be known. '*Circumspice*' is the saddest, but the truest, epitaph a Conservative can inscribe to its memory.

It is curious to watch in the history of the various parliamentary struggles of the last twenty years, with what consistency in all vicissitudes of fortune, the idea was carried out. It may be traced in germ in the teaching of the now forgotten Young England School, and the democratic sympathies which they tried to graft upon old feudal traditions. But the first practical instance of it was probably the division of 1851, in which, in order to place Lord John Russell's Government in a difficulty, the Conservatives abstained in a body from opposing Mr. Locke King upon the question of the Ten Pound County Suffrage. These tactics had an immediate success. Lord John Russell, disgusted with the task that was thrown upon him of defending the doctrines of Conservatism against his own followers, resigned; and the resignation led ultimately, though not immediately, to the Conservative Government of 1852. It was the first of the three brief Conservative interregnums which have broken the long reign of the Liberal majority. That Government scarcely lived to enunciate a policy. It rose and fell within the year. But it existed long enough to lay down two principles of policy, too advanced for the time in which they were offered, but which the next few years may possibly reproduce under a more formidable sanction. These proposals were a graduated Income-tax, adverse to fixed property, and a retrospective Irish Tenant Right Bill. A Liberal majority, in ousting the Government, happily nipped both these projects in the bud. The Aberdeen Ministry came into power, with a majority so overwhelming as to render all schemes of Conservative attack apparently hopeless. Hopeless it would have been to all ordinary strategy. But the new tactics were destined to teach politicians, by many startling lessons, how many joints there were in the harness even of the strongest Governments. In the early part of the Crimean War, a combination between the Conservative party on the one hand, and those who followed the standard of Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Layard on the other, placed the Government in a minority.

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And the question upon which they fell, and on which the Conservatives procured a decision against the Government, was a claim on the part of the House of Commons to undertake the supervision and control of military operations while they were still pending. The same system was pursued through all the subsequent political campaigns. The motion by which the Conservative party defeated Lord Palmerston in 1857, was a motion upon the China war by Mr. Cobden. The motion by which they overthrew him in 1858, was a motion upon the Conspiracy Bill by Mr. Milner Gibson. The year 1858 saw another of the brief and fitful periods during which the Conservative minority was permitted for a few months to pretend to the possession of power. Again as in 1852 they attempted to make the pretence a reality by a programme attractive to the Radicals. Lord Palmerston had only talked about Reform; and his obvious dislike to it had alienated his Radical supporters. From below the gangway on the Liberal side came the strongest offers of support to his opponents, as a consideration for the adoption of a Reform policy. Such offers were too much in harmony with the new policy of the Conservatives to be refused. The strange phenomenon of a Conservative Government sustained in office against Whig attacks by Radical votes, did not appear to suggest any possibility of danger either to leaders or followers. The support was accepted, the consideration was given; and for the first time the Conservative party became pledged to Reform. The manœuvre missed its immediate aim. The equalization of the county and borough franchise, though skilfully recommended as a step towards the disfranchisement of the smaller boroughs, failed sufficiently to attract the Radicals. As might have been expected, the Whigs declined to be outflanked. If the Conservatives chose to move in the democratic direction, it was not their part to remain behind. The positive position of political parties must change from age to age; but the relative position towards each other must be unalterable. The Liberal party must change its nature, and forfeit its title to all the support by which it exists, if it suffers the Conservative party permanently to assume a more democratic position than its own. Accordingly the only reply which the Whigs gave to the Conservative Reform Bill, was to outbid it. In addition to the great reduction of the county franchise which it had offered, they offered an analogous reduction of the borough franchise; and the Radicals, whose temporary desertion was only meant as a stimulus to their zeal, closed with the offer, and returned to their allegiance.

The Reform Bill of 1859 was thrown out, and on a dissolution  
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the constituencies refused to accept the Conservative Government. An effort was made again to lure the Radicals away from their Whig friends by a vague promise that even the reduction of the borough franchise would be conceded: but it was unsuccessful. The Conservatives were ejected by the re-united Liberal party, and Lord Palmerston returned to power. The net result of the whole transaction to the Conservatives was simply this—that, as a party, they were no nearer to power, but that democracy had advanced a vast stride nearer to its triumph. They were still in a minority; still as hopeless of such a majority as could sustain them in office, as they had been before 1858. But, on the other hand, they were pledged to a Reform Bill; and, as an inevitable consequence, Lord Palmerston, who had hitherto succeeded in evading a Reform Bill, was compelled to bring one in.

Such a warning might have sufficed to reveal, even to the least discerning, the peril of a policy of Radical alliances. For a time the lesson appeared to have been learned. There was a current suspicion of offers to the Irish Roman Catholics which would not bear the light of day; but such negotiations, if they took place at all, which is very doubtful, were probably the work of officious subordinates, and cannot be held to have compromised the party. In every other respect the Conservatives abstained during the lifetime of Lord Palmerston from fomenting the discontent which the Radical chiefs who nominally supported him were at no pains to conceal. During the great Reform struggle of 1866, their alliance with malcontent Liberals was notorious enough; but they were alliances which Conservatives could honourably form. The 'Cave,' whatever it afterwards became, was, in its inception, a Conservative secession; and, in combining with them, the Conservatives were making common cause with those whose opinions upon the great issue pending were nearest to their own. It was not till fortune again placed them in office that the temptation to revert to the old manœuvres became irresistible. The disorganization of the Liberal party was patent to all eyes. Mr. Gladstone's indisposition to household suffrage was well known. Acute tacticians could not, in spite of all past experience, renounce the idea of utilizing this disinclination for party purposes. Discontent might be fostered into secession. A schism might be encouraged which would break for ever Mr. Gladstone's power; and there was no other chief in whose hands the Liberal party could be formidable. Such speculations as these were reinforced by the vague superstitions to which we have already alluded, concerning the latent Conservatism of the poorest classes. Men defended in various fashion, according to the temper of their minds, the support in 1867 of a policy the  
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reverse of that for which they had fought so earnestly in 1866. Some said the consequences would not be so bad as was feared; some said that there was no other possible measure whose consequences would be better. Some thought that the party had gone too far to go back now; others thought that, so far, no harm had been done, and that it was easy to stop if more concessions were asked for. But at the bottom of all these various excuses and justifications there lurked the constant belief that the party were dealing a very clever stroke, which would shatter Mr. Gladstone for ever, and acquire for their own behoof the future assistance of those democratic forces against which they had vainly struggled for so long. They seem really to have believed that by championship so new, and by services so obviously interested, the eternal gratitude of the artisans would be deserved and won. And so the Conservative party, accepting for themselves the full responsibility of all that their chiefs were doing, committed themselves to the struggle which made household suffrage law.

It is needless to dwell further now upon that great Parliamentary suicide. As matter for contemporary criticism, it is worn out. As a subject for historical study, it is still too fresh. The actors in it, and the incidents of the strange frenzy which possessed them, are too near us still to permit of impartial judgment. The wild prophecies and the confident congratulations which preceded the fatal surrender are still ringing in our ears; the deplorable results of it are being fulfilled before our eyes, and the tale of them is not yet closed. The only purpose which can be served by now recalling it and the policy of which it was the crowning act, is to deduce what moral we may for our conduct as Conservatives during the conflicts which may yet await us.

We have no intention of examining here the moral aspects of the question; we only desire to note in passing that we do not thereby underrate their importance. The party at large have accepted the responsibility and must endure the consequences of a policy tainted, in the judgment of most men, with grave political insincerity. We believe that this judgment has borne no small share in their recent disaster. It is not that electors assume to themselves a censorial function, and have laid aside their political sympathies in order to avenge moral backslidings. But they have dealt with the question as men of business. They have invested their political capital in a security that has proved to be worthless. They have devoted time, labour, expense, and sometimes personal sacrifice to a cause which those whom they chose to defend it have abandoned. Such a mishap may not have diminished their fidelity to their principles,

ciples, but it has had a strong tendency to cool their zeal. Those who were most earnest before have probably been in many cases lukewarm; for even in the heat of contest they could not silence a misgiving that their success might lead, as it led before, to disasters worse than were threatened by their antagonists. Those whose belief was more languid, or whose sensitiveness to political desertion was more keen, have abstained from the contest altogether. Some few, perhaps, under the influence of an indignation more vigorous than logical, have gone over to the other side, and for fear of being tricked out of their principles have surrendered them altogether. It has affected various men variously, but the general effect has been in one uniform direction. The numbers of the Conservative ranks have been seriously thinned both in the House of Commons and among the constituencies, and those who remain fight less heartily and with far less mutual confidence than at any previous time. It furnishes matter of curious but painful reflection to cast the eye down any important division list in either House during the last year, and mark how many of the Liberal voters were either themselves once Tories, or belong to families whose fidelity to that cause has been up to this generation unbroken. This is an unpromising result for the new strategy to have achieved just at the time when all our national institutions are being examined and tested by the rough hands of their enemies. But this is not its worst effect. Its operation has been strongly marked, not only on those who have followed it, but on those against whom it has been levelled.

To understand the effect which Conservative tactics have exercised on the Liberal party, it is necessary to take into account the peculiar part in English politics which has been for the last quarter of a century played by the Whigs. They have formed an important portion of the Liberal party; they have held a predominant influence in its councils, and have acted with it in the most critical conflicts. Yet there can be no doubt that their co-operation has often been reluctant—that the pace at which they have been compelled to gallop along the path of ‘progress’ has been considerably too hot both for their interests and their tastes. As politicians they have been singularly free from the misleading influences of enthusiasm. The same calmness of intellect that prevented them in past times from falling into the excess of a too devoted loyalty, makes them now wholly impervious to the contagion of democratic superstitions. They see no divinity in the voice of the multitude. They are not much given to worshipping at all; but, if they were, ‘collective humanity’ would probably be the last object of worship they



they would select. They do not appreciate the 'inalienable right' of a majority to tyrannize. On the other hand, if they have no fervour wherewith to gild revolutionary projects to their own eyes, they feel all the repugnance to them which is instinctive in men who have a respectable balance at their bankers. And they cannot wholly conceal from themselves the direction which the route they are pursuing is taking, or the nature of the region into which it is now leading them. They are too clear-sighted to conceal from themselves that the line upon which they are moving, with a rapidity so unflagging, will, if sufficiently prolonged, lead straight into the projects of the International Association at Bâle: though they probably flatter themselves that the intermediate distance to be travelled is still enormous; and that there will be opportunity for many an appeal to the chapter of accidents before the dreaded goal begins to draw near. Still, with all the consolation this reflection can give, they look upon the wild projects and headlong haste of their Radical supporters with considerable misgiving. They do not relish the uncere- monious language in which private property is discussed by speakers and writers who in public are their 'honourable friends;' and they are not quite comfortable when they reflect on the pre- ponderant power now possessed by masses of men, whose interest in the institution of private property, if it exists at all, is at present purely disinterested and theoretic.

It is natural under these circumstances that their position in the bosom of the Liberal party should be one of unstable equilibrium. It would be strange if it were not so. The advanced Liberalism of the present day differs more from the Whiggism of Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne than they differed from the Toryism of the Duke of Wellington. The difference is not merely one of development and expansion. It is one of dia- metric opposition. On the subjects of foreign policy, of colonial policy, of Church Establishment, of landed property, the advanced Liberals of our day teach what the old Whigs deny, and deny what they affirm. That the latter should accept with reluctance and disquietude the new interpretation of the old watchwords, the new principles covered by the old banner, is not to be wondered at. Men have rather wondered that the reluctance should not have been much stronger. The strange phenomenon has been the tameness with which they have hitherto acquiesced in measures, and, still more, in doctrines, which are not only at variance with their historical principles, but must, if carried out, be fatal to the very existence of the class to which they belong. It is in this respect that the new Conservative policy has been so disastrous to the institutions of the country. It has repelled the support the

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Whigs desired to give to them. It is the Radicalism of the Conservatives that has produced, as an inevitable consequence, the Radicalism of the Whigs. The intense cohesion of a body, so heterogeneous in its composition as the Liberal party, implies the action of some strong external force. Atoms of opinion mutually so repellent must fly asunder, if they were not bound together by some strong aversion or dread. This vote-compelling power, which ensures the union of the Liberal party, we believe to be the recollection of recent Conservative tactics.

It is impossible not to sympathise with the indignation which a moderate Liberal must feel when one of these manœuvres has been executed at the expense of his party. Take the case of a Whig of the old school, reflecting upon his political exertions at the close of the year 1867, after the passing of the late Reform Bill. He was conscious of the many efforts which he and his friends had made to moderate the impetuous speed of the Reformers. He knew how their affections have been alienated by the lukewarmness of the Whigs. He could see it in the then broken and disheartened condition of the Liberal majority. He remembered how often Whig statesmen have struggled to delay Reform; how they have strained their pledges and risked their political prospects for that end. To what purpose have they done so? Perhaps they thought that they were doing, to some extent, the work of the Conservatives for them, in struggling to maintain the power of the middle and upper classes; and that they should earn gratitude, or at least forbearance, by procuring for the party opposed to change a respite from change which it was too weak to secure for itself. If so, they must have witnessed the results which actually occurred, with feelings a good deal bitterer than those of disappointment, and they must have learnt a cynical lesson as to the expediency of such exertions for the future. By hindering the extremest members of their own party from handling the question of Reform, they had neither averted its triumph nor mitigated its severity. They had served neither the Constitution nor themselves. They had brought about a wider transfer of power than the boldest of their statesmen had proposed; and they had let their opponents, whose avowed opinions they were serving, filch from them the credit, such as it was, of the achievement and the chance of a lease of power. It would have been better for the Constitution, and better for the Liberal party, that Lord Palmerston should have given up fencing with Reform, and frankly accepted the policy of his Radical supporters.

The moral of such reflections is obvious enough. Taught by experience, the one great danger the moderate Liberal thinks he  
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has to guard against is the Radicalism of the Conservative party. Whatever dangers may threaten the Constitution from the precipitation of his own friends, it will only make matters worse to appeal to the Conservatives. A recollection of the recent legislation of his opponents is the cheap defence of discipline in Mr. Gladstone's ranks. There is evidently much in his present action, more in the dark hints he gives of his future course, which is distasteful to a large body of his more moderate supporters. But he has the defence against mutiny, which Charles II. used to tell his brother that he possessed against assassination: 'Dear brother, they will not kill me to make you king.' Whatever moderate Liberals may dislike or dread in Mr. Gladstone's proceedings, they will not rebel against him to call back into existence the Ministry and the policy of 1867. It is sufficiently notorious that numbers of the followers of Mr. Gladstone, both last year and this year, shrank from his harsh and violent policy towards the Irish Church. But they would not follow Sir Roundell Palmer in the gallant struggle he made for the rights of the Irish congregations. They could not forget that the rebellions of moderate Liberalism had not been successful from a Constitutional point of view. It might well be, they thought, that the Irish Church Bill of the Conservatives would bear to the Irish Church Bill of the Liberals the same sort of relation that was borne by the Reform Bill of 1867 to the Reform Bill of 1866. A horror of any kind of 'Cave' is said by trustworthy observers to have been the one dominant feeling of the vast, immovable majority of the past session.

It is impossible to exaggerate the evils involved in the prevalence of such a state of feeling among the mass of moderate Liberals of various shades of opinion. The process of subversion is proceeding rapidly, and as each step in the process is accomplished, a new growth of yet extremer opinion makes its appearance, inciting the party of movement to more and more far-reaching change. There can be no check to the continuance of this process from want of subject-matter or of motive power; for while the world lasts there must still be old institutions to upset, there must always be a large class of men whose condition no disturbance could deteriorate, and there will never want an ample supply of enthusiasts to dream new social theories. Social stability is ensured, not by a cessation of the demand for change—for the needy and the restless will never cease to cry for it—but by the fact that change in its progress must at last hurt some class of men who are strong enough to arrest it. The army of so-called reform, in every stage of its advance, necessarily converts

a detachment of its force into opponents. The more rapid the advance the more formidable will the desertion become, till at last a point will be reached where the balance between the forces of conservation and destruction will be redressed, and the political equilibrium be restored. Political tactics and alliances cannot avert this ultimate result, but they may delay it; and during the delay irreparable mischief may be done. Our hope of avoiding a radical subversion of the existing structure of our society lies in the speedy operation of this law; and therefore it is that we look with dread to the manœuvres of political parties which may delay it for a time. We have already expressed our belief that the cohesion of so heterogeneous a body as the present Liberal party is due to accidental causes. If they could overlook every consideration except the merits of the public questions in issue—if all questions of office could be put aside and the Conservative party ‘scratched’ from the race of political life—it is impossible to believe that the old Whig and the philosophic Radical could look at land questions or suffrage questions in the same light. Historical tradition and individual attachment undoubtedly do something towards overruling individual opinions; but they are usually of little power against class feelings and interests. The absorbing fear which stifles all other apprehensions, and bows the Whig to the Radical yoke, is the dread of being again outwitted by the Conservative party. In this way the past policy of the Conservatives has borne disastrous fruit beyond its first effect of weakening and discrediting the party itself. It has repelled those who would naturally lean to their ideas; it has made men willing to put up with Radical ideas and proposals from which they would have recoiled a few years ago rather than face the hidden perils and mortifying surprises of a Conservative alliance.

Undoubtedly this policy has one defence to plead. But for it the Conservatives would not have held office for some four years in the course of the twenty-three that have elapsed since the fall of Sir Robert Peel. In this, its solitary merit, its essential fallacy is really exposed. The great delusion of the past has been the idea that the final cause of a political party is to acquire office, and that it has failed of its true mission if it has failed of that result. The great lesson which the past has revealed to us is the degradation and the danger of office without power. They have tried it now three times—it may be hoped that the experiment has been sufficiently decisive to render a further trial superfluous. We now know, by an induction larger than it is commonly given to politicians to reason from, that to us office without a sure majority means the use of a Conservative organisation for the achievement of Radical triumphs. Ministers in a  
minority

minority can only retain their places by borrowing votes from the other side: and for those votes usurious interest in the shape of legislative concession is remorselessly exacted. If the Minister refuses to borrow on such terms, he misses the aims of his own ambition, he is blamed by his party as a failure, and he is almost eaten up alive by the hungry camp-followers who depend upon the loot of a parliamentary campaign. If he yields, he tarnishes his honour and betrays his cause. Such a dilemma puts an honest man in a false position, a dishonest man on too secure a vantage ground. No situation more wretched for a conscientious man can be conceived than to be forced to adjust the incompatible claims of his principles and his adherents—the immediate objects of his party as candidates for political employment, and the great enduring interests which that party exists to defend. To the mere political gamester no field more tempting can be opened. He can compound a majority out of keen-sighted opponents, and unscrupulous or bewildered friends; and, whatever befalls his party's mission, he achieves a great individual success. But the cause, in any case, suffers from agreements with opponents who can wish it nothing but ruin. Such bargains must of necessity be in the nature of a compromise between present official needs and future political hopes. The Conservatives have had a bitter experience of this kind of bill-broking. This or that chief's name may rise or fall; individual careers may be made or marred; but, whoever loses, the Radical does not. Like the dread Usurer of mediæval legend, many tricks are tried to elude and put him off: and sometimes for a moment they wear the promise of success; but he always appears at last to claim the price that has been promised to him.

Real power to control the destinies and be in some degree the architect of the welfare of our fellow-men must always be the ambition of the loftiest class of minds: and it is an ambition which is noble, and above all shade of cavil. But, like all great virtues, it is aped by a counterfeit singularly despicable. The love of sham power for the sake of the mere show of it is one of those failings whose baseness is out of all proportion to its actual guilt. Those who are born under the necessity of wearing the conventional trappings of an authority which they do not possess, are the objects not of censure but of sympathy. But no conventionality can mitigate the contempt due to a parliamentary leader who willingly accepts a position in which he can carry out no policy and give effect to no conviction of his own. He must speak the language and wear the mien of independent action: and yet all the while he must be conscious that every sentence he utters is a supplication for support, and every  
measure



These are no speculative questions. The crisis which is impending now may not impossibly put them into issue. The subverters of the established order of things in Ireland are, as might have been anticipated, not sated with success. It is not enough for them to have achieved a victory over the national religion, and to have dealt to corporate property a blow from which it will never recover. They aim at more remunerative conquests; they desire to pay in solid wages the army of disaffection. The satisfaction of having stripped and left naked the religion to which you are opposed is sweet, but it is unsubstantial. The pleasure of it evaporates almost in the first flush of vindictive triumph. To repeat to oneself, 'My theological enemies who were rich are now poor,' is, in the first experience, ineffably delicious; but it is a sensation which cloyes and palls by continued fruition. Yet this is all the boon which the Ministry has as yet conferred upon the turbulent and greedy allies who are the backbone of its power. They are already clamouring for a more abundant and substantial donative than the phantom gift of an 'equality' of religious destitution. They have confiscated the tithes which were given by Elizabeth to the Protestant Church: they now ask for the remaining nine-tenths which were given by James and Cromwell to the Protestant landlord.

The Prime Minister has told them that the poisonous tree of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland has three branches—the Church, the Landlord, the enforced foreign plan of Education. The first has been lopped off without scruple or compassion; they now ask that the second shall fall. They are little disturbed by the suggestion that they are interfering with the rights of private property. They have never drawn the elaborate distinction between private and corporate property which has been so useful to their friends and representatives at Westminster. They have taken the English nation as a whole, and have cast it out. Its religion, its laws, its system of land tenure, its members who reside or have intermarried among them, are equally to them an object of abomination. If it had not been so, it would have yet availed little to inculcate upon them the maxim that though corporate property is lawful prey to every political spoiler, private property is sacred. A peasantry whose habitual weapon of constitutional opposition is the bullet of the assassin are not very likely to be tender of the sacredness of property.

It is among the clamorous and preposterous demands of these men that the Ministry must prepare to legislate. Mr. Gladstone has given no hint of the course to which he inclines; and to calculate it *à priori* from his previous actions is a task which



no one would be imprudent enough to undertake. He has shown this session how completely he has lived down all the convictions of his youth. It used to be thought that, though he had relinquished the temporal claims of the Church, he would upon matters spiritual have fought her battle as earnestly as ever. Long after he became a Liberal, he strenuously contended for the integrity of the existing marriage-law, and the maintenance of Christian education at the Universities. That his change of opinion on these subjects has been genuine we do not doubt; but that he should not only have ceased to oppose the measures of Sir John Coleridge and Mr. Chambers, but should have vigorously supported them, shows how complete and searching the change has been. To suppose that he would cling to his old opinions, because they *were* his old opinions, upon land and rent, when he has resigned them upon these questions, would be an insult to his unquestioned sincerity. If he were to take all the landlords of Ireland and transport them to Bermuda, he would not be departing more from his old convictions than he has done upon matters in his eyes incomparably more sacred.

But he does not stand alone. He has colleagues to satisfy: and his majority, huge as it is, is too composite to bear an influential secession with safety. And many of his colleagues, though they started nearer to Radicalism than he did, are far less prone to change their views—perhaps for want of equal practice. Even Mr. Bright, much as he detests land and landlords, sincerely believes in the principles of political economy, and would not bid adieu to Adam Smith without a pang. Mr. Lowe has often upheld the necessity of scrupulous good faith in dealing with private property in respect to this very case of Ireland. So late as last year, he refuted Mr. Mill in a speech whose force and brilliancy neither he nor his hearers will forget. Others of the Cabinet are bound over in heavy securities to abstain from what Mr. Gladstone euphemistically calls ‘dismissing the landlord.’ Lord Hartington and Lord Clarendon have both taken especial pains to show that, highly as they esteem the claims of party, they are not prepared to commit a social suicide on its behalf.

It is more than possible that a Bill drawn under such advice will fall far short of being the ‘thorough’ revolution which the minds of the Government expect. Indeed it is scarcely probable that a Cabinet composed of singularly able men would lead to the certain anarchy to which the proposals of orators would lead, or should be reckless enough to incur a consequence for the sake of a passing triumph. It is probable that they can make any terms with the demand for security. But fixity of tenure, we are now told, is the only

only consideration on which 'the peace of the country can be maintained.' In other words, it is the only condition on which the peasantry will consent to suspend the practice of assassinating landowners, railway station-masters, and other Saxons. The Ministers will not gravely come down to Parliament and argue that you can turn the landowner into a mere mortgagee without any spoliation of his rights. Yet it will need all their courage to resist the suggestions of rapine so freely tendered to them. They will disgust many of their noisiest friends. They will produce in the homes of the Irish peasantry a deep disappointment, proportioned to the wild expectations to which their own rash language has given birth and form. They must bear to be cursed in language as flowery as that in which they have recently been idolized. All those epithets—'statesmanlike,' 'generous,' 'noble,' 'heroic'—which have descended of late in so abundant a shower, will be read backwards to them with stinging emphasis. And probably, the spleen of the agitating Societies will show itself in something more than words. The 'landlord season' will set in again for the Irish sportsman; game has not yet become scarce; and the best shots among the black-faced brotherhood will make very heavy bags. Very possibly stringent measures of repression—much sterner than have hitherto been adopted—will be indispensable 'to maintain the peace of the country.' Under these circumstances, what will be the Parliamentary position of the Government? This is the question which concerns the future action of the Conservative party.

Such a question is, of course, purely hypothetical. It may be that the Government will take the Radical line, and, in spite of the anticipatory protests of Lord Hartington and Lord Clarendon, will unanimously resolve to sweep away the landlord's rights. Or again, the Ministerial majority is so large, that it is quite possible they might endure a considerable secession from their own ranks, without any immediate damage to their security; and in such a case the proceedings of their opponents would be wholly unimportant to them. But it appears to us more probable that they will confine themselves to some measure for repaying outlay made with the landlord's privity, and possibly some harmless adaptation of Mr. Bright's plan for encouraging small freeholds. If so, there are a number of Irish members and of English Radicals who will resume the attitude of discontented adhesion, occupied by so many Radicals under the Government of Lord Palmerston. In that case the demeanour of the Conservatives will become a matter of importance; and on their conduct, in the face of such a dissension, will depend in a great degree the hope of the revival of their party. There is, of course,  
no

no danger that the Conservatives will support the Radicals in demanding a violent Land Bill. But it appears to us that, though a less obvious, it would not be a less real misfortune, if they were to foment such a dissension, after the old fashion, in future Parliamentary conflicts. If the disaffection upon the Land question is genuine, it will not disappear after the passing of an Irish Land Bill. Those who are discontented at the moderation of their leaders will be delighted to have the chance of using the organisation and the votes of the Conservative party, in order to coerce those leaders into extremer measures. We do not suggest that such a strategy would now be possible upon questions of revolutionary change. But there are many issues vital to the existence of a Ministry, which do not directly involve large political principles. It does not need a Constitutional battle to embarrass or even to destroy a Ministry, and sections which have been offended upon large issues will generally take their revenge on small ones. 'Questions of confidence' are brought forward whose whole importance is derived from their accidental relation to some prominent member of the Government—some act of administration is blamed—some 'job' is alleged to have been discovered—some small bit of legislation on which a leading Minister is known to have set his heart is questioned. A hasty party crisis is created—a division is threatened on which the fate of the Government is to depend—and then is the golden opportunity for discontented partisans. They can make their displeasure felt without compromising their principles. They can vote in the Opposition lobby consistently with the most exaggerated attachment to the views of which the Ministry are the champions; and if the Opposition will lend itself to such manœuvres, they may on those occasions use the forces of the Opposition to punish Ministers for having yielded to it too much. Even with the present powerful Government, such critical junctures may occur. They can hardly choose from among the numerous nostrums presented for their acceptance by the various sections that follow them, without disgusting the patrons of those that have been rejected, and the discomfited sections will be more forbearing than such politicians usually are if they do not seize every Parliamentary opportunity of expressing their disgust. If the Conservatives listen to their overtures and reinforce them, even upon non-political battle-fields, they will teach anew to the Whigs the fatal lesson, that obsequiousness to the Radicals is their only chance of foiling Conservative manœuvres.

We do not dispute that a renunciation of these opportunities implies a somewhat self-denying policy. It means that the Conservative party will abandon for the time all thought of  
returning

returning to office, and will devote its energies simply to the one task of strengthening the hands of the least Radical section of its opponents. But is there any truer policy open to them? Such an abnegation of the ordinary aims of politicians would undoubtedly not be acceptable to those who follow politics as a profession, and any symptom of such a principle of conduct would probably be followed by a large transfer of their services to some more hopeful banner. To that calamity we must resign ourselves as best we can. It would not be acceptable to another and nobler class—ardent aspirants for fame, carried away by the excitement of the political game, and in their eagerness to win at all hazard, forgetting to count the cost of an ill-won victory. But we are convinced that among the leading members of the party there are very few who would willingly repeat the experience of 1852, 1858, and 1867. They must have learned by this time that a minority remains a minority on whichever side of the House it sits. They have to choose between struggling, often in vain, to mitigate the policy of their opponents, or accepting for themselves the task of clothing it in the clauses of a Bill and passing it into law. It is a truism to say that in the war of political opinion victory must be with the big battalions; but it is a truism which has not always penetrated the minds of party leaders. They have clung to the belief that there is in the lore of Parliamentary tactics some potent device which can neutralise the preponderance of votes, and compel a Liberal majority to pass Conservative measures. But now that this delusion is dispelled, the statesmen of the Conservative party, even if they were less overmatched than they are now, would assuredly never seek out again the humiliation of office without power. They would rather shrink from any policy of which so fatal a gift would be the fruit. But because, while the present stream of opinion runs they cannot hold office with honour, it by no means follows that they cannot still do good service in battling for their opinions. The mere fact that they were generally believed to have retired for the time from the struggle for place would give great moral weight to their political action. They would be pursuing for Conservatism the plan that was pursued by the Radicals for many years with so much success, and also to some extent by the Roman Catholics. They would be concentrating all their efforts on one aim with a single mind, and, so far as it could be gained, they would gain it. In the crowd of political enthusiasms and personal ambitions which meet to bargain in the Parliamentary market, each man has a fair chance of success for either trade; but he cannot combine the two. Those who chiefly take thought for their own careers, will find it necessary to part with many of their  
their

their opinions: those who seek, as the pearl of great price, the success of their own political ideal, and are willing, for its sake, to sell their own personal hopes, will scarcely fail in a great measure to win it. It is only by the renunciation of all present hopes of office that Conservatives can save what yet remains to be saved of the institutions for which they profess to fight. To act the part of the fulcrum from which the least Radical portion of the party opposed to them can work upon their friends and leaders, is undoubtedly not an attractive future. In the changes of political life it may well end in the moderate Liberals enjoying a permanent tenure of office, propped up mainly by their support. Such a result, constituted as human nature is, would no doubt be irritating. Yet it is the only policy by which the Conservatives can now effectually serve their country and their cause.

Brief as our Parliamentary history has been, this is not the first time that duty has required such a sacrifice from a political party. From 1784 to 1830 the Whig party lay under the same sort of cloud as that which has now for twenty years lowered upon the Conservatives. Up to that time their conduct had not presented a very high ideal of political morality. The Coalition of 1783 was one of the most scandalous in our history. But, reprobated as it was by the voice of the entire people, the lesson of its failure did not pass away easily from their memories. The half-century that succeeded, till near upon its close, was full of bitter discouragement to them. It seemed as if their exclusion from power were likely to be eternal. And their disappointment may well have been embittered by the fact that the two great Ministers—Pitt and Castlereagh—who led their victorious opponents during this period, both had served originally in their ranks. Under these trying circumstances, their conduct is well worthy of attentive study. We may not approve of the sentiments they entertained and expressed in reference to their country's enemies. But in the sphere of internal politics their conduct as a party was a pattern of stern fidelity to principle. It is possible that there may have been inventive minds among them who hit upon the idea of defeating the main body of their opponents by the aid of some section to whom they were still more opposed. If so the materials were not wanting for such a policy. Throughout the whole period, the great Ministers of that time differed absolutely from a large number of their most eager supporters upon the most vital questions of internal politics. Mr. Pitt differed from a great body of his followers upon the question of Reform and the question of Roman Catholic Relief. Long before his death the question of Reform had practically disappeared: but his two great successors, Lord Castlereagh and  
Mr.

Mr. Canning, continued to oppose the mass of the Tory party upon the question of Roman Catholic Relief. Mr. Fox, and subsequently Lord Grenville, might possibly have made use of these dissensions. They might have held out obscure hopes of a policy attractive to High Tory sympathies. They might have succeeded in bringing the two extremes into the same lobby upon some neutral ground—some question of foreign policy, or of administrative conduct. They preferred to abide simply by their principles. In the course of that long period they never attained to office, save once for a few months, when the sudden death of their great opponent had left the dominant party for the moment leaderless. During those few months they practised no strategy—they made no attempt to ‘settle’ great party questions on the basis prescribed by their extremest opponents. They went out in defence of the principles which, before their accession to office, they had consistently maintained. And from that moment forward they were content to bide their time. They upheld Castlereagh in his views upon Roman Catholic Relief. They upheld Canning in his foreign policy, and Huskisson in his commercial policy. They did not complain because the Tories remained in office under leaders who, on some vital questions, sympathized with the Whigs. As far as individuals were concerned, their policy may have been condemned as unsuccessful. Few of those who saw the rise of Mr. Pitt lived to see the termination of the Tory tenure of place. But the politicians who worked not for themselves, but for their cause, had their reward. The cohesion of the Liberal party in our own generation has been due in no small degree to the spirit that was nurtured by the self-denial of the statesmen who led it in the hour of its adversity.

Our prospect is as dark as theirs was then, or darker. To us, as to them, the course of events in our day is so startling and the forces which determine it are so new, that the history of the past gives us little aid in deciphering the mysteries of the future. But the rule of strict fidelity to conviction which was their safety will be ours. That it may involve a practical withdrawal from the race of office, ought neither to surprise nor to dishearten us. If we have principles to uphold, they must be of deeper value and of longer duration than the careers of individuals. We believe that the superficial optimism, and the sham philosophies of the present day, must expose themselves by their own excesses, and be abandoned; and to those who shall live to see the present intellectual tyranny overpast, we are bound, so far as it is in our power, to hand down the inheritance of our institutions unimpaired.





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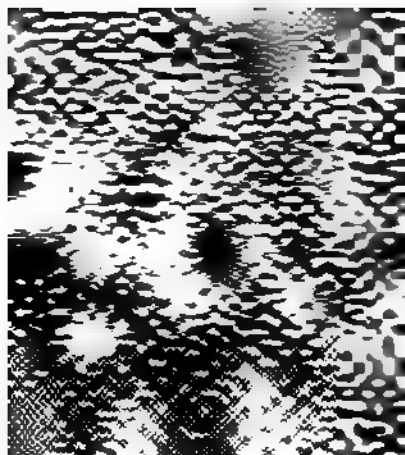
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